





IRISH LITERATURE

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IRISH LITERATURE

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THE IRISH LITERARY THEATER	Stephen Gwynn
A GLANCE AT IRELAND'S HISTORY	Charles Welsh
STREET SONGS AND BALLADS AND ANONYMOUS VERSE	

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CLÁR IMLEABAR X.

	leathanac
ROIMH-RÁD	3710
An Drama Saebéalaí. (Stiofán Suinn)	XIII
SGÉALTA AGUS ADRAIN NA NDOAIME.	
Riú an fáraíú Dúib (An Craoibín do éirí ríor ó béal rseuluríde)	3712
A Ógánaíú an éirí éeangailte. (Ditto)	3734
Coirínín na h-aitinne. (Ditto)	3736
Dean an fáir Ruairí. (Ditto)	3748
Ríorpe na gcleap. (Ditto)	3750
Mo bhrón ar an bfaíreíge. (Ditto)	3762
An buaéailí do bí a bpaí ar a máéailí. (Ditto)	3764
Mala Néirín. (Ditto)	3776
An laéa Déarí. (Ditto)	3778
Caoinead na ríorí Muirí. (Ditto)	3788
Todairí Muirí. (Ditto)	3794
Muirí agur íoréí. (Ditto)	3806
Naomí Peadóir. (Ditto)	3812
Marí éáiníú an t-Saintín rían Eáglairí. (Ditto)	3822
Fíogáirí na Cíorípe Naomíéa. (An t-Átairí Ó Míoréáin)	3828
Dean na ríorí mbó	3830
Ráinní n-áéóeilí. (Cíuinnígeíe leirí an gCraoibín Aoirínn)	3832
PÍCTIÚR AS STAIR NA H-ÉIREANN.	
Seáígan an Díomairí. ("Conán Maol." p. s. ó Seáíóá)	3842

CONTENTS OF VOLUME X.

	PAGE
THE IRISH DRAMA.— <i>Stephen Gwynn.</i>	xiii
INTRODUCTION.— <i>The Modern Literature of the Irish Language.</i>	3711
FOLK TALES AND FOLK SONGS.	
King of the Black Desert.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3713
Ringleted Love of my Youth. — Folk Song from “Love Songs of Connacht.”	3735
Coirnin of the Furze.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3737
The Red Man’s Wife.—Folk Song from “Love Songs of Connacht.”	3748
The Knight of the Tricks.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3751
My Grief on the Sea.—Folk Song from “Love Songs of Connacht.”	3763
The Boy who was Long on his Mother.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3765
The Brow of Nefin.—Folk Song from “Love Songs of Connacht.”	3777
The Red Duck.— <i>D. Hyde. Trs. by C. Welsh.</i>	3779
The Keening of the Three Marys. — Tradition- al Folk Ballad.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3789
Mary’s Well.—A Religious Folk Tale.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3794
Mary and St. Joseph.—Folk Song.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3807
Saint Peter.—A Folk Story.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3813
How Covetousness Came into the Church.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3823
The Sign of the Cross For Ever.—Folk Song.	3829
The Woman of Three Cows. — <i>J. Clarence Mangan.</i>	3831
IRISH RANNS.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3833
HISTORICAL SKETCH.	
Shane the Proud.—A fragment of Irish His- tory.— <i>P. J. O’Shea.</i>	3843

SGÉALTA LE H-ÚSODARAIB, I NUAD-ŠAEDEILG.

Cailín na mbriáirne. (Séamur Ó Dubhgaill)	3874
Án gao mara. (Séamur Ó Dubhgaill)	3874
Fáirgéal. (An Cnaoióin Doibinn)	3878
Taós Gabá. (Séamur Ó Dubhgaill).	3886
Séadna—blúirne ar—(an t-Ádair Peardair Ó Laochairne)	3940
“Ní ar Óia a buirdeácar” (Padraig Ó Laochairne)	3952
Seatrún Céitinn—píor Šaebealaó (an t-Ádair Ó Duinnín)	3958
Šoir nó fíar ir fearr an baile—An Cneamairne—blúirne ar—(Úna Ní Šairceallais)	3966
An Uaim Šiota ar an nŠioblaóán—(Tomár Ó h-Áoá)	3976
An Mac Álla	3982
PIRDEACT.	
Áirige an Reáctúraig. (An Reáctúraig)	3910
An Šuir o’á plé. (An Reáctúraig)	3916
Ir fada ó cuiread píor. (An Reáctúraig)	3922
Maillaó an Óoir. (Fearr Šan Áinn)	3928
Cúma cpoirde cailín. (Sean-Ábrán)	3932
Dan-énuic Éireann Ó. (Donnáó Mac Conmara)	3936
DRAMA SAN NUAD-ŠAEDEILG.	
Capá an trugáin. (An Cnaoióin Doibinn)	3988
CUNTAS AR NA SEAN-ÚSODARAIB. ŠAEDEILGE AR A bpuil tráó inr na h-imleábráib reo ó I. Šo IX.	4011
CUNTAS NA NUAD-ÚSODARAIB ŠAEDEALACA A bpuil an-obair i m-béapla.	
No i nŠaeheilg inr an imleábar ro.	4025
Corróš	4031
foclóir	

PROSE BY MODERN IRISH AUTHORS.

The Friar's Servant Girl.— <i>James Doyle</i> .—	
<i>Trs. by Mary Doyle.</i>	3875
The "Gad Mara."— <i>James Doyle</i> . — <i>Trs. by</i>	
<i>Mary Doyle.</i>	3875
An Allegory. — <i>Douglas Hyde</i> . — <i>Trs. by</i>	
<i>Norma Borthwick.</i>	3878
Tim, the Smith.— <i>James Doyle</i> .— <i>Trs. by Mary</i>	
<i>Doyle.</i>	3887
Seadna's Three Wishes.—From "Seadna."—	
<i>Rev. Peter O'Leary.</i>	3941
The Thankfulness of Dermot. — <i>Patrick</i>	
<i>O'Leary.</i>	3953
Geoffrey Keating. — From "Irish Prose." —	
<i>Rev. Patrick S. Dineen.</i>	3959
"East, West, Home's Best." — From "An	
<i>Cneamhaire.</i> — <i>Agnes O. Farrelly.</i>	3967
The Cavern. — From "An Giobláchan." —	
<i>Thomas Hayes.</i>	3977
The Echo.—From "An Giobláchan." <i>T. Hayes.</i>	3983

POETRY.

Rafferty's Repentance.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3911
The Cúis-dá-plé.—(Political.)— <i>A. Rafferty.</i>	3917
How Long Has It Been Said?—(Political.)—	
<i>A. Rafferty.</i>	3923
The Curse of the Boers on England.—(Political.)—	
<i>Lady Gregory.</i>	3928
Grief of a Girl's Heart.—(Love Song.)— <i>Lady</i>	
<i>Gregory.</i>	3933
The Fair Hills of Eire. — (Patriotic.) — <i>Dr.</i>	
<i>George Sigerson.</i>	3937

MODERN PLAY.

The Twisting of the Rope.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3989
---	------

BIOGRAPHIES OF ANCIENT CELTIC WRITERS, whose	
work appears in Volumes I–IX.	4011

BIOGRAPHIES OF MODERN CELTIC WRITERS, whose work	
appears in Volume X.	4025

GLOSSARY.	4031
-------------------	------

INDEX.	4041
----------------	------

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS IN VOLUME X.

	PAGE
THE OLD PLAID SHAWL.	<i>Frontispiece</i>
From a photograph.	
It is from the lips of the aged peasantry that most of the Folk Tales, Folk Songs, Ranns, etc., have been taken down by Dr. Douglas Hyde and others. This picture presents the characteristic costume of the older village folk in Ireland, and the spinning wheel denotes an industry which has not yet died out.	
PATRICK J. O'SHEA. (Conan Maol.)	3842
From a photograph by Allison's, Belfast, Armagh and Dublin.	
PART OF A PROCLAMATION CONCERNING SHANE THE PROUD	3872
Photographic facsimile from the original.	
THE REV. PATRICK S. DINEEN	3958
Photographed from the painting by Jack B. Yeats.	
TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN	4010
From a painting formerly in the possession of J. Hardiman, after the print engraved and published by John Martyn, Dublin, 1822.	
MAP OF IRELAND IN THE PRESENT DAY	4030
After Joyce and others.	

THE IRISH DRAMA.

IN an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1901, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, the eminent critic, told the story of the Irish Literary Theater. We present here his account of the Irish National Dramatic Society, written in December, 1902. With regard to the first named he says:—

Its work may be summed up in a sentence: It produced in Ireland, with English actors, seven plays written in English on Irish subjects. These were: two by Mr. Yeats, 'The Countess Cathleen' and 'The Land of Heart's Desire'; two by Mr. Martyn, 'The Heather Field' and 'Maeve'; one by Miss Milligan, 'The Last Feast of the Fianna'; one by Mr. Moore, 'The Bending of the Bough'; and one, 'Diarmuid and Grania,' by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Moore in collaboration. At the time when the last was produced by Mr. Benson, a troupe of amateurs played Dr. Hyde's 'Casadh an t-Sugáin,' and the advantage that Irish amateurs had, even over good English professionals, for the purpose in hand was obvious. I suppose that this occurred to Mr. Fay, for it was after this that he and some friends—all of them people earning their bread by daily labor—banded together to devote their leisure to the acting of Irish plays; and the new experiment was inaugurated last Easter, when this company of Irish actors played two Irish plays, "A. E.'s" 'Deirdre' and Mr. Yeats' 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' It was renewed on a much larger scale this Samhain-tide, when in the course of a week some plays (including one short farce in Gaelic) were given; the subjects ranging from poetic handling of the oldest mythology down to contemporary satire on the town corporation. The whole thing was absolutely and entirely uncommercial. Authors and actors alike gave their services for the benefit of Cumann na Gael, under whose auspices the plays were produced, calling themselves the Irish National Dramatic Company.

The more one thinks about it, the plainer one sees that for full enjoyment of drama the auditor must be one of a sympathetic crowd. For instance, a comedy of Mr. Shaw's

played before the Stage Society is infinitely more enjoyable than when it is played in Kennington or Notting Hill. But the Stage Society, which makes an ideal audience for wit, is perhaps too sophisticated for poetry; too much under the domination of modern comedy. In Dublin Mr. Yeats and the rest had a hall full of people not less intelligent but less over-educated, less subservient to the critical faculty; in a word, more natural. This audience had all the local knowledge necessary to give dramatic satire its point (and that is scarcely possible in a place so big as London), and had also a community of certain emotions arising out of distinctive ideas. And, above all, the people composing it came to the theater much as they might have gone to church or to a political meeting, ready to be moved by grave emotions or by serious ideas. Two of the plays could, I think, have held their own with any audience. But without that special audience 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan' and 'The Laying of Foundations' would have been by far less dramatic than they were.

It should be said at once that these plays were for the most part extremely modest in scope. Only one had so many as three acts or required a change of scene; and two or three were at best "curtain raisers." In this class must be put Mr. McGinley's 'Eilis agus an Bhean Déirce' ('Eilish and the Beggar Woman'), which I cannot criticise, as no text was procurable and my Gaelic was not equal to following the dialogue closely. I do not think that a higher rank can be claimed for Mr. Yeats' farce, 'A Pot of Broth,' which, however, afforded Mr. W. G. Fay the chance for a capital piece of broad comic acting. The story is one, common among Irish peasants, of a beggar, who comes to a churlish woman's house, and knowing well that asking will get him neither bite nor sup, plays on her credulity by displaying a wonderful stone which will make the best of broth. All he asks is the use of a pot and water in it, and while the miserly housewife listens to his praise of the saving to be effected by such a stone, he dilates upon its other qualities—its effect on a chicken if you put it in with it, or on a ham-bone or the like—till gradually one eatable after another slips into the pot, and the beggar in a fit of generosity presents the stone to the housewife, taking in return merely the broth and a few unconsidered trifles.

That was all, and it was little enough. But it was interesting to find Mr. Yeats as a purveyor of laughter—for the little piece was genuinely droll, and interesting too—to notice how, for his comedy as for his tragedy, he went to folk lore and the peasant's cottage.¹

I may dismiss at once Mr. Seumas O'Cuisin, author of two of the plays. His 'Racing Lug' was a little story of sea-faring folk, apparently so cut down as to be barely intelligible. This was in prose; his other production, 'The Sleep of the King,' was simply a poetic tableau, showing how Connla, son of Conn the Hundred-fighter, left a proffered throne to follow after a fairy woman.

"He follows on for ever, when all your chase is done,
He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's son."

Mrs. Chesson has put the gist of it into the haunting little poem from which I quote these two lines, and put it much more effectively than Mr. O'Cuisin. Still, his little piece in verse—and very creditable verse—gave the troupe their one opportunity of showing how they spoke what was written in meter. They spoke verse not as actors generally do, but as poets speak it, in a kind of chant, which I confess seems to me the natural and proper manner.

It was just this quality—the absence of all stage mannerisms, the willingness to speak poetry simply as poetry, to speak it for its own sake, and not to show the actor's accomplishments—that rendered possible the production of 'Deirdre;' and it would have been a pity for work so good not to have been produced. Nevertheless I cannot regard 'Deirdre' as a good or successful piece of drama. The author, "A. E.," ranks high in my judgment as a lyrical poet, but even as a lyrical poet his appeal must necessarily be to the few. Mystic in the blood and bone, he stands habitually apart, and moves in ways of thought and emotion where it is difficult to follow him. And yet it was striking to observe how well the audience responded to his interpretation of the famous and beautiful story, and to the thoughts that he wove into its fabric. The first act tells how the sons of Usnach found Deirdre in the secret abode where the High King Conchobar had secluded her

¹ The story is told in Griffin's 'The Collegians,' see Volume IV.

fatal beauty, and how she fled with Naisi, obedient to the voice of a new wonder; and in this act I could see little or nothing to praise. But in the second, which shows Deirdre in the kingdom that Naisi and his brother had won on the shore of Loch Etive, there was work of a very different quality. In a passage of singular beauty the poet—for the play, though written in prose, is sheer poetry—shows Deirdre looking out on a glorious sunset. It is the sunset not of one but of many days, she says, and the stars that had lost each other in the mists and heat of the sun, know again their friends' faces across the firmament. And so, too, she and Naisi, awaking at last from the long swoon of sunshine, see at last into each other's hearts, and she sees in him a regret. It is the regret of pride that he has fled without confronting King Conchobar; the regret of chivalry that he has broken the rules of the Red Branch Order. It is, indeed, for comradeship in the Red Branch that he pines, not knowing it; and on the top of this discourse comes the shout of a man of Erin from his galley in the loch. And Deirdre, who has Cassandra's gift, foreknows the whole; so that when Fergus enters, the dearest of Naisi's friends, with pledge of forgiveness and of restoration to the Red Branch, she has no heart to greet him. She can only implore Naisi to stay, and her sorrow angers him, till her love and her knowledge yield to his pride.

I thought the whole of this act very well planned and full of beauty, and, even when the beauty was recondite, it conveyed itself surprisingly well. Deirdre in her lament says that the Gods have told her her love and happiness are ended, and are yet immortal, for they are destined to live forever as a memory in the minds of the Gael! and one felt that slight stir run through the silent audience which tells of a point gone home. And the spectacular beauty, even on that mean stage, was considerable; the figures moving behind a gauze veil in costumes designed by the author, who is artist as well as poet, and moving no more than was essential for the action. It was a great relief to see actors stand so still, and never to have attention distracted from the person on whom it naturally fell. But the whole thing was too literary, depended too much on the accidental beauties of thought or phrasing, and not enough on a strong central emotion. I do not think that "A. E."

achieved more than to demonstrate the possibility of a drama on an Irish heroic subject which should appeal to an Irish audience. But such a drama would have to be written by a most skillful dramatist.

The other two plays of which I have to speak had their way, as it seemed, made almost absurdly easy for them; so directly did they spring out of the mind of the audience. And yet these things are not quite so easy as they appear, and Mr. Ryan succeeded when Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn had failed. Mr. Moore's 'Bending of the Bough' was a dramatic satire on Irish politicians: so was Mr. Martyn's 'Tale of a Town.' But though Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn knew well how Ibsen had done that sort of thing, they were not familiar at first-hand with local politics; they did not show that perfect knowledge of local types which gave a value to 'The Laying of Foundations.'

The action of this comedy passes in the house of Mr. O'Loskin, town councilor (and patriot), immediately after a municipal election. To him come his friends, Alderman Farrelly and another, for a discussion of prospects. The alderman and his ally have their own little game to play; to secure for a building syndicate in which they are concerned the contract for erecting a new asylum. Mr. O'Loskin, on his part, desires the post of city architect for his son Michael. There is an obvious fitness in the arrangement by which Mr. O'Loskin will back the one job, while Mr. Farrelly completes the other; indeed, the only obstacle to this and all other good plans lies in one Nolan, the editor of a plaguy print, who has succeeded in capturing one of the wards, and will have a new means of annoyance—as if his *Free Nation*, with his rancorous comment on the private arrangements of public men, were not troublesome enough already. "And the worst of it is," says Alderman Farrelly, with pious indignation, "that I don't believe the fellow can be squared." Needless to say, the *Free Nation* has its counterparts in real life: the *United Irishman*, and another clever paper, *The Leader*, have been for some time back making things very unpleasant for patriot publicans and others. Nor was this all. Even the *obiter dicta* of prominent men found a new publicity given to them on the stage. "This fellow Nolan," says Alderman Farrelly, "is never done putting absurd no-

tions into poor people's heads. He says a working man ought to get twenty-four shillings a week. Twenty-four shillings!" (They all roar with laughter.) "Eighteen shillings is plenty for any laboring man. What would they do with more if they had it? Drink it!" And he slaps his thigh, leans back, and drains his tumbler of monstrously stiff whisky and water. This trait did not lose any of its pungency before an audience which remembered how a certain Lord Mayor had recently fixed eighteen shillings as the highest wage any working man should look for.

After the opening dialogue the action begins to develop. Michael, the future city architect, is an almost incredibly ingenuous youth. He only knows his father as the prominent patriot, the liberal subscriber to charities. And he is vastly overjoyed at the prospect, but he does not see how it is to be accomplished. How exactly is Alderman Farrelly going to secure favors from Alderman Sir John Bull, the leading Unionist? How is he, Michael, going to consent to receive them? Mr. O'Loskin has to explain that Sir John Bull is a large employer of labor, and, no matter what his politics, which is the better patriot, the man who gives the means of livelihood to hundreds, or one of your starveling fellows who goes about making trouble and stirring up ill-will? Michael yields easily, for Michael is engaged, and this will mean marriage; but the young lady, Miss Delia, is not so sanguine. She has been infected with the venom of Nolan, she distrusts Mr. O'Loskin, she warns Michael against a trap. Nevertheless, Michael accepts.

Two months later finds him installed, and coming gradually face to face with facts. Alderman Farrelly is righteously indignant because Michael has pedantically reported that the foundations of the new asylum are being laid with four feet of concrete instead of the stipulated eight. Worse still, Michael has condemned, root and branch, certain slum tenements—not knowing that they are the joint property of Alderman Farrelly and his own father. Here again one may observe that the audience bore in mind how a rickety tenement owned by a prominent and patriotic member of the Corporation had finally collapsed, killing some of the inmates. Michael's eyes are finally opened completely by an interview with Mr. Nolan, and,

Delia backing him, he takes his stand. In vain does Alderman Farrelly inclose a check for £500 as "a wedding present." In vain does Mr. O'Loskin tear his paternal hair. "Michael, I always thought you would take after me. See what comes of giving a boy a good education." (That, I will be bold to say, is a stroke of irony worthy of Swift himself.) Michael is obdurate, and the curtain falls on his righteous protestations.

Up to a certain point, as will be evident, the thing is purely analogous to Ibsen's work—but might have been written by one who had never read a line of that master. Only, if Ibsen had drawn Michael as Mr. Ryan drew him, and as Mr. Kelly represented him, there would certainly have been a third act, showing, in a bitter sequel, Michael's surrender. This is a defect in the art, for Michael is ill-drawn; and Miss Delia is rather a needlessly aggressive young lady. But whatever Mr. O'Loskin and Mr. Farrelly have to say and do is excellent, and the sentence which I have quoted is a fair illustration of the irony which pervades the whole. And a wholly subordinate character, Mrs. Macfadden, wife of the third town councilor, has an admirable scene in which she speaks her mind of Miss Delia and her extraordinary notions and goings on. Nothing could be better played than this was by Miss Honor Lavalley; she was the Dublin Catholic bourgeoisie to the life.

I do not say that the play was a masterpiece. I do say that it was live art; and that here was a new force let loose in Ireland: the clear sword of ridicule, deftly used from the point of greatest vantage, striking home again and again. Here there was no reference to the stranger; here was Ireland occupied with her own affairs, chastising her own corruption. I wish I could have been present on the Saturday night when the programme began with 'The Laying of Foundations' and ended with 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' That would have been to see drama pass from its cauterizing the ignoble to its fostering the noble in national life: from the comedy of municipal corruption to the tragedy, brief, indeed, but drawing centuries into its compass of Ireland's struggle for freedom.

It is necessary to explain for English readers that "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" was one of the names which poets in the eighteenth century used to cloak, in the disguise of love-

songs, their forbidden passion for Ireland; that the "Shan Van Vocht," or "Poor Old Woman," was another of these names; and that Killala, near which, in 1798, is laid the scene of Mr. Yeats' play, is the place where Humbert's ill-starred but glorious expedition made its landing. But there was no need to tell all this to the Dublin audience.

The stage shows a peasant's house, window at the back, door on the right, hearth on the left. Three persons are in the cottage, Peter Gillane, his wife Bridget, and their second son Patrick. Outside is heard a distant noise of cheering, and they are wondering what it is all about. Patrick goes to the window and sees nothing but an old woman coming toward the house; but she turns aside. Then on a sudden impulse he faces round and says, "Do you remember what Winnie of the Cross Roads was saying the other day about the strange woman that goes through the country the time there's war or trouble coming?" But the father and mother are too busy with other thoughts to attend to such fancies; for Bridget is spreading out her son Michael's wedding clothes, and Peter is expecting the boy back with the girl's fortune. A hundred pounds, no less. Things have prospered with the Gillanes; and when Michael, the fine young lad, comes in with the bag of guineas he is radiant with thinking of the girl, Delia Cahel, and Bridget is radiant with looking at him, and Peter with handling the gold and planning all that can be done with it. And through it all again and again breaks the sound of distant cheering. Patrick goes off to learn the cause, and Michael goes to the window in his turn. He, too, sees the old woman, but this time she is coming to the house, and her face is seen for a moment, pale like a banshee's, through the thick glass of the window. And Michael shivers a little. "I'd sooner a stranger not to come to the house the night before the wedding." But his mother bids him open the door, and in walks the old way-farer.

Miss Maud Gonne, as every one knows, is a woman of superb stature and beauty; she is said to be an orator, and she certainly has the gifts of voice and gesture. To the courage and sincerity of her acting I can pay no better tribute than to say that her entrance brought instantly to my mind a half-mad old-wife in Donegal whom I have

always known. She spoke in that sort of keening cadence so frequent with beggars and others in Ireland who lament their state. But for all that, tall and gaunt as she looked under her cloak, she did not look and she was not meant to look like a beggar; and as she took her seat by the fire, the boy watched her curiously from across the stage. The old people question her and she speaks of her travel on the road.

BRIDGET. It is a wonder you are not worn out with so much wandering.

OLD WOMAN. Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart. When the people see me quiet they think old age has come on me, and that all the stir has gone out of me.

BRIDGET. What was it put you astray?

OLD WOMAN. Too many strangers in the house.

BRIDGET. Indeed, you look as if you had had your share of trouble.

OLD WOMAN. I have had trouble indeed.

BRIDGET. What was it put the trouble on you?

OLD WOMAN. My land that was taken from me.

BRIDGET. Was it much land they took from you?

OLD WOMAN. My four beautiful green fields.

PETER (*aside to Bridget*). Do you think, could she be the Widow Casey that was put out of her holding at Kilglas a while ago?

BRIDGET. She is not. I saw the Widow Casey one time at the market in Ballina, a stout, fresh woman.

PETER (*to Old Woman*). Did you hear a noise of cheering and you coming up the hill?

OLD WOMAN. I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when my friends came to visit me. (*She begins singing half to herself.*)

“ I will go cry with the woman,
For yellow-haired Donough is dead,
With a hempen rope for a neck-cloth,
And a white cloth on his head.”

The sound of her strange chant draws the boy over to her as if by a fascination; and she tells him of the men that had died for love of her.

“ There was a red man of the O'Donnells from the North, and a man of the O'Sullivans from the South, and there was one Brian that lost his life at Clontarf by the sea, and there were a great many in the West, some that died hundreds of years ago, and there are some that will die to-morrow.”

The boy draws nearer to her, and plies her with questions, and the old people talk pityingly of the poor crea-

ture that has lost her wits. They offer her bread and milk, and Peter, under his wife's reproaches, offers her a shilling. But she refuses.

"If any man would give me help he must give me himself, he must give me all."

And Michael starts to go with her, to welcome the friends that are coming to help her. But his mother interposes sharply, with a note of terror, and she reminds him whom it is he has to welcome. Then turning to the stranger—

Maybe you don't know, ma'am, that my son is going to be married to-morrow.

OLD WOMAN. It is not a man going to his marriage that I look to for help.

PETER (*to Bridget*). Who is she, do you think, at all?

BRIDGET. You did not tell us your name yet, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN. Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some that call me Cathleen ni Hoolihan.

It sounds flat and cold when you write it down; it did not sound cold when it was spoken. And the audience felt, too, in a flash, all that lay in Peter's comment, "I think I knew some one of that name once. It must have been some one I knew when I was a boy."

The stranger goes out then, chanting an uncanny chant, after she has told them what the service means that she asks of men. "They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that they will think they are well paid." And she leaves the boy in a kind of trance, from which his mother tries to waken him with talk of his wedding clothes. But as Bridget speaks the door is thrown open, Patrick bursts in with the neighbors: "There are ships in the bay; the French are landing at Killala!"

Delia Cahel may come with him, may cling about Michael; but the chant is heard outside and the bridegroom flings away the bride and rushes out, leaving them all silent. Then old Peter crosses to Patrick and asks, "Did you see an old woman going down the path?" And the lad answers, "I did not; but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen."

The actors played the piece as it was written; that is, they lessened instead of heightening the dialect and the brogue; they left the points unemphasized. But they had

the house thrilling. I have never known altogether what drama might be before. Take a concrete instance. Few things in modern literature seem to me so fine as the third act in 'Herod'; few pieces of acting have pleased me better than Mr. Tree's in that scene. But I have never felt in reading it over that I missed anything by lacking the stage presentment, and I felt obscurely glad to be spared the sense of an audience only half in sympathy. 'Herod' came to the audience from outside; Mr. Yeats put before them in a symbol the thought of their own hearts. He had such a response as is only found in England by the singers of patriotic ditties in the music halls. "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" is the Irish equivalent for the "Absent-minded Beggar" or the "Handy Man." It is superfluous to do more than suggest the parallel.

I do not for a moment mean to imply that these Irish plays are worthy the attention of English managers. There is no money in them. They will be played, no doubt, a few times in Dublin, where Mr. Fay and his fellows have taken a small house for occasional performances. They will be played up and down through the country to people paying sixpences and pennies for admission. Some of them will, I hope, be produced by the Irish Literary Society in London for an Irish audience. But wherever they are played they will represent a wholly different order of dramatic art from that which prevails in the English theater; and the difference will lie chiefly in their intention, first, in the fact that they are not designed to make money.

Wherever they are played I hope they may find performers so good as Mr. W. G. or Mr. F. J. Fay, or Mr. Digges—an actor of extraordinary range, who played the parts of Naisi, of Michael Gillane, and of Alderman Farrelly, with equal success. The ladies of the company were hardly equal to the men, but Miss M. Quinn and Miss M. nic Shiubhlaigh both acted with fine intelligence. And the whole company, by their absence of stage tricks, showed the influence of Mr. Yeats, who is President of the company.

Part of the propaganda was an address delivered by him on the scheme which he has so much at heart for establishing a fixed manner by means of notation for speaking verse.

I was unable to be present, but have heard his views before, and have heard Miss Farr speak or chant verse on his method, accompanying herself on a queer stringed instrument.

The important thing is the deliberate attempt to re-establish what has never died out among Irish speakers—a tradition of poetry with a traditional manner of speaking it. Put briefly, it comes to this: Mr. Yeats and many others wanted to write for Ireland, not for England, if only because they believed that any sound art must address itself to an audience which is coherent enough to yield a response. The trouble was that Ireland had lost altogether the desire to read, the desire for any art at all, except, perhaps, that of eloquent speech—and even in that her taste was rapidly degenerating. What the Gaelic League has done is to infuse into Ireland the zeal for a study which, as Dr. Starkie says, “is at heart disinterested.” What Mr. Yeats and his friends have done is to kindle in Ireland the desire for an art which is an art of ideas. No matter in how small a part of Ireland the desire is kindled, nothing spreads so quick as fire.

It is noticeable that Mr. Fay’s company has more and more limited its efforts to two types of play—the prose idyll, tragic or comic, of peasant life, and the poetic drama of remote and legendary subjects. In the former kind a new dramatist has revealed himself, Mr. J. M. Synge, whose little masterpiece, ‘Rivers to the Sea,’ was the most successful of five plays produced by the company at the Royalty Theater in London in the spring of 1904. Mr. Synge had not been heard of before, but his work in prose is no less accomplished and complete than that of Mr. Yeats in poetry, in the days of poetic plays. “A. E.’s” ‘Deirdre’ has been succeeded by Mr. Yeats’ Morality ‘The Hornglass,’ written like it in cadenced prose, and this by ‘The King’s Threshold’ and ‘The Shadowy Waters.’ In both of these plays we have heard Frank Fay and Maire nic Shiubhaigh speak beautiful and dramatic verse as it is seldom spoken, and in ‘The Shadowy Waters,’ especially, what the piece lacked in dramatic quality was made up by the mounting, which showed how much solemn beauty could be achieved with little cost from common materials handled by an artist.

It is satisfactory to add that a theater has been arranged in Dublin where these players will in future have the advantages of a proper stage, however modest its dimensions.

Yours truly
Stephen Gwynn

In September, 1903, we learn from an article by Mr. W. B. Yeats in *Samhain* that the movement, the beginnings of which Mr. Stephen Gwynn has chronicled in the foregoing, has grown to such an extent that the year's doings could not be described in detail.

Father Dineen, Father O'Leary, P. Colum, and Dr. Hyde produced new plays which, with those by "A. E.," Mr. Cousins, Mr. Ryan, W. B. Yeats, Dr. Hyde, Lady Gregory, etc., were witnessed not only by thousands throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, but by large and appreciative audiences in London as well. The Irish Literary Society of New York also has been active in presenting several of these plays, and the effect of the new-born Irish drama is being strongly felt in this country also.

Let Lady Gregory say the last word on this subject:

"There has always, on the part of the Irish people, been a great taste for dramatic dialogue. The 'Arguments of Oisín and Patrick' are repeated by peasants for hours together with the keenest delight and appreciation. Other dramatic 'arguments' appeal to them—the 'Argument of Raftery with Death,' the 'Argument of Raftery with Whisky,' or the argument between a Connaught herd and a Munster herd as to the qualities of the two provinces. These old pieces are recited and followed with excitement, showing how naturally the dramatic sense appeals to the Celtic nature. It is curious, therefore, that only now should Irish drama be finding its full expression, and not at all curious that it has taken such a hold upon the country. The dramatic movement has made really an enduring impression upon the life and intellectual activity of the people."—[C. W.]

FOLK TALES, FOLK SONGS, RANNS,
sean-sgeuluisgeacht, sean-abhráin, rann;

HISTORICAL SKETCH,
blúire as stair na h-Éireann;

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS,
sgeolta, dánta, agus drama;

BY MODERN IRISH AUTHORS.
le h-úghdaraibh an láe inniu:

AN NUADÓ-LITRIBÉACHT 1 NĠÆVEILĠ.

Cíórimir inran imleabair deirid reo, romplairde ar Ġnát-
ĠæveilĠ na nĠaoine, mar do bí rí aca in ran dā céad bliadán
ro do énaíð tarrainn, agus mar dā rí aca anoir. Ní'l áct nuadó-
ĠæveilĠ le fágail ann ro, 7 caicfid an leigsteoir a bpeiteammar
féin véanam ar an trean-ĠæveilĠ le congnam na n-airtunngad
béarla do tugsamar inna n-imleabair eile. Ní tugsamar an
trean-ĠæveilĠ ann ro, oir ir ró deacair a tuisirint do don duine
nac ndearna fuirdearact rpeirialta innit:

Tá rḡealta; abrain, 7 iáirde na nĠaoine féin, le fágail inran
leabair ro, 7 tá curd mór díob ro rḡiobta ríor le rḡoláirib ó
béal na sean-Ġaoine i n-Éirinn nár tuis a tceanga féin do
rḡiobad ná do léigead. Áct tá curd eile dé, agus ir obair na
rḡiobnoir ir clirde i obair na rḡiobnoir atá ag véanam litir-
eacta nuairde do muinntir na h-Éireann inoiú, mar atá an t-Ádair
reodar O Laoḡaire, Seumar O Dúḡail, Conán Maol (Mac uí
Seagda), Pádraig O Laoḡaire, Tomás O h-Áoda, an t-Ádair
O Duinnín, úna ní fearḡailte, “Tóina” 7 Ġaoine eile:

Ir an-deacair an iud é béarla ceart blarda do cúir ar Ġæv-
eilĠ, oir ir é mo baramail nac bfuil don dā tceanga ar talam na
Críortuḡeacta ir mó dífir eatorra féin 'ná iad. Agus cíd ḡo
bfuilid a com fada rin 'na fearam ar an don oileán, taob le
taob, ir ríor-beag an lorg o'fag ceann aca ar an ḡceann eile,
agus ir ríor-beagán o'fógluim na Ġaoine labair iad ó n-a céile.

Tá rḡoilte na h-Éireann, faradair! Fá rtiúruḡad Ġaoine o'a
otus an Riḡaltar Sacraiaé an rtiúruḡad orra; agus bí na
Ġaoine reo i ḡcomnuirde i n-aḡair na nĠæveal agus i n-aḡair
teangad na tíre. Ní'l eólar ag duine ar bit aca uirri áct oirpad
le aral no le bulóig. Tá ceatmar de na Ġaoinib reo 'na mbpeiteam-
naib ó cúirteannaib an díḡe, nac bfuil ploc eólar aca ar
oideacair, áct o'r ḡnát-obair leó Ġaoine cionntaca do dāoraó,
dāorann riad muinntir na h-Éireann, 'ḡa ḡcur fa bpeiteammar
áineólar; pad a mbeata, i dtaob na neite báinear leó féin 7
le na díir. Tá fear eile aca 'na usctarad ar Colairte na
Tmonóirde—ir fuat na nĠæveal an áit rin—agus tá curd mór

THE MODERN LITERATURE OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

WE shall see in this last volume specimens of the ordinary Irish language of the people, as they have had it for the last couple of hundred years, and as they have it now. There is nothing but modern Irish to be found in this volume, and hence the reader must form his own opinion of the old Irish literature by the help of the English translations that have been given in the other volumes. We give here no old Irish, because it is too difficult to understand for any person who has not made a special study of it.

There are stories, songs and sayings of the people themselves to be found in this book, and a great many of these have been written down by scholars from the mouths of old people in Ireland who did not know how to read and write their own language. But there is another portion of the book which is the work of the cleverest writers, the work of writers who are making a modern literature for the people of Ireland to-day, such as Father Peter O'Leary, James Doyle, Conan Maol (O'Shea), Patrick O'Leary, Thomas Hayes, Father Dinneen, Miss O'Farrelly, Tadhg O'Donoghue, and others.

It is a very difficult thing to put correct tasteful English upon Irish, for it is my opinion that there are no two languages in the lands of Christendom which differ more between themselves than they do. And although they have been so long standing side by side upon one island, very little is the trace that either of them has left upon the other, and it is very little that the people who speak them have learned from one another either.

The schools of Ireland also, are, alas, under the dominance of people to whom the English Government has given the control over them, and these people have always been against the Irish, and against the language of the country. Not one

eile aca na ndaoimib-uairle paitóipe san don eólar rpeirialta aca ar rgoiltib ná ar rgoilugeact; agus do coirimeas ríad Gaeð-eilg do múnad inrna rgoiltib, no do labairt leir na rgoiláimib, go dtí trí no ceatar de bliadantais ó fóin. Tá aóruaó ann anoir, 7 go, oóruaó Dia dúinn go mbéid ré buan! Ni meapaim go ríab don tír eile ar éalam na Cpiórtuigeacta ríam, a ríab a leitéio rin de rganail le feicint inni agus do bí i n-Éirinn—máigi-rtirde 7 máigi-rtreara rgoile nac ríab focal Gaeðeilge aca, as “múnad”! páirtide nac ríab focal béarla aca! Ni h-iongnad sur oibreaó amac rpioraó na Litirdeacta ar na daoimib, agus sur ruaiugead arta gac oirear, gliocar, cpiónaó, agus rtuaim do táinig anuar éuca ó n-a rinnrearaib pompa. Aóó anoir,—mar geall ar Connraó na Gaeðeilge—tá an Gaeðeilg, as teact cuici féin ari; agus ir roileir é anoir, do’n doiman ar fao, má tá Éire le beir ’na náiriún ar leir, no le beir ’na ruo ar bit aóó ’na condae gránna Sacpanais, (agus i as déanam aicir go raon fann ruar an nóraib na Sacpanaó) go scaitirí rí ionpóó ar a teangaid féin ari 7 Litirdeact nuab óeapóó inni.

Agus tá Éire as oóruaó ar rin do déanam óeana féin, agus tá romplairde ar a óruil rí o’á déanam inran leabair ro. Ni’l ionnta ro go léir (obair na ndeic mbliadán ro éuair éarriann) aóó óeao-bliáta an earraig. Tá an Samraó le teact fóir le congnam Dé:

RÍG AN FÁSASÍG Óuib:

Labair O floinn, ó beul-áó-na-muice (Swinford i mbeurla) o’innir an rgeul ro do rpióinriar O Concúdair i mb’Uaéluain, ó a óruair mipe é.

Nuair bí O Concúdair ’na ríg ar Éirinn bí ré ’na cómnurde i Ráó-óruaóáin Connaóó. Bí don mac amáin aige, aóó nuair o’fár ré ruar, bí ré ríadán, agus níor feud an ríg rmaóó do éur air; mar beirdeó a oir féin aige inr gac uile nio:

of them knows anything about it, more than so many asses or bullocks. Four of these men are judges from the courts of law, who have no particle of knowledge about education; but since their ordinary work is to condemn the guilty, they condemn the people of Ireland, sentencing them to life-long ignorance about the things that concern themselves and their country. Another of them is the Provost of Trinity College, that place that is *Fuath na nGaedheal*, and a great number more of them are wealthy country gentlemen, without any special knowledge of schools or scholarship; and these men practically forbade the Irish language to be taught in the schools or to be spoken to the scholars until three or four years ago. A change has come now. God grant that it may be a lasting one!

I do not think that there was ever any other country in the lands of Christendom in which such a scandal was to be witnessed as in Ireland—masters and mistresses of schools who did not know a word of Irish, “teaching” (!) children who did not know a word of English! It is no wonder that the spirit of literature was banished out of the people, and that all instruction, intelligence, wisdom and natural ability, that had come down to them from their ancestors before them, were driven out of them. But now—thanks to the Gaelic League—the Irish language is coming to itself again, and it is evident at last to the whole world that if Ireland is to be a nation apart, or anything at all except an ugly English county, (imitating, in a manner lifeless, feeble, and cold, the manners of the English), she *must* turn to her own language again, and create herself a new literature in it.

And Ireland is beginning to do this, even already, and there are specimens of what she is doing in this book. These—the works of the last ten years—are yet nothing but the first spring blossoms. The summer is to come with the help of God.

THE KING OF THE BLACK DESERT.

This story was told by one Laurence O'Flynn, from near Swinford, in the County Mayo, to my friend, the late F. O'Connor, of Athlone, from whom I got it in Irish. It is the eleventh story in the “*Sgeuluidhe Gaodhalach*.”—Douglas Hyde.

When O'Connor was king over Ireland, he was living in Rathcroghan of Connacht. He had one son, but he, when he grew up, was wild, and the king could not control him, because he would have his own will in everything.

Don mairtin amáin éuaib ré amac,

Δ εὐ le na coir
Δ feabac ar Δ boir
Δ' r Δ capall bheágs tób 'á ioméar,

asur 'o'iméis ré ar ašair, as sabáil painn ašráin 'ó réin so
bcáinis ré com fad le rseatac móir 'ó bí as fár ar bhuac
gleanna. Bí rean-uine liat 'na fuidé as bun na rseice, asur
dubairt ré: "A mic an ius, má eis leat imirt com mairt a' r
eis leat ašráin 'ó sabáil, buo mairt liom cluice 'o'imirt leat."
Saoil mac an ius sup rean-uine mi-céilliré 'ó bí ann, asur
tuirlis ré, cáit rrian tar seus, asur fuid ríor le taoib an
crean-uine liat. Tarraing reirean paca cáiradair amac asur
'o' fiafuis: "An teis leat iad ro 'o'imirt?"

"Eis liom," ar ran mac-ius.

"Créad imeóramaoir ari?" ar ran rean-uine liat.

"Níó ar bit ir mian leat," ar ran mac-ius.

"Mairt so leóir, má gnócaisim-re cáitiré tura níó ar bit a
iarrfar mé deunam 'óam, asur má gnócaiseann tura, cáitiré
mire níó ar bit iarrfar tura orm deunam 'óuitre," ar ran rean-
uine liat.

"Tá mé fáirta," ar ran mac-ius.

'O'imir riad an cluice asur buail an mac ius an rean uine
liat. Ann rin dubairt ré, "créad 'ó buo mian leat mire 'ó
deunam 'óuit, a mic an ius?"

"Ní iarrfáir mé oir níó ar bit 'ó deunam 'óam," ar ran
mac-ius, "raoilim nac bfuil tú ionnánm móran 'ó deunam."

"Ná bac leir rin," ar ran rean uine, "cáitiré tú iarrfáir
orm ruo éisin 'ó deunam, níor cáill mé seall ariam náir feur
mé a ioc."

Mar dubairt mé, faoil an mac ius sup rean uine micéilliré
'ó bí ann, asur le na fáirta dubairt ré leir.

"Óam an ceann 'óe mo learmáir asur cuir ceann sabair
uirri ar fead reáctmair."

"Deunfad rin 'óuit," ar ran rean uine liat:

Éuaib an mac ius as marcuiseáct ar Δ capall;

Δ εὐ le na coir
Δ feabac ar Δ boir,

asur eus ré a ašair ar áit eile, asur níor éuimnis ré níor mó
ar an rean uine liat, so bcáinis ré a-baile:

Fuair ré gáir asur bhrón móir in ran seairleán: 'O'innir na
rearbósgantair 'óó so bcáinis bpaoréadair arteac 'ran reompa
'n áit a faib an bairríogán asur sup cuir ré ceann sabair uirri
i n-áit a cinn réin:

One morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
And his hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he went forward, singing a verse of a song to himself, until he came as far as a big bush that was growing on the brink of a glen. There was a gray old man sitting at the foot of the bush, and he said, "King's son, if you are able to play as well as you are able to sing songs, I should like to play a game with you." The King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and he alighted, threw bridle over branch, and sat down by the side of the gray old man.

The old man drew out a pack of cards and asked, "Can you play these?"

"I can," said the King's son.

"What shall we play for?" said the gray old man.

"Anything you wish," says the King's son.

"All right; if I win, you must do for me anything I shall ask of you, and if you win I must do for you anything you ask of me," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," says the King's son.

They played the game, and the King's son beat the gray old man. Then he said, "What would you like me to do for you, King's son?"

"I won't ask you to do anything for me," says the King's son, "I think that you are not able to do much."

"Don't mind that," said the old man. "You must ask me to do something. I never lost a bet yet that I wasn't able to pay it."

As I said, the King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and to satisfy him he said to him—"Take the head of my stepmother and put a goat's head on her for a week."

"I'll do that for you," said the gray old man.

The King's son went a-riding on his horse

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand—

and he faced for another place, and never thought more about the gray old man until he came home.

He found a cry and great grief before him in the castle. The servants told him that an enchanter had come into the room where the Queen was, and had put a goat's head on her in place of her own head.

“Ůar mo láim, ír ionŷantać an nĩđ é rin,” ar ran mac ruiś,
 “Ůá mberĩnn ’ran mbaile do bairinn an ceann Ůé le mo clair-
 eam.” Ůí bĩđĩn mĩr ar an ruiś aśur cĩr rē fĩor ar cĩmairleĩr
 cĩona aśur Ů’fĩarpuĩś rē Ůé an raiđ fĩor aĩge cia an ćaol ćárla
 an nĩđ reo Ůo’n bairĩośain. “ŷo Ůeĩmĩn nĩ ćĩś liom rin inn-
 reaćť Ůuit,” ar reĩean, “ír obair Ůraol’deaćť é.”

Nĩor leiś an mac ruiś air fēĩn ŷo raiđ eĩlar ar bĩć aĩge ar an
 ŷeĩr, aćť ar mairĩn amárlać Ů’ĩmćĩś rē amac,

A ćú le na ćoir
 A fēabac ar a Ůoir
 ’S a ćapall bĩeáś Ůuib Ů’á iomćar,

aśur nĩor ćarraiĩś rē rĩian ŷo Ůćáimĩś rē ćom r’ada leiř an
 rŷeĩć mĩr ar bĩuać an ŷleanna. Ůí an rean Ůuine liać ’na fĩrĩe
 ann rin r’aoĩ an rŷeĩć aśur Ůubairć rē: “A mĩc an ruiś, mbēĩđ
 cluĩe aśađ anŮiú?” Ćuirĩĩĩ an mac ruiś aśur Ůubairć:
 “Ůeĩđ.” Leiř rin, ćair rē an rĩian ćar ŷeũ, aśur fĩrĩ rĩor le
 ćaolĩ an ćrean Ůuine. Ćarraiĩś reĩean na ćárlaolĩ amac, aśur
 Ů’fĩarpuĩś Ůe’n mĩc ruiś an bĩuarĩ rē an nĩđ Ůo ŷnĩćaiĩś rē anŮe.

“Ćá rin ćearć ŷo leiř,” ar ran mac ruiś.

“Imeĩramaoĩr ar an nŷeall ćeũna anŮiú,” ar ran rean
 Ůuine liać.

“Ćá mē rárťa,” ar ran mac ruiś:

Ů’ĩmĩr rĩađ, aśur ŷnĩćaiĩś an mac ruiś. “Ćrēađ Ůo buđ mĩan
 leať mĩre Ůo Ůeunam Ůuit an ģ-am r’o?” ar ran rean Ůuine
 liać. Smuain an mac ruiś aśur Ůubairć leiř fēĩn, “Ůeũr’arđ mē
 obair ćrēaolĩ Ůđ an ģ-am r’o.” Ann rin Ůubairć rē: “Ćá ráĩre
 reaćť n-aćra ar ćĩl ćairleain m’aćar, bĩđ rĩ lionta ar mairĩn
 amárlać le bać (buaĩb) ŷan aon Ůeĩr aća Ůo Ůeĩť ar aon Ůať, ar
 aon áĩrŮe, no ar aon aoir amáĩn.”

“Ůeĩđ rin Ůeunta,” ar ran rean Ůuine liać:

Ćuaĩr an mac ruiś aś mairĩrŷeaćť ar a ćapall,

A ćú le na ćoir
 A fēabac ar a Ůoir,

aśur ćũś aśaĩr a-baile. Ůí an ruiś ŷo bĩĩnać i Ůćaolĩ na bair-
 rĩośna. Ůí Ůoćťĩrĩr ar h-uile áĩť i n-ćĩrĩnn, aćť nĩor fēũ
 rĩađ aon mairĩ Ůo Ůeunam Ůĩ.

Ar mairĩn, lá ar na márlać, ćuaĩr maor an ruiś amac ŷo moć,
 aśur ćonnairć rē an ráĩre ar ćĩl an ćairleain lionta le bać
 (buaĩb) aśur ŷan aon Ůeĩr aća Ůe ’n Ůať ćeũna no Ůe’n aoir
 reũna, no Ůe’n áĩrŮe ćeũna. Ů’ĩmćĩś rē arťeać, aśur Ů’ĩnnĩr
 ćé an rŷeul ionŷantać Ůo’n ruiś. “Ćeĩruiś aśur ģĩomáĩn iao
 amac,” ar ran ruiś. Fĩuar an maor rĩr, aśur ćuaĩr rē leiř aś

"By my hand, but that's a wonderful thing," says the King's son. "If I had been at home I'd have whipped the head off him with my sword."

There was great grief on the King, and he sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know how the thing happened to the Queen.

"Indeed, I cannot tell you that," said he, "it's a work of enchantment."

The King's son did not let on that he had any knowledge of the matter, but on the morrow morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein until he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was sitting there under the bush and said, "King's son, will you have a game to-day?" The King's son got down and said, "I will." With that he threw bridle over branch and sat down by the side of the old man. He drew out the cards and asked the King's son did he get the thing he had won yesterday.

"That's all right," says the King's son.

"We'll play for the same bet to-day," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," said the King's son.

They played—the King's son won. "What would you like me to do for you this time?" says the gray old man. The King's son thought and said to himself, "I'll give him a hard job this time." Then he said, "there's a field of seven acres at the back of my father's castle, let it be filled to-morrow morning with cows, and no two of them to be of one colour or one height or one age."

"That shall be done," says the gray old man.

The King's son went riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and faced for home. The King was sorrowful about the Queen; there were doctors out of every place in Ireland, but they could not do her any good.

On the morning of the next day the King's herd went out early, and he saw the field at the back of the castle filled with cows, and no two of them of the same color, the same age, or the same height. He went in and told the King the wonderful news. "Go and drive them out," says the King. The herd got men, and went with them driving out the cows,

tiomáint na mbó amac, áct ní luaite cuirfeadh ré amac ar don taoib iad 'ná tiuafadh ríad arteac ar an taoib eile. Cuairt an maor do'n ríġ áir, agus dubairt leir nac bfeudfaid an méad fear bí i n-Éirinn na bat rin do bí ran bpaire do cup amac. "Ír bat o'raoirdeacta iad," ar ran ríġ.

Nuair connairc an mac-ríġ na bat, dubaint ré leir féin: "Déir cluice eile aġair leir an fean duine liat anoiú." O'imtis ré amac an máirín rin,

A cú le na éoir
A feabac ar a boir
A' r a capall bpeáġ dub o'á iomcár,

agus níor tarrainġ ré rrian go dtáinig ré com fada leir an rgeic móir ar bpuac an ġleanna. Bí an fean duine liat ann rin noiġe agus o'iarr ré ar an mberdeadh cluice cárdair aige.

"Déir," ar ran mac ríġ; "áct tá fíor aġad go maic go dtis liom tú bualað aġ imirt cárd." "

"Déir cluice eile aġair," ar ran fean duine liat. "Ar imir tú liatpóir ariam?"

"O'impear go deimín," ar ran mac ríġ; "áct raoilim go bfuil tura ró fean le liatpóir o'imirt, agus cor leir rin ní'l don áit aġair ann ro le n'imirt."

"Má tá tura úmal le n-imirt, ġeobair mipe áit," ar ran fean duine liat.

"Táim úmal," ar ran mac ríġ.

"Lean mipe," ar ran fean duine liat.

Lean an mac ríġ é tpio an nġleann, go dtáingadar go enoc bpeáġ ġlar. Ann rin, tarrainġ ré amac plaitín o'raoirdeacta, agus dubairt foela náí tuis mac an ríġ, agus faoi éann móimio, o'orgail an enoc agus cuairt an veirt arteac, agus cuairt ríad tpio a lán de hálailb bpeáġa go dtáingadar amac i nġáirvín. Bí ġac uile níð níor bpeáġa 'ná céile in ran nġáirvín rin, agus aġ bun an ġáirvín bí áit le liatpóir o'imirt.

Cait ríad pioira airtio ruar le feicrint cia aca mberdeadh lám-artis aige, 7 ruair an fean duine liat rin.

Torais ríad ann rin, agus níor ríad an fean duine ġur ġnóctais ré an cluice. Ní raib fíor aġ an mac ríġ créad do deunfadh ré. faoi deoir o'fiarruis ré de'n tfean-duine créad do buð maic leir é do deunam do.

"Ír mipe Riġ ar an bpaire Dúib, agus caitepó tura mé féin agus m'áit-cómmuioe o'páġail amac faoi éann lá agus bliadain; nó ġeobair mipe tura amac agus caillpó tú do éann."

Ann rin tuis ré an mac ríġ amac an bealac ceutna a nveacair ré arteac. O'puid an enoc ġlar 'na diais agus o'imtis an fean duine liat ar amape:

but no sooner would he put them out on one side than they would come in on the other. The herd went to the King again, and told him that all the men that were in Ireland would not be able to put out these cows that were in the field. "They're enchanted cows," said the King.

When the King's son saw the cows he said to himself, "I'll have another game with the gray man to-day!" That morning he went out,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein till he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was there before him, and asked him would he have a game of cards.

"I will," says the King's son, "but you know well that I can beat you playing cards."

"We'll have another game, then," says the gray old man. "Did you ever play ball?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "but I think that you are too old to play ball, and, besides that, we have no place here to play it."

"If you're contented to play, I'll find a place," says the gray old man.

"I'm contented," says the King's son.

"Follow me," says the gray old man.

The King's son followed him through the glen until he came to a fine green hill. There he drew out a little enchanted rod, spoke some words which the King's son did not understand, and after a moment the hill opened and the two went in, and they passed through a number of splendid halls until they came out into a garden. There was everything finer than another in that garden, and at the bottom of the garden there was a place for playing ball. They threw up a piece of silver to see who would have hand-in, and the gray old man got it.

They began then, and the gray old man never stopped until he won out the game. The King's son did not know what he would do. At last he asked the old man what would he desire him to do for him.

"I am King over the Black Desert, and you must find out myself and my dwelling-place within a year and a day, or I shall find you out and you shall lose your head."

Then he brought the King's son out the same way by which he went in. The green hill closed behind them, and the gray old man disappeared out of sight.

The King's son went home, riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and he sorrowful enough.

That evening the King observed that there was grief and great trouble on his young son, and when he went to sleep the King and every person that was in the castle heard heavy sighing and ravings from him. The King was in grief—a goat's head to be on the Queen; but he was seven times worse when they told him the (whole) story how it happened from beginning to end.

He sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know where the King of the Black Desert was living.

"I do not, indeed," said he, "but as sure as there's a tail on a cat, unless the young heir finds out that enchanter he will lose his head."

There was great grief that day in the castle of the King. There was a goat's head on the Queen, and the King's son was going searching for an enchanter, without knowing whether he would ever come back.

After a week the goat's head was taken off the Queen, and her own head was put upon her. When she heard of how the goat's head was put upon her, a great hate came upon her against the King's son, and she said, "That he may never come back alive or dead!"

Of a Monday morning he left his blessing with his father and his kindred, his traveling bag was bound upon his shoulder, and he went,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him.

He walked that day until the sun was gone beneath the shadow of the hills and till the darkness of the night was coming, without knowing where he could get lodgings. He noticed a large wood on his left-hand side, and he drew towards it as quickly as he could, hoping to spend the night under the shelter of the trees. He sat down at the foot of a large oak tree, and opened his traveling bag to take some food and drink, when he saw a great eagle coming towards him.

"Do not be afraid of me, King's son; I know you, you are the son of O'Connor, King of Ireland. I am a friend, and if you grant me your horse to give to eat to four hungry birds

atā aġam, bēapfaiṛ mīre nīor fūde 'nā do bēapfaiṛ do capall tū, aġur b'ēioir go ġcuirpinn tū ar loṛs an tē atā tū 'tōruiġ-eaċt."

"Tis leat an capall do beit aġaw aġur fāilte," ar ran mac piġ, "cūḡ ġur b'ōnāc mē aġ pġapamaint leir."

"Tā go maiṛ, bēro mīre ann ro ar maiṛin amāpāc le h-ēirġe na ġpēine." Ann rin o'fōrġail rī a ġob mōr, piṡ ġpeim ar an ġcapall, buail a dā tōuib anaġaiṛ a céile, leatnuiġ a pġiaċān, aġur o'imtiġ ar amāpāc.

O'it aġur o'ol an mac piġ a fāit, cūir an māla-piūbail paol na céann, aġur nīor b'paw go piab ré 'na cōolaṛ, aġur nīor o'uirġ ré go o'tāniġ an t-iolāp aġur ġur o'ubairt: "Tā ré i n-am o'ūinn beit 's imteāc, tā airtear pāwa piōmānn, beir ġpeim ar do māla aġur léim ruar ar mo o'ruim."

"Aċt, mo b'ōn!" ar peirean, "cait'ir mē pġapamaint le mo cū aġur le mo pēadāc."

"Nā bioṛ b'ōn oir," ar pīre; "bēro piaw ann ro piōmān nuair tiuepar tū ar air."

Ann rin léim ré ruar ar a o'ruim, ġlac pīre pġiaċān, aġur ar go b'pāc lēite 'ran aēr. Tūz rī é ċar ēnocaiḃ aġur ġleannaiḃ, ċar mūir mōir aġur ċar cōilltiḃ, ġur paol ré go piab ré aġ o'pēreāḃ an o'māin. Nuair bī an ġpian aġ o'ul paol pġāile na ġenoc, tāniġ rī go talām i lāp fāpāiġ mōir, aġur o'ubairt leir: "Lean an capān ar tōuib do lāime o'eire, aġur bēapfaiṛ ré tū go teāc capaw. Cait'ir mīre pilleāḃ ar air le polāċar do m'ēanlaiṛ."

Lean peirean an capān, aġur nīor b'paw go o'tāniġ ré go o'ti an teāc, aġur cūaiṛ ré arteāc. Bī pean-o'vine liat 'na fūde 'ran ġcuirpneull; o'ēirġ ré ġ o'ubairt, "Ceṛo mīle pāilte piōmāḃ, a mīc Riġ ar Rāt-Ċpuācān Cōnnaċt."

"Nī'l eōlar aġam-pa oir," ar ran mac piġ.

"Bī aiṛne aġam-pa ar do pēan-aċair," ar ran pean o'vine liat; "pūṛ pīor; ir o'ōiġ go b'pūil ċairt aġur o'cuir oir."

"Nī'l mē paol uāṛa," ar ran mac piġ. Buail an pean o'vine a dā boir anaġaiṛ a céile, aġur tāniġ beir pēirbireāc, aġur leaġ-aḃar boṛo le maiṛt-pēōil, cāoir-pēōil, muic-pēōil aġur le neapc arāin i lāċair an mīc piġ, aġur o'ubairt an pean o'vine leir: "It aġur ol do fāit, b'ēioir go m'buṛ pāwa go b'puiġir tū a lēitēro air." O'it aġur o'ol ré o'pēreāḃ aġur buṛ mīan leir, aġur tūz buirēāc ar a ŋon.

Ann rin o'ubairt an pean o'vine, "tā tū o'ul aġ o'puiġeāc Riġ an fāpāiġ Ōuib; teirġ aġ cōolaḃ anoir, aġur pācāiḃ mīre tpe mo leābpiab le pēuāaint an o'tiġ liom āit-cōmnuirde an piġ

that I have, I shall bear you farther than your horse would bear you, and, perhaps, I would put you on the track of him you are looking for."

"You can have the horse, and welcome," says the King's son, "although I am sorrowful at parting from him."

"All right, I shall be here to-morrow at sunrise." With that she opened her great gob, caught hold of the horse, struck in his two sides against one another, took wing, and disappeared out of sight.

The King's son ate and drank his enough, put his traveling bag under his head, and it was not long till he was asleep, and he never woke until the eagle came and said, "It is time for us to be going, there is a long journey before us; take hold of your bag and leap up upon my back."

"But my grief!" says he, "I must part from my hound and my hawk."

"Do not be grieved," says she, "they will be here before you when you come back."

Then he leaped up on her back; she took wing, and off and away with her through the air. She brought him across hills and hollows, over a great sea, and over woods, till he thought that he was at the end of the world. When the sun was going under the shadow of the hills she came to earth in the midst of a great desert, and said to him, "Follow the path on your right-hand side, and it will bring you to the house of a friend. I must return again to provide for my birds."

He followed the path, and it was not long till he came to the house, he went in. There was a gray old man sitting in the corner. He rose and said, "A hundred thousand welcomes to you, King's son, from Rathcroghan of Connacht."

"I have no knowledge of you," said the King's son.

"I was acquainted with your grandfather," said the gray old man. "Sit down; no doubt there is hunger and thirst on you."

"I am not free from them," said the King's son.

The old man then smote his two palms against one another, and two servants came and laid a board with beef, mutton, pork, and plenty of bread before the King's son, and the old man said to him, "Eat and drink your enough. Perhaps it may be a long time before you get the like again."

He ate and drank as much as he desired, and thanked him for it.

Then the old man said, "You are going seeking for the King of the Black Desert; go to sleep now, and I will go

rin o'fáġail amac." Ann rin, buail pé a bora ; éáinġ reirbireac, aġur dubairt pé leir "Tabair an mac ġiġ ġo o'ci á feompa." Ċuġ pé ġo feompa breáġ é, aġur nioi b'fada ġuri tuit pé 'na co'olao:

Ar maroin, lá ar na márac, éáinġ an rean duine aġur dubairt: "Éiġiġ, tá airtear fada rómao. Cairio tú cúis ceuo mile deunam poim meáon-lae."

"Ni feutorainn é oo deunam," ar ran mac ġiġ:

"Má'r marac maic tú, béairfaro mire capall tuit béairfar tú an t-airtear."

"Deunfao marí béairfar tura," ar ran mac ġiġ.

Ċuġ an rean duine neart le n'ite aġur le n'ól oo, aġur nuair bí pé rátao, Ċuġ re ġearrán beaġ bán oo, aġur dubairt: "Tabair ceao á éinn oo'n ġearrán, aġur nuair rtoppar pé, péac ruar 'ran aéi aġur feirio tú t'ri ealaoe com ġeal le rneacta. Ir iao rin t'ri ingeana Riġ an f'áraiġ Ůuib. Béio nairicín ġlar i mbeul eala aca, rin i an ingean ir óige, aġur ní'l neac beo o'feutorao tú oo tabairt ġo tiġ Riġ an f'áraiġ Ůuib áet i. Nuair rtoppar an ġearrán, béio tú i nġar oo loe; tiucfaro na t'ri ealaoe ġo talam ar bpuac an loea rin, aġur deunfaro t'riúr mná (ban) óġ oioo péin, aġur ġacaro riao arteac 'ran loe aġ rnam aġur aġ ġunc. Congbaġ oo řúil ar an nairicín ġlar aġur nuair ġeobar tú na mná óġa 'ran loe, teirġ aġur fág an nairicín aġur ná řġar leir. Teirġ i b'polac raoi éřann aġur nuair tiucfaro na mná óġa amac, deunfaro beirt aca ealaoe oioo péin aġur imteóaro riao 'ran aéi. Ann rin, béairfaro an ingean ir óige, "Deunfaro mé nio ar bit oo'n té béairfar mo nairicín oam." Tar i láċair ann rin, aġur tabair an nairicín oi, ġ abair nac b'uil nio ar bit aġ teartal uait, áet oo tabairt ġo tiġ á h-aċar, aġur innir oi ġur mac ġiġ tú ar t'ri cúmaetaiġ."

Rinne an mac ġiġ ġac nio marí dubairt an rean duine leir, aġur nuair Ċuġ pé an nairicín o'ingin Riġ an f'áraiġ Ůuib, dubairt pé: "Ir mire mac Uí Concubair, Riġ Connaet. Tabair mé ġo o'ci o'áċair: fada mé o'á éořuiġeáet."

"Nár b'earr tuit mé nio éġin eile oo deunam tuit?" ar riré.

"Ní'l don nio eile aġ teartal uaim," ar reirean:

"Ma ċairbéanam an teac tuit nac mbéio tú rářa?" ar riré:

"Béioeao," ar reirean.

"Anoir," ar riré, "ar o'anam ná h-innir oo m'áċair ġur mire oo Ċuġ cum á tiġe-rean tú, aġur béio mire mo éřaro maic tuit; aġur leiġ ořt péin," ar riré, "ġo b'uil móř-cúmaet ořaořeáet aġao."

"Deunfao marí deir tú," ar reirean:

through my books to see if I can find out the dwelling-place of that King." Then he smote his palms (together), and a servant came, and he told him, "Take the King's son to his chamber." He took him to a fine chamber, and it was not long till he fell asleep.

On the morning of the next day the old man came and said, "Rise up, there is a long journey before you. You must do five hundred miles before midday."

"I could not do it," said the King's son.

"If you are a good rider I will give you a horse that will bring you over the journey."

"I will do as you say," said the King's son.

The old man gave him plenty to eat and to drink and, when he was satisfied, he gave him a little white garran and said, "Give the garran his head, and when he stops look up into the air, and you will see three swans as white as snow. Those are the three daughters of the King of the Black Desert. There will be a green napkin in the mouth of one of them, that is the youngest daughter, and there is not anyone alive except her who could bring you to the house of the King of the Black Desert. When the garran stops you will be near a lake, the three swans will come to land on, the brink of that lake, and they will make three young women of themselves, and they will go into the lake swimming and dancing. Keep your eye on the green napkin, and when you get the young women in the lake go and get the napkin, and do not part with it. Go into hiding under a tree, and when the young women will come out two of them will make swans of themselves, and will go away in the air. Then the youngest daughter will say, 'I will do anything for him who will give me my napkin.' Come forward then and give her the napkin, and say that there is nothing you want but to bring you to her father's house, and tell her that you are a king's son from a powerful country."

The King's son did everything as the old man desired him, and when he gave the napkin to the daughter of the King of the Black Desert he said, "I am the son of O'Conor, King of Connacht. Bring me to your father. Long am I seeking him."

"Would not it be better for me to do something else for you?" said she.

"I do not want anything else," said he.

"If I show you the house will you not be satisfied?" said she.

Ann rin pinne rí eala d'í féin aśur dubairt: "Léim ruar ar mo muin, aśur cuir do lámha faoi mo muineál, aśur congbaíś gneim cnuaird."

Rinne pé amháid, aśur éraíť rí a rġiatána, 7 ar ŝo b'ráť léite ċarí ċnocaib a' r ċarí ġleanncaib, ċarí muirí aśur ċarí r'leib'ťib, ŝo ōťáinġ rí ŝo talam marí ōo bí an ġruan aś ōul faoi. Ann rin dubairť rí leir: "An b'peiceann tú an teac móri rin ċail? Sin teac m'atar. Slán leat. Am ar bíť b'érdear baogal orť, b'érđ mipe le ōo ċaoib." Ann rin ō'im'ťis rí uairđ.

Ċuairđ an mac ríś ċum an tġse, ċuairđ arťeac, aśur ċia ō'feicefead pé ann rin 'na r'uirđe i ġcaťaoiri óir, acť an rean ōuine liac ō'imiri na ċárhoairđ aśur an liac'róro leir.

"Feicim, a mic ríś," ar reirrean, "ŝo b'ruair tú mé amac ríom lā aśur bliarđain. Cá fao ó ō'fás tú an baile?"

"Ar maroin anđiú, nuair bí mé aś éirġe ar mo leabuirđ, ċonnairť mé tuag-ċeata, pinne mé léim, rġarí mé mo ōā ċoir air, aśur r'leam'naíś mé ċom' fao leir reo."

"Ōar mo lám, ir móri an ġairġideacť ōo pinne tú," ar ran rean ríś.

"Ō'feurfoainn ruo níor ionġantairġe 'nā rin ōo ōeunam, ōā n-ōġr'ócain," ar ran mac ríś.

"Ĥā r'í neite aśam ōuit le ōeunam," ar ran rean ríś, "7 mār' r'érđir leat iao ōo ōeunam, b'érđ roġa mo ċrúiri inġean aśao marí m'naoi, aśur muna ōtġ leat iao ōo ōeunam, ċailir'đ tú ōo ċeann marí ċaili cuirđ mairť ōe ōaoiriđ ōġa r'ómāo."

Ann rin dubairť pé, "Ní bíonn ite nā ól in ma ċġ-re, acť don uair amāin 'ran r'eadc'main, aśur bí pé aśainn ar maroin anđiú."

"Ir ċuma liom-ra," ar ran mac ríś; "ċġ liom r'iorġad ōo ōeunam ar fead m'íora ōā mberdearđ ċruarđōġ orim."

"Ir ōóġ ŝo ōtġ leat ōul ġan ċoōlāđ marí an ġceurđa?" ar ran rean ríś.

"Ĥġ liom ġan am'ar," ar ran mac ríś.

"B'érđ leabuirđ ċruairđ aśao anocť marí rin," ar ran rean ríś; "ċar liom ŝo ōairb'eanfaid mé ōuit é." Ĥuġ pé amac ann rin é, 7 ċairb'ean pé ōó ċrann móri aśur ġablōġ air, 7 dubairť: "Teirġ ruar ann rin aśur ċoōail in ran nġablōġ, aśur bí r'érđ le n-éirġe na ġr'íne."

Ċuairđ pé ruar in ran nġablōġ, acť ċom' liac aśur bí an rean ríś 'na ċoōlāđ, ċáinġ an inġean ōġ aśur ċuġ arťeac ŝo reompa b'eadġ é, aśur ċongbaíś rí ann rin é ŝo r'airđ an rean ríś ar ċí éirġe. Ann rin cuir rí é amac ar'ir i nġablōġ an ċrann.

Le n-éirġe na ġr'íne, ċáinġ an rean ríś ċuġe aśur dubairť,

"I will be satisfied," said he.

"Now," said she, "upon your life do not tell my father that it was I who brought you to his house, and I shall be a good friend to you, but let on," said she, "that you have great powers of enchantment."

"I will do as you say," says he.

Then she made a swan of herself and said, "Leap up on my back and put your hands under my neck, and keep a hard hold."

He did so, and she shook her wings, and off and away with her over hills and over glens, over sea and over mountains, until she came to earth as the sun was going under. Then she said to him, "Do you see that great house yonder? That is my father's house. Farewell. Any time you are in danger I shall be at your side." Then she went from him.

The King's son came to the house and went in, and whom should he see sitting in a golden chair but the gray old man who had played the cards and the ball with him.

"King's son," said he, "I see that you found me out before the day and the year. How long since you left home?"

"This morning when I was rising out of my bed I saw a rainbow; I gave a leap, spread my two legs on it and slid as far as this."

"By my hand, it was a great feat you performed," said the old King.

"I could do a more wonderful thing than that if I chose," said the King's son.

"I have three things for you to do," says the old King, "and if you are able to do them you shall have the choice of my three daughters for wife, and unless you are able to do them you shall lose your head, as a good many other young men have lost it before you."

Then he said, "there be's neither eating nor drinking in my house except once in the week, and we had it this morning."

"It's all one to me," said the King's son, "I could fast for a month if I were on a pinch."

"No doubt you can go without sleep also," says the old King.

"I can, without doubt," said the King's son.

"You shall have a hard bed to-night, then," says the old King. "Come with me till I show it to you." He brought him out then and showed him a great tree with a fork in it. and said, "Get up there and sleep in the fork, and be ready with the rise of the sun."

“Tapi anuar anoir, 7 tapi liom-ra 50 o'tairbéanpariō mé 'uuit an niō aċā a5aō le 'deunam anoiū.”

‘Tus ré an mac ju5 50 bhuac loċa 7 ċairbéar ré 'dō rean-ċairleān, a5ur 'oubairt leir, “Ċair 5aċ uile ċloċ 'ran 5ċairleān rin amac 'ran loċ, 7 biōd ré 'deunta a5aō real mā 'otérdeann an 5ċian faoi, t'pātnōna.” O'imti5 ré uaird ann rin:

Torai5 an mac ju5 a5 obair, aċt bi na cloċa 5ċeamuig5e 'dā ċéile ċom c'ruaird rin, nāri feur ré don ċloċ aċa 'dō tō5bāil, a5ur 'dā mberdeāō ré a5 obair 50 'oti an lā ro, nī berdeāō ċloċ ar an 5ċairleān. Suiō ré rior ann rin a5 r'muaineāō c'réāō 'dō buō ċóiri 'dō 'deunam, a5ur nior b'pāda 50 'otāni5 in5ean an t'rean-ju5 ċuige, 7 'oubairt, “Ċao é pāċ 'dō b'pōn?” O'innir ré 'dī an obair 'dō bi aige le 'deunam. “Na ċuireāō rin b'pōn oir; 'deunpariō mire é,” ar rire. Ann rin 'tus rī arān, mai'pfeōil 7 fion 'dō, ċarrai'ng amac p'laicīn 'p'paoirdeāċta, buail buille ar an t'rean-ċairleān, a5ur faoi ċeann mōimio bi 5aċ uile ċloċ 'dē ar bun an loċa: “Anoir,” ar rire, “nā h-innir 'dō m'ātai'ri 5ur mire 'dō pinne an obair 'uuit.”

Nuair bi an 5ċian a5 'oul faoi, t'pātnōna, ċāni5 an rean ju5 a5ur 'oubairt: “Feicim 50 b'puil 'd'obair lāē 'deunta a5aō.”

“Ċā,” ar ran mac ju5, “ċis liom obair ar bit 'dō 'deunam.”

5aōil an rean ju5 anoir 50 p'aiō cūmāċt mōri 'p'paoirdeāċta a5 an mac ju5, a5ur 'oubairt leir, “Sē 'd'obair lāē amāpāċ na cloċa 'dō tō5bāil ar an loċ, a5ur an ċairleān 'dō ċur ar bun mar bi rī ċeana.”

‘Tus ré an mac ju5 a-bāile a5ur 'oubairt leir, “Teirui5 'dō ċoōlāō 'ran āit a p'aiō tū an oirōċe arēir.”

Nuair ċuaird an rean-ju5 'na ċoōlāō ċāni5 an in5ean ō5 a5ur 'tus ar'pēāċ é cum a reompa fēin, a5ur ċon5bāi5 ann rin é 50 p'aiō an rean ju5 ar tī ēir5e ar maroin; ann rin ċuir rī amac arir é i n5aċlōi5 an c'pānn.

Le h-ēirui5e na 5ċeine, ċāni5 an rean ju5 7 'oubairt: “Ċā ré i n-am 'uuit 'oul 5ċionn 'd'oirpē.”

“Ni'l 'deirir ar bit oir,” ar ran mac ju5, “mar ċā rior a5am 50 'oti5 liom m obair lāē 'deunam 50 p'érō.”

ċuaird ré 50 bhuac an loċa ann rin, aċt n'oir feur ré ċloċ 'd'p'ēiceāl, bi an t-uir5e ċom 'dub rin. Suiō ré rior ar ċarrai5; a5ur nior b'pāda 50 'otāni5 fionn5uāla, buō h-é rin ainn in5ine an t'rean ju5, ċuige, a5ur 'oubairt: “Ċao ċā a5aō le 'deunam anoiū?” O'innir ré 'dī, a5ur 'oubairt rī: “Nā biōd b'pōn oir; ċis liom-ra an obair rin 'deunam 'uuit.” Ann rin 'tus rī 'dō arān, mai'pfeōil, a5ur ċaoirfeōil a5ur fion: Ann rin ċarrai'ng rī amac an t'p'laicīn 'p'paoirdeāċta, buail uir5e an loċa lēite, a5ur

He went up into the fork, but as soon as the old King was asleep the young daughter came and brought him into a fine room and kept him there until the old King was about to rise. Then she put him out again into the fork of the tree.

With the rise of the sun the old King came to him and said, "Come down now, and come with me until I show you the thing that you have to do to-day."

He brought the King's son to the brink of a lake and showed him an old castle, and said to him, "Throw every stone in that castle out into the loch, and let you have it done before the sun goes down in the evening." He went away from him then.

The King's son began working, but the stones were stuck to one another so fast that he was not able to raise one of them, and if he were to be working until this day, there would not be one stone out of the castle. He sat down then, thinking what he ought to do, and it was not long until the daughter of the old King came to him and said, "What is the cause of your grief?" He told her the work which he had to do. "Let that put no grief on you, I will do it," said she. Then she gave him bread, meat, and wine, pulled out a little enchanted rod, struck a blow on the old castle, and in a moment every stone of it was at the bottom of the lake. "Now," said she, "do not tell my father that it was I who did the work for you."

When the sun was going down in the evening, the old King came and said, "I see that you have your day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son; "I can do any work at all."

The old King thought now that the King's son had great powers of enchantment, and he said to him, "Your day's work for to-morrow is to lift the stones out of the loch, and to set up the castle again as it was before."

He brought the King's son home and said to him, "Go to sleep in the place where you were last night."

When the old King went to sleep the young daughter came and brought him into her own chamber and kept him there till the old King was about to rise in the morning. Then she put him out again in the fork of the tree.

At sunrise the old King came and said, "It's time for you to get to work."

"There's no hurry on me at all," says the King's son, "because I know I can readily do my day's work."

He went then to the brink of the lake, but he was not able to see a stone, the water was that black. He sat down on a rock, and it was not long until Finnualla—that was the name

faoi ċeann mōimio bi an pean-ċairleān ar bun mar bi ré an lā noime. Ann rin dubairt ri leir: “Ar o’nam, nā h-innir o m’ātai so n’dearid mīre an obair reo duic, nō so bfuil eōlar ar bit āḡao oim.”

Trātnōna an lāe rin, tāinis an pean riġ āḡur dubairt, “Feicim so bfuil obair an lāe deunta āḡao.”

“Tā,” ar ran mac riġ, “obair fōi-deunta i rin!”

Ann rin faoil an pean riġ so riab nior mō ēūmaēt oḡaoir-eāēta āḡ an mac riġ nā oō bi āige fēin, āḡur dubairt ré: “Ni’l aēt aon iuo eile āḡao le deunam.” Tūz ré ā-baile ann rin é, 7 ċuir ré é le coḡlāo i nḡablōis an ċrainn, aēt tāinis fionnḡuala 7 ċuir ri in a reomia fēin é, āḡur ar mairin, ċuir ri amac āriḡ ar an ḡrann é. Le h-ēirḡe na ḡrēine, tāinis an pean riġ ċuiḡe āḡur dubairt leir: “Tar liom so oḡairbēanarid mé oūc o’obair lāe.”

Tūz ré an mac riġ so ḡleann mōr, āḡur ċairbēan oō tobar, 7 dubairt: “Ċail mo māāai-mōr fāinne in ran tobar rin, āḡur fāḡ oam é real mā oḡēro an ḡrian faoi, trātnōna.”

Ānoir bi an tobar po ċeud tpoiḡ ar oōimne āḡur fice tpoiḡ timēioll, āḡur bi ré lionta le h-uirḡe, āḡur bi arim ar iḡrionn āḡ fāirē an fāinne.

Nuair o’imtiḡ an pean riġ, tāinis fionnḡuala āḡur o’fāirriḡ, “Ċao tā āḡao le deunam andiū?” O’innir ré oī, āḡur dubairt ri, “Ir deāai an obair i rin, aēt deunfarid mé mo oīēioll le oō deāta oō fābāil.” An rin tūz ri oō mairtfeōil, arān, āḡur fion. Rinne ri iuoēā * oī fēin āḡur ċuarid rior ’ran tobar. Nior bḡao so bḡacarid ré deātaē āḡur tinntēāē āḡ teāēē amac ar an tobar, āḡur toḡan ann mar toirneāē āro, āḡur oūne ar bit oō beiroēāē āḡ ēirteāē leir an toḡan rin faoilreāē ré so riab arim iḡriinn āḡ tpoiḡ.

Faoi ċeann tamail, o’imtiḡ an deātaē, ċoirḡ an tinntēāē āḡur an toirneāē, āḡur tāinis fionnḡuala anior leir an bḡāinne: Seāāio ri an fāinne oō māc an riġ, āḡur dubairt ri: “ḡnōāiḡ mé an cāt, 7 tā oō deāta fābāilta, aēt feūc, tā laiḡicēin mo lāime oēirē bḡirte. Aēt b’ēioir ḡur āōāmāil an nio ḡur bḡir-eāō é. Nuair tiueḡar m’ātai, nā tabair an fāinne oō, aēt baḡair é so ċuarid. Deārfarid ré tū ann rin le oō beān oō toḡāo, āḡur reō an ċaoi deunfar tū oō riḡa. Bēro mīre āḡur mo deirbḡiḡmaēa i reomia, bēro poll ar an oḡar, 7 ċuirrimio uile ar lāma amac mar ċruimirḡin. Ċuirriō tupa oō lām tḡio an bpoll, āḡur an lām ċoḡbōēar tū ḡrēim uirri nuair foḡḡōlarid

* Riueāē no iuoēāē = “Ċrotaē marid,” rōrit ēin uirḡe.

of the old King's daughter—came to him and said, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "Let there be no grief on you. I can do that work for you." Then she gave him bread, beef, mutton, and wine. After that she drew out the little enchanted rod, smote the water of the lake with it, and in a moment the old castle was set up as it had been the day before. Then she said to him—"On your life, don't tell my father that I did this work for you, or that you have any knowledge of me at all."

On the evening of that day the old King came and said, "I see that you have the day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son, "that was an easy-done job."

Then the old King thought that the King's son had more power of enchantment than he had himself, and he said, "You have only one other thing to do." He brought him home then, and put him to sleep in the fork of the tree, but Finnuuala came and put him in her own chamber, and in the morning she sent him out again into the tree. At sunrise the old King came to him and said: "Come with me till I show you your day's work."

He brought the King's son to a great glen, and showed him a well, and said, "My grandmother lost a ring in that well, and do you get it for me before the sun goes under this morning."

Now, this well was one hundred feet deep and twenty feet round about, and it was filled with water, and there was an army out of hell watching the ring.

When the old King went away Finnuuala came and asked, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "That is a difficult task, but I shall do my best to save your life." Then she gave him beef, bread, and wine. Then she made a sea-bird of herself, and went down into the well. It was not long till he saw smoke and lightning coming up out of the well, and (he heard) a sound like loud thunder, and anyone who would be listening to that noise he would think that the army of hell was fighting.

At the end of a while the smoke went away, the lightning and thunder ceased, and Finnuuala came up with the ring. She handed the ring to the King's son, and said, "I won the battle, and your life is saved. But, look, the little finger of my right hand is broken; but perhaps it is a lucky thing that it was broken. When my father comes do not give him the ring, but threaten him stoutly. He will bring you then to choose your wife, and this is how you shall make your choice. I and my sisters will be in a room, there will be a

m'átaíu an doíar, ír í rin lám an té beirdear aśaó mar-mnáe; Tis leat mire d'áitne ar mo lairírcín búrte."

"Tis liom, aśur śrío mo éiríde tú, a fíonnguala," ar ran mac ríś:

Trácnóna an lae rin, táiníś an fear-ríś aśur d'fíarpuíś: "An bfuair tú páinne mo mátaí móire?"

"Fuairdear śo deimín," ar ran mac ríś; "bí arim 'śá cáimíde ar írionn, áct buail mire íaó, aśur buailfínn a feaó n-oiríeao; ná bfuil fíor aśaó śur Connáctae mé?"

"Tabair óam an páinne," ar ran fear ríś.

"Śo deimín, ní tiubraó," ar reiríe; "éiríde mé śo éruarí ar a íon; áct tabair óam-ía mo bean. Teartaíś' uaim beíś aś imíeáct."

Tuś an fear ríś aríeáé é, aśur dubairí, "Tá mo éiríu ingean 'ran reomía rin ío' látaí. Tá lám śáé aoin aca ínte amaé, aśur an té éongbóear tú śreim uiríu śo bporśólaíó mire an doíar, rin í óo bean."

Cuir an mac ríś a lám trío an bpolí óo bí ar an doíar, aśur fuair ré śreim ar lám an lairírcín búrte, aśur éongbáíś śreim éruarí aír, śur íorśail an fear ríś doíar an treomía.

"Ś í feó mo bean," ar ran mac ríś; "tabair óam aoir írre ó'ingíne."

"Ní'l óe írre aicí le íáśail áct caoil-eaé óonn le ríó óo tabairí abaile, aśur náí éśaríó ríó ar aír, beó ná maríó, śo óeo!"

Cuarí an mac ríś 7 fíonnguala ar marcuíśeáct ar an ścaoil-eaé óonn; aśur níor bpaó śo ótángaoar śo ótí an éoil 'n ar íáś an mac ríś a éú aśur a íeabac. Bí íaó ann rin íoime, mar aon le na éapall bpeáś óub: Cuir ré an t-eaé caol óonn ar aír ann rin. Cuir ré fíonnguala aś marcuíśeáct ar a éapall, aśur léim íuar, é féin,

A éú le n-a éoir
A íeabac ar a boir,

aśur níor íeao ré śo ótáiníś ré śo Ráé Éruaéáin:

Bí íáilte móí íoime ann rin, aśur níor bpaó śur póíao é féin aśur fíonnguala. Cáit íaó beaó íaó íeunmár,—áct ír beaś má tá loíś an trean-caíleáin le íáśail aoirí 1 Ráé-Éruaéáin Connáct:

hole in the door, and we shall all put our hands out in a cluster. You will put your hand through the hole, and the hand that you will keep hold of when my father will open the door that is the hand of her you shall have for wife. You can know me by my broken little finger."

"I can; and the love of my heart you are, Finnuala," says the King's son.

On the evening of that day the old King came and asked, "Did you get my grandmother's ring?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "there was an army out of hell guarding it, but I beat them; and I would beat seven times as many. Don't you know I'm a Connachtman?"

"Give me the ring," says the old King.

"Indeed I won't give it," says he; "I fought hard for it; but do you give me my wife, I want to be going."

The old King brought him in and said, "My three daughters are in that room before you. The hand of each of them is stretched out, and she on whom you will keep your hold until I open the door, that one is your wife."

The King's son thrust his hand through the hole that was in the door, and caught hold of the hand with the broken little finger, and kept a tight hold of it until the old King opened the door of the room.

"This is my wife," said the King's son. "Give me now your daughter's fortune."

"She has no fortune to get, but the brown slender steed to bring you home, and that ye may never come back, alive or dead!"

The King's son and Finnuala went riding on the brown slender steed, and it was not long till they came to the wood where the King's son left his hound and his hawk. They were there before him, together with his fine black horse. He sent the brown slender steed back then. He set Finnuala riding on his horse, and leaped up himself.

His hound at his heel,
His hawk on his hand,

and he never stopped till he came to Rathcroghan.

There was great welcome before him there, and it was not long till himself and Finnuala were married. They spent a long prosperous life; but it is scarcely that (even) the track of this old castle is to be found to-day in Rathcroghan of Connacht.

Οπίος.

A GĠĠANAIG AN ĊŪIL ĊEANGAILTE

A gġanaig an ċuil ċeangailte
 Le a jraib mé real i n-éimfeact;
 Ċuarò tu 'méi, an bealac ro,
 'S ni tainig tu 'oo m'feucaint;
 Šaoril mé nac 'noeunfaiðe 'oocari 'uut
 'Oa 'otiucfa, a'r mé o' iarraið,
 'S sup b'i 'oo póiġin tabairfeað rólár
 'Oa mberðinn i lár an fiaiðfaið;

'Oa mberðeað maoin ašam-ra
 Ašup ariŋeað ann mo póca
 'Oeunfainn bóičrín ait-šiorfač
 Šo 'oofar tiŋe mo rčóirín,
 Maŋ fúil le 'Dia šo š-cluinnfainn-re
 Toŋann binn a b'róiŋe,
 'S ir fao an lá o čovail mé
 Ačt aš fúil le, blaŋ 'oo póiŋe;

A'r fāoil me a rčóirín
 Šo mbuð ŋealac ašup ŋrian ču;
 A'r fāoil mé 'nna 'diaiŋ rin
 Šo mbuð rneacčta aŋ an trliab ču;
 A'r fāoil mé 'nn a 'diaiŋ rin
 Šo mbuð lóčrann o 'Dia ču,
 No sup ab tu an ŋeult-eólaiŋ
 Aš 'oul rómam a'r mo 'diaiŋ ču;

Šeall tu ríofa 'r raitin 'oam
 Čallaiðe 'r b'róša ároa,
 A'r ŋeall tu tap éir rin
 Šo leanfā trío an trnám mé;
 Ni maŋ rin ačá mé
 Ačt mo rŋeac i mbeut beaŋna;
 Šac nōin a'r ŋac maoin
 Aš feucaint tiŋe m' ačar;

RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

Ringleted youth of my love,
 With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
 You passed by the road above,
 But you never came in to find me ;
 Where were the harm for you
 If you came for a little to see me ;
 Your kiss is a wakening dew
 Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

If I had golden store
 I would make a nice little boreen
 To lead straight up to his door,
 The door of the house of my storeen ;
 Hoping to God not to miss
 The sound of his footfall in it,
 I have waited so long for his kiss
 That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love ! you were so—
 As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
 And I thought after that you were snow,
 The cold snow on top of the mountain ;
 And I thought after that you were more
 Like God's lamp shining to find me,
 Or the bright star of knowledge before,
 And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,
 And satin and silk, my storeen,
 And to follow me, never to lose,
 Though the ocean were round us roaring ;
 Like a bush in a gap in a wall
 I am now left lonely without thee,
 And this house, I grow dead of, is all
 That I see around or about me.

COIRNÍN NA h-AITINNE.*

A b'ead ó roin, in ran t-Sean-Aimrín, bí baintreabac d'arb' ainm Urígíro Ní Shrádaig, 'na cónnuirde i gConradé na Gaillimhe: Bí don mac amháin aici d'ar b'ainm Taðs. Rugaó é mí tapí éir báir a ádair i láir coille bige aitinne do bí aš páp ar éaoib énuic i ngar do'n tíg. Ar an ádair rin, gáir na daoine Coirnín na h-Aitinne mar lear-ainm air. Táinig cinneap obann ar an mnaoi boiét nuair bí pí aš reólaó na mbó ruap ar éaoib an énuic.

Nuair rugaó Taðs bí pé 'na naoirdeanán b'eads, ašur méadadís pé go maic go raib pé ceitpe bliadna d'aoir, aét ó'n am rin amac níor fáir pé orólaó go raib pé trí bliadna deus, no níor éuir pé cor faoi le coirceim do riúbal, aét d'féuorpaó pé iméaét go tapa go leór ar a d'á láim ašur ar a éaoib fíar, ašur d'á gcluinneadó pé don duine aš teacó cum an tíg, do buailfeadó pé a d'á láim faoi, ašur do iacáó pé d'áon léim amháin ó'n teine go dtí an dorap; ašur do éuirfeadó ceud míle fáilte roim an té táinig. Bí gean móir aš aoir óis an baile air, mar do geirbeadó ríad gneann móir ar, gac uile oiróce: Ó'n am bí pé reacó mbliadna d'aoir, bí pé deaplámac ašur úráideac d'á mádair, ašur d'á mádair-móir do bí 'na cónnuirde i n-aon tíg leir. In ran h'pógmar, céirbeadó pé ar a lámhaib ašur ar a éaoib-fíar ruap ar éaoib an énuic, 7 bíod aš ite bláé na h-aitinne mar gábar. Bí ádann beag ann, roir an teac ašur an enoc, ašur do iacáó pé de léim éar an ádainn com h-áreac le geirpíadó:

Buó Sean-gosaide an mádair-móir. Bí pí bo'ar ašur beag-naé balb, ašur b'iomóda troio do bíod aici péin ašur aš Taðs.

Don lá amháin, duhairt an mádair le Taðs, "Caitpíó mé, a táirgín, cóin leatair éur ar do b'píctib; tá mé r'griorta aš ceannac b'píóin, ašur nuair b'pídear pé deunta ašam caitpíó tú out go táillíur le ceir d'foglaim."

"Dap m'focal," ar ra Taðs, "ní h-é rin an ceir b'pídear ašam: Ní'l in ran táillíur aét an naomáó cuio d'fear: Má tugann tú ceir ar bit áam, deun píobaire díom—tá r'péir móir ašam in ran gceól."

"Bíod mar rin," ar ran mádair.

An lá 'na diais rin, éuaró pí cum an baile móir leir an leatár d'fáshail, ašur nuair fuair buacaillió beaga an baile go raib an mádair iméighe, fuaradap poc gábar do bí aš páirín bacac O Ceallais, ašur éuir ríad Coirnín aš marcuigheacó air. Ar go

* Ó p'róinriar O Connéubair do fuair mé an r'géal ro.

COIRNIN OF THE FURZE

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

LONG ago, in the olden time, there was a widow, whose name was Bridget O'Grady, living in the County Galway. She had an only son, whose name was Teig. He was born a month after his father's death in a little wood of furze that was growing on the side of a hill near the house. For that reason the people called him "Coirnin* of the Furze" as a nickname. The poor woman was suddenly taken ill as she was driving the cows up the side of the hill.

When Teig was born he was a fine infant, and grew well till he was four years of age, but from that time on he did not grow an inch until he was thirteen, nor did he put a foot under him to walk a step, but he was able to go quickly enough on his two hands and his back, and if he would hear anyone coming to the house he would strike his two hands under him, and would go of a single leap from the fire to the door, and he would put a hundred thousand welcomes before whoever came. The youth of the village liked him greatly, for they used to get great amusement out of him every night. From the time he was seven years of age he was handy and useful to his mother, and to his grandmother who was living in the one house with him. In the harvest time he used to go on his hands and his back up the side of the hill, and he used to be eating the furze blossoms like a goat. There was a little river on it there, between the house and the hill, and he used to go over the river of a leap, as airy as a hare.

The grandmother was a silly old woman; she was deaf and almost dumb, and many was the fight herself and Teig used to have.

One day the mother said to Teig, "Teigeen, I must put a leather seat on your breeches; I'm destroyed buying frieze, and as soon as I have it done, you must go to a tailor to learn a trade."

"By my word," says Teig, "that is not the trade I'll have. A tailor is only the ninth part of a man. If you give me a trade at all, make a piper of me. I've a great liking for the music."

"Let it be so," says the mother. The day after that she went to the town to get the leather, and when the little lads of

* Pronounced "Curneen."

bhát leir an bpoc, aš meirgilt cōm h-ápo ašur o'feuo ré, 7 Coirínín ar a múin aš ršreavaoil marí uine ar a céil, le faicéioir so otuitreavó ré, ašur buacailiú an baile 'na diais. Tug an poc tšair ar boctán páirín, ašur nuair cōnnairc páirín an poc 7 a maircá aš teacé. raol ré sur b'é an rean-buacáill do bí aš aeacé 'na cōinne. Níor fiúbail páirín coirceim le reacé mbliad-anaiú poime rin, acé, nuair cōnnairc ré an poc aš teacé arteac ar an doirar, cuair ré o'aon léim amac ar an bfuinneóis, ašur šair ré ar na cōmairrannaiú é do fávbail o'n diaabal do bí 'na diais.

Bí na buacáillí aš šáiríde 7 aš šreavaoí bor sur cuir riav an poc ar mije, ašur amac ašir leir ar an teacé. Nuair cōnnairc páirín é aš teacé an dapa uair, ar so bhát leir, ašur an poc ašur Coirínín ar a múin 'na diair. Bí a'darca faoa ar an bpoc, ašur bí šreim an firi báirde aš Coirínín oirra. Tug páirín ašair ar šaillim, ašur an poc o'a leanaíaint. O'éirig an šair ašur táinig daoine na mbailte ar šac taoib de'n bótar amac, ašur a leiréio de šártaoil ní raib ariam 1 šconaoé na šaillime. Níor rtao páirín so noeacáir ré arteac 1 šcátair na šaillime ašur an poc 7 a maircá le na fálaib. Buó lá maršair é ašur bí na rráirveanna lionta le daoimib. Toraig páirín aš šlaovac ašur aš šártaoil ar na daoimib é do fávbail ašur bí riav-ran aš veunam mašair raol. Cuair ré ruar rráir ašur anuar rráir eile ašur bí aš imteacé so raib an šrian aš dul raol 'ran tréctóna.

Cōnnairc Coirínín úbla breáša ar élar, ašur rean-bean anaice leó, ašur táinig uúil móir, air, cuir de na n-úblaiú do beic aige. Šgaol ré a šreim ar a'darcaibán puic ašur cuair ré de léim ar élar na n-úball. Ar so bhát leir an t-rean-bean ašur o'fás ri na n-úbla 'na diais, óir bí ri leac-mairb leir an ršannriav.

Níor b'raoa bí Coirínín aš ite na n-úball nuair táinig a mátar 1 látar, ašur nuair cōnnairc ri Coirínín, šearri ri loir na crioire uirru réin, 7 vubairc, "1 n-ainm Oé, a Coirínín, cao do tug ann ro tú ?"

"Fiafriuig rin de páirín O Ceallaiš ašur o'a poc šabair; tá an t-av oir, a mátar, nac b'ruil mo múineul b'urte."

Cuir ri Coirínín arteac in a rráirge ašur tug ašair ar an mbailte.

Acé ir airtacé an níú tárla do páirín O Ceallaiš. Nuair ršar Coirínín leir an bpoc, lean ré páirín amac ar an mbótar móir, táinig ruar leir, cuir a o'a a'dairc raol, caic ar a o'puim é, ašur níor fear so otáinig ré a-baile. Tuirpings páirín aš an doirar, ašur cuic an poc marb ar an tairrig. Cuair páirín 'na cōrlav, óir bí ré leac-mairb ašur bí ré mall 'ran oirde, ašur

the village found that the mother was gone, they got a buck goat that belonged to lame Paddy Kelly, and they put Coirnin riding on it. Off and away with the buck, bleating as loud as he could, and Coirnin on his back screeching like a person out of his senses, with fear lest he should fall, and the boys of the village after him. The buck faced for Paddy's cottage; and when Paddy saw the buck and his rider coming he thought that it was the old boy that was coming for him. Paddy had not walked a step for seven years before that, but when he saw the buck coming in at the door he went of a single leap out through the window, and called on the neighbors to save him from the devil that was after him.

The boys were laughing and clapping their hands till they set the buck mad, and off again with him, out of the house. When Paddy saw him coming the second time, off and away with him, and the buck with Coirnin on his back after him. There were long horns on the buck, and Coirnin had the "drowning man's grip" on them. Paddy faced for Galway, with the buck following him. The cry rose, and the people of the villages on each side of the road came out, and such shouting there never was before in the County Galway. Paddy never stopped till he came into the City of Galway, and the buck and his rider at his heels. It was a market day, and the streets were filled with people. Paddy began crying and yelling on the people to save him, and they were making a mock of him. He went up one street and down another street, and he was going until the sun was setting in the evening.

Coirnin saw fine apples on a board, and an old woman near them, and there came a great wish on him to have a share of the apples. He loosed his grasp on the buck's horns, and went with a leap on the board of apples. Away for ever with the old woman, and she left the apples behind her, for she was half dead with the fright.

It was not long that Coirnin was eating the apples, when his mother came by, and when she saw Coirnin she cut the sign of the Cross on herself, and she said—"In the name of God, Coirnin, what brought you here?"

"Ask that of Paddy Kelly and his buck goat; there's luck on you, mother, that my neck is not broken."

She put Coirnin into her apron and faced for home.

But it's curious the thing that happened to Paddy Kelly. When Coirnin parted with the buck, the animal followed Paddy out on the high road, came up with him, put his two horns under him, threw Paddy upon his own back, and never stood still

nuaire d'éiríú ré ar maidin, ní raib an poc le fágaíl beo ná marb ; agus dubhairt na daoine uile go mbeo poc d'raoiréadta do bí ann. Ar éaoi ar bit eus ré coiríreáct do páirín O Ceallais, ruo nac raib aise le reáct mbliadónaib noime rin.

Éuaio an rgeul trío an tír, go scualair gac uile fear, bean, 7 páirde i gconradé na Gaillimé é, agus ip iomda cup-ríor do bí air, noim trádnóna an laé rin. Dubhairt cuio sup poc d'raoiréadta do bí i bporc páirín, 7 go raib ré pannpáirteac leir ; dubhairt cuio eile go mbeo fear ríde Coirínín, agus go mbeo cóir a dógad.

An oirde rin, d'innir Coirínín h-uile nio i dcaois na caoi do eus an poc go Gaillim é, 7 táinis na buacailiú go teac úrígíó ní spádaig, agus bí gneann mói aca ag éirteáct le Coirínín ag innirint i dcaois na marcúigeácta do bí aise go Gaillim ar muin puic páirín Uí Ceallais, agus gac nio tápla leir ar fead an laé.

An oirde rin, nuair éuaio Coirínín ar a leabuir, táinis brón éigin air, agus i n-áit codalta tópaig ré ag reitpil. D'fíapruig a mátair d'é creao do bí air. Dubhairt reirean nac raib ríor aise. "Ní'l oit áct reafóir," ar ríre ; "rtop do cuio reitpil, 7 leis dúinn codlad." Áct nioi rtop ré go maidin.

Ar maidin nioi feud ré gneim d'íte, agus dubhairt ré le na mátair, "Racao amac, go bfeicrío mé an ndéunfao an t-áer maic dam." "D'éoiri go ndéunfao," ar ríre.

Leir rin, buail ré a d'á láim faoi, agus éuaio d'aon leim amáin go tóí an dorp, agus ar mac leir. Eus ré afaio ar na h-aitean-naib, 7 nioi rcao go ndeacáio ré arteac 'na mearg. Sin ré é féin roir d'á rgeac agus nioi bpaia go raib ré 'na codlad. Bí brionglóir aise go raib an poc le n-a éaoib, ag iarrair caint do cup air. Dúirig ré, áct i n-áit an puic bí fear breáig spuagac taob leir, 7 dubhairt ré, "A Coirínín, ná bioo eagla oit rómam-pa. Ip caiaio mé, 7 tá mé ann ro le cómairle do leapa do éabhairt duit, má glacann tú uaim í. Tá tú do élaíneac ó rugad tú, 7 do éur-magair ag buacailiú an baile. Ip mire an poc gabair do eus go Gaillim tú, áct tá mé ácpuigíte anoir go tóí an puoc in a bfeiceann tú mé. Ní feupainn an t-ácpugad d'fágaíl go dtugfainn an marcúigeáct rin duit, agus anoir tá cúmact mói agam. D'feupainn do learpugad ar bail, áct déarfao na cómarpanna go raib tú pann-páirteac leir na ríde, agus ní feupá an baramail rin baint díob. Tá tú do fúide anoir go díneac in ran áit an rugad tú, 7 tá pota óir i bpoisreáct tpoige doo' éaoib-fiair, áct ní'l tú le baint leir go fóil, mar ní feupá úráio maic do deunam dé. Teirig a-baile anoir agus ar maidin amárac, abair le do mátair go raib brionglóir breáig

till he came home. Paddy came off at the door, and the buck fell dead at the threshold. Paddy went to sleep, for he was half dead and it was late in the night, and when he arose in the morning the buck was not to be got alive or dead; and all the people said that it was an enchanted buck that was in it. Anyway it gave power to walk to Paddy Kelly, a thing he had not had for seven years before that.

The story went through the country till every man, woman, and child in the County of Galway heard it, and many was the version that was on it before the evening of that day. Some said it was an enchanted buck that Paddy had, and that he was in league with it; others said that Coirnin was a fairy man, and that it would be right to burn him.

That night Coirnin told everything about the way the buck took him to Galway, and the boys came to Bridget O'Grady's house, and they had great fun listening to Coirnin telling about the ride that he had to Galway on the back of Paddy Kelly's buck, and everything that happened him throughout the day.

That night when Coirnin went to bed some sorrow came over him, and instead of sleeping he began sighing. His mother asked him what was on him. He said that he did not know.

"There's nothing on you but nonsense," says she. "Stop that sighing and let us sleep." But he did not stop till morning.

In the morning he was not able to eat a morsel, and he said to his mother—

"I'll go out till I see if the air will do me good."

"Maybe it would," says she.

With that he struck his hands under him and went of one leap to the door, and out with him. He faced for the furze, and he did not stop till he came in amongst it. He stretched himself between two bushes, and it was not long till he was asleep. He had a dream that the buck was beside him trying to make him talk. He awoke, but instead of the buck there was a fine wizard man beside him, and he said, "Coirnin, don't be afraid of me; I'm a friend, and I'm here to give you profitable counsel if you will take it from me. You are a cripple since you were born, and a laughing-stock to the boys of the village; I am the buck goat that took you to Galway, but I am changed now to the form in which you see me. I was not able to get the change till I should have given you that ride, and now I have great power. I would have cured you on the spot, but the neighbors would have said that you were in

asao go faib luid as fár le coir na h-aibne do bheirfadh riúbal asur lút duit; abair an fuo ceoona léi trí maidin anois a céile, asur oirioirí pí go bfuil ré fíor. Nuair pacar tú as tóruigeacht na luidhe geobair tú i as fár taob-fíor de'n éloic móir nigeacáin atá as bpuac na h-aibne; tabair leat i asur bpuil i, asur ól an rúg, asur beir tú ionnán pára do iut anasair buacail ar bit in ran bparpáirte. Beir iongantap ar na daoimib i uorac, aet ní maipirí rin a-bpao. Beir tú trí bliadhna deas an lá rin. Tap 'ran oirde cum na h-aite reo; beir an pota óir tógta asam-ra, aet ar do beata congbaig 'd'innitinn asao féin, asur ná h-innir do duine ar bit go bpacair tú mire. Iméig anoir: Slán leat."

Seall Coirínín go nbeirfadh ré fac níó dubairt an spuasac beas léir, 7 táinis ré a-baile, lútgáiréac go leór. Bheactnais an mátair nac faib ré com spuasac asur bí ré pul má nbeacair ré amac, asur dubairt pí, "Saoilim, a mic, go nbeapnair an t-áir maic duit."

"Rinne go deimhin," ar reirean, "asur tabair fuo le n'ite dam anoir."

An oirde rin, i n-ait do beir as reirpíl, cooail ré go bpeas, asur ar maidin dubairt ré le n-a mátair, "Bí bpuonglóir bpeas asam aréir, a mátair."

"Ná tabair don áir ar bpuonglóir," ar ran mátair; "I r conpálta tuiteann riad amac."

Cait Coirínín an lá as rmuaineac ar an gcóirpá do bí aise leir an nspuasac beas, 7 ar an raibbheap móir do bí le págar aise: Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, dubairt ré le n-a mátair, "Bí an bpuonglóir bpeas rin asam aréir arí."

"Go méadairí Dia an maic, 7 go lagdairí Sé an t-olc," ar ran mátair; "eualair mé go minic dá mbeiréac an bpuonglóir éeoona as duine trí oirde anois a céile, go mbeiréac pí fíor."

An tríomac maidin, d'éirig Coirínín go mod asur dubairt ré le n-a mátair, "Bí an bpuonglóir bpeas rin asam aréir arí, asur, ó tápla go tainis ré eusam trí oirde anois a céile, pacair mé le feucaint bfuil don fírin innit. Connair mé luid in mo bpuonglóir do beirfadh mo riúbal asur mo lút dam."

"An bpacair tú in ran mbpuonglóir cá faib an luid as fár?" ar ran mátair.

"Connair go deimhin," ar reirean; "tá pí as fár taob leir an scloic móir nigeacáin atá ar bpuac na h-aibne."

"Go deimhin, ní'l don luid as fár anaice leir an scloic nigeacáin," ar ran mátair; "bí mé 'ran áit rin go minic, asur ní feurpáir pí beir ann a-san-fíor dam."

league with the fairies, and you would not have been able to take that opinion from them. You are seated now in exactly the same spot you were born in, and there is a pot of gold within a foot of your back, but you are not to touch it yet, because you would not be able to make a good use of it. Go home now, and to-morrow morning tell your mother that you had a fine dream, that there was a herb growing beside the river that would bring walk and activity to you. Tell the same thing to her three mornings after each other, and she will believe that it is true. When you go seeking the herb, you will find it growing down from the big washing stone that is on the edge of the river. Take it with you, and boil it, and drink the juice, and you will be able to run a race against any boy in the parish. There will be wonder on the people at first, but that won't last long. You will be thirteen years old that day. Come in the night to this place. I will have the pot of gold lifted, but for your life keep your intentions to yourself, and don't tell any person at all that you saw me. Go now; farewell."

Coirnin promised that he would do everything the little wizard man told him, and he came home joyous enough. The mother observed that he was not so gloomy as he was before he went out, and she said—

"I think, son, the air did you good."

"It did, indeed," says he, "and give me something to eat now."

That night, instead of being sighing, he slept finely, and in the morning he said to his mother—"I had a fine dream last night, mother."

"Don't give any importance to a dream," says the mother, "it's contrary they fall out."

"Coirnin spent the day thinking on the discourse he had with the little wizard man and of the great riches he was to get. In the morning the next day he said to his mother—"I had that fine dream again last night."

"May God increase the good and may He decrease the bad," says his mother. "I often heard that if a person had the same dream three nights after other, it would be true."

The third morning Coirnin got up early and said to his mother, "I had that fine dream again last night, and since it chanced that it came to me three nights after other I'll go to see if there is any truth in it. I saw an herb in my dream that would give my walk and my activity to me."

“B'éiríonn sup fár rí ann ó foin,” arsa Coirínín, “asur pacáirb mife dá tópaigeaéct.”

Duail ré a dá láim faoi, asur éuaíó d'aon léim amáin go dtí an doras, asur amac leir. Níor b'fada go raib ré as an gcloic nigeacáin, asur fuair ré an luib. Tug ré léimeanna map fiaó a mbeirdeao fadaí 'sá leanamaint, as teacé a-baile le teann-lútáine:

“A mátaí,” ar peirean, “b'fíor d'am mo b'pionglóir. Fuair mé an luib. Cuir ríor d'am an pota asur b'puit d'am é.”

Cuir an mátaí an luib 'ran b'pota, asur timcioll cápta uirge leir, asur nuair bí rí b'puitte asur an rúg fuair, d'ól Coirínín é. Ní raib ré móimíó in a b'olá nuair fear ré fuar ar a coraib asur coraig ré as iut fuar asur anuar. Bí iongantap móir ar a mátaí. Coraig rí as tabairt míle glóir asur áitugaó do dia; ann rin fáir rí ar na cómapannais asur d'innir dóib b'pionglóir Coirínín, asur an éaoi a b'fuair ré úráio a cor. Bí lútáine móir oirra uile, map bí b'píóir Ní f'rádaig 'na cómapann mait asur bí meap aca uile uirri.

An oirde rin, óruinnig buacailiú an baile arteaé le lútáine do deunam le Coirínín asur le n-a mátaí. Nuair bíodap uile as cómpáó cia f'íubalpaó arteaé acé páiróin O Ceallais. Bí fiaó uile as caint faoi an gcaoi a b'fuair Coirínín a f'íubal asur lút a énam.

“Go deimín ir d'am-ra buó cóir d'ó beir buirdeac; 'ré an crataó do tug mo poc-fabair-re d'ó do pinne an obair, asur tá f'íor as h-uile duine go dtug an mapcuigeaéct do pinne ré, úráio mó cor ar air d'am féin. Oé, mo b'pion! go b'fuair mo poc b'péas b'ar!”

“Tug tú h-éiteac,” ar Coirínín, “rí an luib do léigearais mé. Rinne mé b'pionglóir t'pí oirde an diais a céile go léigreóacó an luib mé, asur t'is le mo mátaí a érotaugaó go raib mé mo élaip-ineac tap éir mo teacé' ó f'ailim, sup ól mé rúg na luibe.”

“D'féurpáinn mo mionna tabairt go b'fuil mo mac as innirint na f'irinne glaine,” ar ran mátaí.

An rin coraig cáé as deunam mazaíó faoi páiróin, sup imtis ré amac.

Éuaíó fad uile níó go mait le Coirínín asur le n-a mátaí 'na diais reó. Don oirde amáin nuair éuaíó an mátaí asur na cómapanna 'na gcaolaó, éuaíó Coirínín cum na h-aitinne. Bí a éapaíó, an f'puaasac beas, ann rin poime, asur bí an pota óir f'péó d'ó.

“Seó duit anoir an pota óir; cuir i d'airge é i n-ait ar bit ir toil leat. Tá an oirdeó ann asur deunfap duit fad do beata.”

"Did you see in your dream where the herb was growing?" says the mother.

"I did, indeed," says he; "it's growing beside the big washing stone that's at the edge of the river."

"Indeed there's no herb growing near the washing stone," says his mother. "I was in that place often, and it could not be in it unbeknownst to me."

"Maybe it grew in it since," says Coirnin, "and I'll go to look for it."

He struck his two hands under him, and went at one leap to the door, and out with him. It was not long till he was at the washing stone, and he found the herb. He gave leaps like a deer that a hound would be following, coming home with excessive joy.

"Mother," says he, "my dream was true for me. I got the herb. Put down the pot for me, and boil it for me."

The mother put the herb in the pot and about a quart of water with it, and when it was boiled and the juice cold, Coirnin drank it. It was not a moment inside him when he stood upon his feet and began running up and down. There was great astonishment on his mother. She began giving a thousand glories and praises to God. Then she called the neighbors and told them Coirnin's dream and how he got the use of his feet. There was great joy on them all, for Bridget O'Grady was a good neighbor, and they all had a regard for her.

That night the boys of the village gathered in to make rejoicing with Coirnin and his mother. When they were all discoursing who should walk in but Paddy Kelly! They were all talking of how Coirnin got his walk, and the activity of his bones.

"Indeed, it's to myself he has a right to be thankful; it's the jolting my buck goat gave him that did the work, and everyone knows that the ride he took gave me back the use of my feet again. Och! my grief that my fine buck died!"

"You lie!" says Coirnin; "it's the herb that cured me. I had a dream three nights after other that the herb would cure me, and my mother can prove it that I was a cripple after coming from Galway till I drank the juice of the herb."

"I'd take my oath that my son is telling the clean truth," says his mother. Then each of the people began mocking Paddy, till he went out.

Everything went well with Coirnin and his mother after that. One night, when his mother and the neighbors went

“Saoilim go b’áspairé mé é in ran bpoll a pairé ré ann,” ar ra Coirínín “aé b’éappairé mé moinn dé a-baile liom.”

“Ná tabair leat fóir é, aé bíod b’ionglóir eile a’as mar bí a’as ceana, a’ur, ’na diais rin, tís leat moinn dé do tabairt leat. Ceannais an talam ro a’ur cuir teac ar bun in ran mball ar iugad tú, a’ur ní feiciré tú féin ná don duine i n-don tís leat, lá boét fear do beata. Slán leat anoir—ní feiciré tú mé níor mó.”

Cuir Coirínín an pota ríor in ran bpoll, a’ur eiréafós or a éionn, a’ur éainis ré a-baile.

Ar maidin, duhairt ré le n-a mátair: “Bí b’ionglóir eile a’as aréir arí,” 7 an t’ear maidin, duhairt ré léi, “Tá mo b’ionglóir ríor anoir san amhar, bí rí a’as aréir go díreac mar bí rí a’as an dá uair eile; rin trí uaire anóiré a céile, a’ur tís liom é réo innreacé duir nac b’feiciré tú lá boét fear do beata; aé ní tís liom don iud eile do fear leat d’a éaib.”

An oiré rin, éairé ré cum an pota óir, 7 éus lán r’p’páin dé a-baile leir, a’ur ar maidin éus ré do’n mátair é. “Tá níor mó,” a’ur ré, “in ran áit a t’éainis rin ar, a’ur geobairé mé duir é nuair b’éiréar ré a’as teartál uair, aé ná cuir don éeiré orí d’a éaib.”

Níor b’p’da ’na diais réo, sur ceannais b’p’iré ní s’p’dais bó bainne 7 cuir ar feupac í. Éairé rí féin a’ur Coirínín ar a’as go maí, a’ur nuair bí ré ríde bliadán d’aoir, ceannais ré s’ab-áitar móir talman timéioll na h-aitínne, a’ur cuir teac b’p’as ar bun ar an mball ar iugad é. Seal gearr ’na diais rin fóir ré bean. Bí muirigin móir aise, a’ur nuair fuair re b’ar le rean-aoir, d’fás ré óir a’ur a’p’iré a’as a éionn, a’ur ní fearé don duine do éóirnaís in ran tís rin lá boét aríam;

to sleep, Coirnin went to the furze. His friend the little wizard was there before him, and the pot of gold was ready for him. "Here now is the pot of gold for you, stow it away in any place you like; there's as much in it as will do you throughout your life."

"I think I'll leave it in the hole where it was," says Coirnin, "but I'll bring a share of it home with me."

"Don't take it with you yet, but have another dream like the one you had already, and after that you can take a share with you. Buy this ground and set up a house on the spot where you were born, and neither you yourself nor anyone in the same house with you will ever see a day's poverty during your life. Farewell to you now; you shall see me no more."

Coirnin put the pot down in the hole and clay on the top of it, and came home.

In the morning he said to his mother—"I had another dream last night, but I won't tell it to you till I see if I will have it again three nights after other."

"The second morning he said—"I had the dream again last night;" and the third morning he said to her—"My dream is true now without doubt. I had it last night just as I had it the two other times, that's three times after one another, and I can tell you this—that you won't see a poor day during your life, but I cannot tell you anything else about it."

That night he went to the pot of gold, and brought the full of a purse of it home with him, and in the morning he gave it to his mother. "I have more," says he, "in the place where that came from, and I'll get it for you when you'll be wanting it, but ask no question of me about it."

It was not long after this till Bridget O'Grady bought a milch cow and put her on grass. She herself and Coirnin went on well, and when he was twenty years of age he bought a large holding of land round the furze, and set up a fine house on the spot where he was born. A short time after that he married a wife. He had a large family, and when he died of old age he left gold and silver to his children, and not a person who lived in that house saw a poor day ever.

bean an fíir Ruair:

Tá ríad o'á ráo
 Sur tu ráilín pocair i mbrióis;
 Tá ríad o'á ráo
 Sur tu béilín tana na bpóis;
 Tá ríad o'á ráo
 A míle gráó go dtug tu óam cúl,
 Cíó go bfuil fear le fásgail
 'S leir an táillíur bean an fíir Ruair:

Do tugar naoi mí
 I bphíorán, ceangailte cnuic,
 Boltaíó ar mo éolaíó
 Agus míle glar ar rúo ruar;
 Tabairfainn-re ríóe
 Mar tabairfáó eala coir cuain;
 Le fonn do beir rínte
 Síor le bean an fíir Ruair.

Saoil míre a céud-fearc
 Go mberó' don tigeap roir mé 'r tu
 Saoil mé 'nna déis-rin
 Go mbreusgrá mo leanó ar do glúine
 Mallaét Ríó Neime
 Ar an té rin bain óiom-ra mo éú;
 Sin, agus uile go léir
 Luét breisge cuir roir mé 'r tu.

Tá crann ann ran ngráóin
 Air a bfrann duilleabair a'r blát buide,
 An uair leasaim mo lám air
 Ir lároir nac mbuireann mo éporde;
 'S é rólár go báp
 A'r é o'fásgail o flaitear anuar
 Don póisín amáin,
 A'r é o'fásgail o bean an fíir Ruair:

Aét go dtis lá an traoasail
 'Nna reubpar cnuic agus cuain,
 Tiocfaíó rmúit ar an ngréin
 'S beir na neullta com duib leir an ngral;
 Béir an fáirge tírm
 A'r tiocfaíó na bpiónta 'r na truaris'
 'S beir an táillíur as ríreaoac
 An lá rin faoi bean an fíir Ruair.

THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

'Tis what they say,
 Thy little heel fits in a shoe,
 'Tis what they say,
 Thy little mouth kisses well, too.
 'Tis what they say,
 Thousand loves that you leave me to rue;
 That the tailor went the way
 That the wife of the Red man knew.
 Nine months did I spend
 In a prison closed tightly and bound;
 Bolts on my smalls*
 And a thousand locks frowning around;
 But o'er the tide
 I would leap with the leap of a swan,
 Could I once set my side
 By the bride of the Red-haired man.
 I thought, O my life,
 That one house between us love would be;
 And I thought I would find
 You once coaxing my child on your knee;
 But now the curse of the High One
 On him let it be,
 And on all of the band of the liars
 Who put silence between you and me.
 There grows a tree in the garden
 With blossoms that tremble and shake,
 I lay my hand on its bark
 And I feel that my heart must break.
 On one wish alone
 My soul through the long months ran,
 One little kiss
 From the wife of the Red-haired man.
 But the day of doom shall come,
 And hills and harbors be rent;
 A mist shall fall on the sun
 From the dark clouds heavily sent;
 The sea shall be dry,
 And earth under mourning and ban;
 Then loud shall he cry
 For the wife of the Red-haired man.

* There are three "smalls," the wrists, elbows, and ankles. In Irish romantic literature we often meet mention of men being bound "with the binding of the three smalls."

RÍOIRE NA SCLEAS.*

Bí feilméar [no duine-uapal] ann ran tíf agur ní raib aige aet don mac amáin. Táinig ré reo [Ríoire na sclear] cuise arcead trachtóna oíche, agur d'iair ré lóirctin do féin agur do'n dá-'p'-eug do bí i n-éinfeacht leir.

"Suapac liom mar tã ré agam le t'agair," arí ran feilméar, "aet tiúbpaíó mé duit é agur do o' dá-'p'-eug." Fuit ruipeár réir d'óib com maic a'p bí ré aige, agur nuair bí an ruipeár caicte, d'iair an Ríoire ar an dá-'p'-eug ro éiríge ruar agur píora gairgídeacta do deunam do'n fear ro, as cairbeánt na ngníomairca bí aca.

D'éirig an dá-'p'-eug agur pinneadair gairgídeacta do, agur ní fáca an duine reo ariam píora gairgídeacta mar íad rin, "mairead," d'oir an duine-uapal, fear an tige, "níoir bfeair liom an oipead ro [oe faidbhear] 'ná dá mbeirdead mo mac ionnán rin [do] deunam."

"Leig liom-ra é," arí Ríoire na sclear, "go ceann lá agur bliadain, agur beir ré com maic le ceactar oe na buacailib reo atá agam."

"Leigead," arí ran duine-uapal, "aet go d'tiúbpaíó tu ar air éugam é i gceann na bliadna."

"O tiúbpaíó," arí Ríoire na sclear, "ar air éugad é."

Fuit bpeacparc ar maidin, lá ar na márac, d'óib, nuair bíodair as tul as imteacht, agur leig an duine-uapal an mac leó, agur d'fan riad amuis lá agur bliadain.

I gceann a' lá agur bliadain táinig riad arí a-baile cuise, agur a mac féin i n-éinfeacht leó. Bí ré [as] faire orra, agur bí fáilte iompa aige, agur bí oíche maic aca. Nuair bíodair capéir a ruipeir, d'ubairt Ríoire na sclear leir an dá-'p'-eug éiríge ruar arí agur gairgídeacht do deunam do'n duine-uapal do bí tabairt an truipeir d'óib. Anoir bí a mac féin ann, freirín, agur bí ré i ngar do beir com maic le ceactar aca: "Ní't ré 'na gairgídeac pór com maic le mo cuir-re fear, aet leig liom-ra é," arí Ríoire na sclear, "ar fead lá agur bliadain eile."

"Leigead," arí reiréan, "aet go d'tiúbpaíó tu ar air éugam é i gceann an lá agur bliadain." D'ubairt ré go d'tiúbpaíó.

D'imtíge riad leó, an lá ar na márac 'péir bíó na maidne, agur d'fanadair amuis lá agur bliadain eile. Agur i gceann an lá agur bliadain conairc an duine-uapal an comluadar as teact

* Tá an rgeul ro focal ar focal go oipead mar do ruairéar agur mar do rreíodair ríor é ó beul mártain Ruair uí Giollaínnáit (forroie í mbeurila), i gConoae na Scailíne.

THE KNIGHT OF THE TRICKS.

Written down word for word by me from the dictation of Martin Rua O Gillarna, or "Forde," near Monivea, Co. Galway (a small farmer, about 50 years old, Irish-speaking only).—DOUGLAS HYDE.

THERE was a farmer [*read* gentleman] in the country, and he had only one son. And this man [the Knight of the Tricks] came in to see him, on the evening of a night, and asked lodgings for himself and the twelve who were along with him.

"I think it miserable how I have it for you," said the gentleman, "but I'll give it to you and to your twelve." Supper was got ready for them, as good as he had it, and when the supper was eaten, the knight asked these twelve to rise up and perform a piece of exercise for this man, showing the deeds [accomplishments] they had.

The twelve rose up and performed feats for him, and this man had never seen any feat like them. "Musha," says the gentleman, the man of the house, "I wouldn't sooner [own] all this much riches, than that my son should be able to do that."

"Leave him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "till the end of a year and a day, and he will be as good as any of these boys that I have."

"I will," says the gentleman, "but [on condition] that you must bring him back to me at the end of the year."

"Oh, I will bring him back to you," said the Knight of the Tricks.

Breakfast was got for them in the morning, of the next day when they were going a-departing, and the gentleman let the son with them, and they remained away a day and a year.

At the end of the day and the year, they came home again to him, and his own son along with them. He was watching for them, and had a welcome for them, and they had a good night. When they were after their supper, the Knight of the Tricks told the twelve to rise up and perform feats for the gentleman who was giving them the supper. Now his own son was there also, and he was near to being as good as any of them.

"He is not yet a champion as good as my men are, but let him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "for another day and a year."

"I will," said he, "but that you will bring him back to me at the end of the day and a year." He said he would bring him.

cuise arís: Tug ré fáilte agus ruipéar dóib, le lútgáiríe iad do bheir ar ais arís agus a mac leó.

Cáiteadair an ruipéar, agus nuair bíodair 'néir a ruipéir, dúbairt ré le n-a cúir fear éiríge ruar agus píora gairgídeácta do 'deunam do'n duine-uapal do bí tabairt na gnaoiimíleáct (?) dóib. O'éiríge riad ruar, trí rir deus, agus ba é a mac an fear do b'fearri de'n méad rin. Ní raib fear ar bit ionnánann ceart do baint de áct Ríoripe na gcleap féin.

Deir an duine-uapal, "ní'l fear ar bit aca ionnánann gairgídeáct do 'deunam le mo mac féin."

"Ní'l, go deimín," ar Ríoripe na gcleap "don fear ionnánann a 'deunam áct mire; agus má leigean tu d'ám-ra é lá agus bliadain eile, béir ré 'na gairgídeáct com maic liom féin."

"Mairead, leigfead," ar ran duine-uapal, "leigfir mé leat é," a'deir ré.

Amor, níor iarr ré ari, an t-am ro, a tabairt ar ais arís, mar sinne ré na h-amannata eile, agus níor cúir ré ann a gearaib é.

I gceann an lá agus bliadain, bí an duine-uapal ag fanamaint agus ag rúil le n-a mac, áct ní táinig an mac ná Ríoripe na gcleap. Bí an t-áair, ann rin, faoi imníde móir nac raib an mac ag teáct a-baile cuise, agus dúbairt ré: "ré b'é áit de'n domán a bfuil ré, caifir mé a fáigail amac."

O'iméig ré ann rin agus bí ré ag iméáct gur áit ré trí oíde agus trí lá ag rúbal. Táinig ann rin arteaé i n-áit a raib áruir b'reá, agus amuis anagair an doiruir móir bí trí rir deus ag bualaó báirí ann; agus fear ré ag feúcaint ar na trí fearaib deus o'a bualaó, agus bí don fear amáin o'a bualaó le oá-'r-'eus aca. Táinig ré 'ran áit a rabadair arteaé ann a mearf ann rin, agus 'ré a mac féin bí ag bualaó an báirí leir an oá-'r-'eus eile:

Cúir ré fáilte noim an áair ann rin: "O! á áair," a'deir ré, "ní'l don fáigail asad oim. Ní sinne tura," a'deir ré, "do gnaeta (gnó) ceart; nuair bí tu [ag] 'deunam maraib leiréan níor iarr tu ari; mire [do] tabairt ar ais eugad."

"Ir píor rin," a'deir an t-áair:

"Anoir," a'deir an mac, "ní bfuigfir tu feúcaint oim anocé, áct deunpar trí colaim deus oinn agus caifirídear gnaa coirce ar an uirlár agus deupair Ríoripe na gcleap má aicnígeann tu do mac oim rin [= ann a mearf-ran] go bfuigfir tú é. Ní béir mire ag ite don gnaín agus béir na cinn eile ag ite: Béir mire 'oul anonn 'r anall 'r ag bualaó píoca ann ran-gcúir eile

They went away with themselves the next day, after their morning's meal, and they remained away for another day and a year. And at the end of the day and a year the gentleman saw the company coming to him again. He gave them a welcome and a supper, for joy them to be back again and his son with them.

They ate their supper, and when they were after their supper he said to the men to rise up and perform some feats for the gentleman who was showing them this kindness. They rose up, thirteen men, and his son was the best man of all the lot. There was no man at all able to take the right from him [overcome him] but the Knight of the Tricks himself.

Says the gentleman then, "There's not a man of them able to perform feats with my own son."

"There is not indeed one man," says the Knight of the Tricks, "able to do it but me, and if you leave him to me for another day and a year he will be a champion as good as myself."

"Musha, then I will," says the gentleman, "I'll let him with you," says he.

Now this time he did not ask him to take him back, as he had done the other times, and he did not put it in his conditions.

At the end of the day and the year the gentleman was waiting and hoping for his son, but neither the son nor the Knight of the Tricks came. The father was then in great anxiety lest his son was not coming home at all to him, and he said, "whatever place in the world he is in, I must find him out."

He departed then, and he was going until he spent three days and three nights traveling. He then came into a place where there was a fine dwelling, and outside of it, over against the great door, there were thirteen men playing hurley, and he stood looking at the thirteen men playing, and there was a single man hurling against twelve of them. He came in amongst them then, to the place where they were, and it was his own son that was playing against the other twelve.

He welcomed his father then. "Oh, father," says he, "you have no getting of me, you did not do," says he, "your business right: when you were making your bargain with him you did not ask him to bring me back to you."

"That is true," says the father.

"Now," said the son, "you won't get a sight of me to-night, but thirteen pigeons will be made of us, and grains of oats thrown on the floor, and the Knight of the Tricks will say that

de na colamaib. Zeobair tu do rogan agus déarfair tu leir gur b'é mé tógfar tu. Sin é an comartha beirim duit, i pioct go n-aicneócair tu mire amearg na scolam eile, agus ma tógann tu go ceapc, béir mé agad an uair rin."

D'pás an mac é ann rin, agus táinig pé arcead ann ran teac, agus cuir Ríoripe na gcleap páilte noime. Dubairc an duine-uapal go dtáinig pé ag iarraid a mic nuair nac dtug an Ríoripe ar air leir é i gceann na bliadna. "Níor cuir tu rin ann ran maraó," ar ran Ríoripe, "aé ó táinig tu com fada rin d'a iarraid, caiteir pé beir agad, má 'r féidir leat a tógad amac." Rug pé arcead ann rin é go reomra a raib trí colaim deug ann, agus dubairc pé leir, a roga colaim do tógad amac, agus dá mbuó h-é a mac féin do tógad pé go dtuicfad leir a congáil. Bí na colaim uile ag piocad na ngrána coirce de'n uirláir, aé don ceann amáin do bí gabail éar agus ag bualaó puoca ann ran gcuir eile aca. Do tóg an duine-uapal an ceann rin. "Tá do mac gnócaíte agad," ar ran Ríoripe.

Cait ríad an oróde rin buil (?) a céile, agus d'imtí an duine-uapal agus a mac an lá ar na márac agus d'ásgadar Ríoripe na gcleap. Nuair bí ríad ag dul a-baile ann rin, táinig ríad go baile-mór, agus bí donac ann, agus nuair biodar dul arcead ann ran donac d'iarir an mac ar a ádair rreang do ceannac agus do deunam ádartaí dó. "Deunair mire rtail díom féin," aoir pé, "agus díolfair tu mé ar an donac ro. Tuicfair Ríoripe na gcleap eugad ar an donac—tá pé do d' leanamaint anoir—agus ceannócair pé mire uait. Nuair beirdear tu 's am' díol, ná tabair an t-ádartaí uait aé congáil eugad féin é, agus [ir] féidir liom-ra teac ar air eugad—aé an t-ádartaí do congáil."

Rinne an mac rtail de féin ann rin, agus fuair an t-ádartaí ádartaí agus cuir pé air é. Tarrang pé ruar ann rin ar an donac é, agus ir gearr do bí pé 'na fearam ann rin, nuair táinig Ríoripe na gcleap cuir agus d'iarir pé cia méad do beirdear ar an rtail aige. "Trí ceud púnta" aoir an duine-uapal: "Tiúbair mire rin duit," aoir Ríoripe na gcleap—tiúbair pé ruo ar bit dó ag rúil go bfuigfead pé an mac ar air, mar bí fíor aige go maí gur b'é do bí ann ran rtail. "Tiúbair mire duit é ar an airtíod rin," ar ran duine-uapal, "aé ní tiúbair mé an t-ádartaí." "Buó ceapc an t-ádartaí do tabairc," ar ran Ríoripe.

D'imtí an Ríoripe ann rin agus an rtail leir, agus d'imtí an duine-uapal ar a bealaí féin ag dul a-baile. Aé ní raib pé aé amuig ar an donac 'ran am a dtáinig an mac ruar leir aoir:

if you recognise your son amongst those, you shall get him. I will not be eating my grain, but the others will be eating. I will be going back and forwards and picking at the rest of the pigeons. You shall get your choice, and you will tell him that it is I you will take. That is the sign I give you now, so that you may know me amongst the other pigeons, and if you choose right you will have me then."

The son left him after that, and he came into the house, and the Knight of the Tricks bade him welcome. The gentleman said that he was come looking for his son, since the Knight did not bring him back with him at the end of the year. "You did not put that in the bargain," said the Knight, "but since you are come so far to look for him you must have him if you can choose him out." He brought him in then to the room where the thirteen pigeons were, and told him to choose out his choice pigeon, and if it was his own son he should choose that he might keep him. The other pigeons were picking grains of oats off the floor, all but one, who was going round and picking at the others. The gentleman chose that one. "You have your son gained," said the Knight.

They spent that night together, and the gentleman and his son departed next day and left the Knight of the Tricks. When they were going home then, they came to a town, and there was a fair in it, and when they were going into the fair the son asked the father to buy a rope and make a halter for him. "I'll make a stallion of myself," said he, "and you will sell me at this fair. The Knight of the Tricks will come up to you on the fair—he is following you now—and he will buy me from you. When you will be selling me don't give away the halter, but keep it for yourself, and I can come back to you—only you to keep the halter."

The son made a stallion of himself then, and the father got the halter and put it on him. He drew him up after that on the fair, and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him, and asked him how much would he be wanting for the stallion. "Three hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," said the Knight of Tricks—he would give him anything at all hoping that he might get the son back, for he knew well that it was he that was in the stallion. "I'll give him to you at that money," said the gentleman, "but I won't give the halter." "It were right to give the halter," said the Knight.

The Knight went away then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman departed on his own road going home, but he

“A dtair,” a deir sé, “tá mé ar páigil anoiú agh, a dtá donac ann a leiteirí reo d’ait amárac agur iacamaoio arceac ann.”

An lá ar na márac, nuair bíodair ag dul arceac ann ran donac eile, dúbairt an mac: “Deunfair mé rtail díom féin agur tiucfair Ríoripe na gcleair arís dom’ ceannac. Tiúbfair ré airgid ar bit oim a iarrfar tu, a dt cuir ann ran margaó nac ditiúbfair túra an t-adartar dó.” Tarraingeadair ruar ar an donac ann rin, agur sinne ré rtail d’é féin agur cuir an t-adair adartar air agur i’ gearr do bí ré ann, ’na fearam, nuair táinig Ríoripe na gcleair cuise agur d’farruig ré d’é cia méad do beir-eaó ar an rtail aige. “Sé ceo púnta,” ar ran duine-uair. “Tiúbfair míre rin duit,” a deir sé. “A dt ní tiúbfair mé an t-adartar duit.” “Dúo ceart an t-adartar tabairt arceac ’ran margaó,” ar an Ríoripe, a dt ní bfuair sé é.

D’imig Ríoripe na gcleair ann rin agur an rtail leir, agur d’imig an duine-uair ar a bealac ag dul a-baile, a dt ní raib sé i mbeanna a’ corcuim ag dul amac ar an donac am [nuair] a dtáinig an mac arís ruar leir.

“Tá go maí, dtair,” a deir sé, “tá an uair reo gnótaighe againn, a dt ní’l fíor agam cneud deunfar an lá-amárac linn. Tá donac ann a leiteirí reo d’ait amárac agur tarraingamaoio ann.”

Cuadair mar rin ar an donac an lá ar n-a márac, agur sinne an mac rtail d’é féin, agur cuir an t-adair adartar air, agur i’ gearr do bí ré ’na fearam ar an donac i n-am táinig Ríoripe na gcleair arís cuise: D’farruig an Ríoripe cia méad do beir-eaó ré ag iarrfair ar an rtail breag rin do bí aige ann ran adartar. “Naol gceud púnta tá míre ag iarrfair air,” ar ran duine-uair. Níor faoil ré go ditiúbfair ré rin dó. A dt ní congobóac airgid ar bit an rtail ó’n Ríoripe: “Tiúbfair mé rin duit,” a deir sé. Cuir ré a lám ann a póca agur tug sé an naoi gceud púnta dó, agur iug sé ar an rtail leir an lám eile, agur d’imig sé leir com luac rin gur dearmad an duine-uair é do cur ann ran margaó an t-adartar tabairt ar air dó.

D’fan sé ag rúil go bfillfead an mac, a dt níor fill sé. Tug sé ruar é ann rin agur dúbairt sé nac raib don maí d’o trupón (?) [beir ag rúil] go brát leir, ná le n-a teac ar air arís go brát.

Tug Ríoripe na gcleair ann rin an mac leir, agur bí sé tabairt ’c uile fóirt pionnúr agur d’oc-uráide d’o, agur ní leigfead sé é ar boir le don duine ag ite a beata, a dt bí sé ann rin ceangailte, agur an lá leigfead sé na gairgid eile amac, ní leigfead

was only just out of the fair when the son came up to him again. "Father," says he, "you have got me to-day, but there is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we'll go to it."

The next day when they were going into the other fair, the son said, "I will make a stallion of myself, and the Knight of the Tricks will come again to buy me. He'll give you any money that you may ask for me, but put it in the bargain that you will not give him the halter." They drew up on the fair then, and he made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him; and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came to him and asked him how much he'd be wanting for the stallion. "Six hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," says he; "but I won't give you the halter," said the gentleman. "It were only right to give the halter into the bargain," said the Knight, but he did not get it.

The Knight of the Tricks departed then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman went on his way, going home; but he was not as far as the custom-gap, going out of the fair, when the son came up with him again.

"It is well, father," says he, "we have gained this time, but I don't know what will to-morrow do with us. There is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we will go down to it."

They went to the fair accordingly next day, and the son made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him, and it was short he was standing on the fair when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him again. The Knight asked how much he would be wanting for that fine stallion that he had there by the halter. "Nine hundred pounds I'm asking for him," says the gentleman. He never thought he would give him that. But no money would keep the stallion from the Knight. "I'll give you that," says he. He put his hand in his pocket and gave him the nine hundred pounds, and with the other hand he seized the stallion and went off with him so quick that the gentleman forgot to put it into his bargain that he should give him back the halter.

He waited, hoping the son would return, but he did not. He gave him up then, and said that there was no good for him to be expecting him for ever, or expecting him to ever come back again.

The Knight of the Tricks then took away the son with him, and was giving him all sorts of punishment and bad usage, and would not let him [sit down] at table with anyone to eat

ré eipean leó: “Bí ré real fada mar rin, agus Ríoripe na gcleair as cur d’óc-mear air agus as tabairt uile fóirt pionnúir do.”

Tuit ré amac sup iméig Ríoripe na gcleair an lá ro ar baile; agus d’fásbair ré eipean ann ran bfuinneóis ir áiríoe ’ran teac, ’n áit nac faib ruo ar bit le fásail aise; agus é ceangailte ann rin, ruar i n-áiríoe. Agus nuair bí ’é uile duine iméigíte ann rin, agus san ar an t-rpáio áct é féin agus an cailín, d’iarr ré deó uirge i n-ainm Dé, ar an gcailín. Dubairt an cailín go mbeidead faictíor uirru dá b’fásad a máigirtir amac í, go mar-bócad ré í.

“Ní cloirpíó duine ar bit go deó é,” aoiré ré, “ná bíod faictíor ar bit oit, ní mipe innreócar [= inneópar] do é.” Tug sí ruar an deó uirge éirge ann rin, agus nuair éir ré a cloir-ionn ann ran uirge, as ól an uirge, rinne ré earcon de féin agus éir ré ríor ann ran poiteac. Bí ríotán beas uirge taob amuis de ’n uoirp bí [as] rit go n’deacair ré ardeac ann ran abainn, agus áit sí amac ann ran ríotán gac a faib d’fuisleac ’ran poiteac áic. Bí seipean as imteact ann riu agus é ’na earcuin ann ran abainn, as tarrainst a-baile:

Nuair éirí Ríoripe na gcleair a-baile, éir ré ruar go b’reic-fead ré an fear d’fás ré ceangailte, agus ní bfuair ré é a’oime ann. D’farpais ré de ’n cailín ar áiríe sí é as imteact. Dubairt an cailín náir áiríe, áct go uirge sí féin b’raon uirge ruar éirge.

“Agus cá ’n éir tu an fuisleac do bí asad?” aoiré ré:

“Áit mé ’ran ríotán amac é,” ar ríre.

“Tá ré iméigíte ’na earcuin ann ran abainn,” aoiré ré, “gleur-áiríe ruar,” aoiré ré, leir an dá-’n-eug gairtídeac, “go leanfamao do é.”

Rinneadar dá m’adair deug uirge díob féin agus leanadar ann ran abain é; agus nuair bíodar as teact ruar leir ann ran abainn d’éiríe ré ’na eun ar an abainn ann ran aéir:

Nuair fuair ríad rin amac sup iméig ré ar an abainn, rinneadar dá feadac deug díob féin agus d’iméigeadar anois an éin—uirge do rinne ré de féin—agus bíodar as teact ruar leir.

Nuair fuair ré iad as teannad leir, agus nac faib ré ionnán dul uata, bí faictíor móir air. Bí bean as cácad amuis ar páiré báin: Tuiríng ré ’nuar ar an aéir, ó beir ’na eun, i ngar do’n coirce, agus rinne ré gána coirce de féin.

Tuiríng ríad féin ’na díair agus rinneadar dá ceapc-ríancac

his food, but he was there tied, and the day he would let the other champions out he would not let him out with them. He was like this for a long time and the Knight of the Tricks putting dishonor on him, and giving him every kind of punishment.

It fell out that on this day [of which we are going to tell] the Knight of the Tricks went from home, and left him at the window that was highest in the house, where he had nothing at all to get, and him tied there, up on high. And then when everybody was gone away and nobody left on the street (*i.e.*, about the place) but himself and a servant-girl, he asked the girl, in the name of God, for a drink of water. The girl said that if her master were to find it out he would kill her.

"Nobody shall ever hear it," says he: "don't be a bit afraid, it's not I who'll tell him." She brought up the drink of water to him then, and when he put his head into the water, drinking the water, he made an eel of himself, and he went down into the vessel. There was a little streamlet of water beside the door, that was running until it went into the river, and she cast out into the little stream all the remains that she had in the vessel. He kept going, then, and he an eel, in the river, drawing towards home.

When the Knight of the Tricks came home, he went up to see the man he had left bound, and he did not find him there before him. He asked the girl if she felt [perceived] him going, or if she perceived anything that gave him leave to go. The girl said that she perceived nothing, but that she herself brought a drop of water up to him.

"And where did you put the leavings that you had?" says he.

"I threw it out into the little stream," says she.

"He's gone as an eel into the river," says he. "Prepare yourselves," says he to the twelve champions, "till we follow him."

They made twelve water-dogs of themselves, and they followed him in the river, and when they were coming up with him in the river, he rose up as a bird, out of the river into the air.

When they found this out, that he had gone out of the river, they made twelve hawks of themselves, and pursued after the bird—it was a lark he made of himself—and they were coming up to him.

When he found them closing on him, and that he was not able to escape from them, there was great terror on him.

deuṣ d'íob féin, [aṣur bí an Ríoripe 'na coilead-ṛpancaad]. Toraig-eaṁaṛ aṣ ite an coirce ann rin aṣur ṛaoil ṛiaṁ é beit itte aca, aet ní ṛaib. Bí ṛiaṁ aṣ ite an coirce go ṛaib ṛiaṁ i nṣaṛ do beit ṛátaad.

Nuaṛi mear reircean go ṛaib a ṛáit itte aca, aṣur nae ṛaṁaṁaṛ ionnánn móṛán eile do deunam, d'éirig ṛé ṛuar aṣur ṛunne ṛé ṛionnae de féin, aṣur baṛn ṛé an cloisíonn de'n dā ṛpancaad deuṣ aṣur de'n coilead.

Bí ceaṁ aige d'ul a-baile d'ā aṁaṛ ann rin nuaṛi bíṁaṛ uile maṛb aige. Aṣur rin deirpe Ríoripe na gcleaṛ. '

There was a woman winnowing [oats] out in a bare field. He descended out of the air from being a bird, near to the oats, and he made a grain of oats of himself.

They themselves descended after him, and made twelve turkeys of themselves, and the Knight was the turkey cock. They began eating the oats, and they thought that they had him eaten, but they had not. They were eating the oats until they were near to being satiated.

When he considered that they had enough eaten and that they were not able to do much more, he rose up and made a fox of himself, and took the heads off the twelve turkeys and turkey cock.

He had leave to go home to his father then, when he had them all killed. And that is the end of the Knight of Tricks.

MO BHRÓN AIR AN BPAIRRGE.

Mo bhrón air an bpairrge
 Ir é tã móir,
 Ir é sabail roir mé
 'S mo míle rtor.

O'fágað 'ran mbaile mé
 'Deunam bhrón,
 San don trúil tar fáile liom
 Coróce ná go deó.

Mo léun nac bfuil mire
 'Sur mo múirín dān
 I g-cúige laigean
 No i g-conradé an Chláir

Mo bhrón nac bfuil mire
 'Sur mo míle spáð
 Air boir loingse
 Tríall go 'Mericá

Leaburð luacra
 B'i fūm ariér,
 Agus cait mé amac é
 Le tear an laé.

Táinig mo spáð-ra
 Le mo táeb
 Sualá air gualain
 Agus beul ar beula

MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.*

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

My grief on the sea,
 How the waves of it roll!
 For they heave between me
 And the love of my soul!

Abandoned, forsaken,
 To grief and to care,
 Will the sea ever waken
 Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble!
 Would he and I were
 In the province of Leinster
 Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—
 Oh, heart-bitter wound!—
 On board of the ship
 For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
 All last night I lay,
 And I flung it abroad
 With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—
 He came from the South;
 His breast to my bosom.
 His mouth to my mouth.

* *Literally:* My grief on the sea, It is it that is big. It is it that is going between me And my thousand treasures. I was left at home Making grief, Without any hope of (going) over sea with me, For ever and aye. My grief that I am not, And my white moorheen, In the province of Leinster Or County of Clare. My sorrow I am not, And my thousand loves On board of a ship Voyaging to America. A bed of rushes Was under me last night And I threw it out With the heat of the day. My love came To my side, Shoulder to shoulder And mouth on mouth. ["Love Songs of Connacht."]

AN BUACAILL DO BÍ A BFAO AR A MÁTAR.*

A bfao ó foir bí lánamain póirta dar b' ainm pádrais agus Nualla ní Ciaraicáin. Bídeadar bliadain agus fíce póirta san don éilann do beic aca, agus bí brón mór orra, mar nac faib don oirpe aca le na gcuid faibéir o' fásbáil aise. Bí dá acra talman, bó, agus péipe gabar aca, agus bí tuairim aca go rabadar faibéir.

Don oirde amáin, bí pádrais teacé a-baile o teacé duine muinntir, agus nuair táinig pé com fada leir an poitiz maol, táinig sean duine iad amac agus dubairt: "Go mbeannaisiú Dia duit." "Go mbeannaisiú Dia 'sur Muire duit," ar pádrais. "Cad atá ag cur bróin ort?" ar ran sean duine. "Níl morán go deimhin," ar pádrais, "ní béir mé a bfao beó, agus níl mac 'ná ingean le caoinead mo diais nuair gheobar mé bár." "B' éirir nac mberdeá mar rin," ar ran sean duine. "Parad! béirdeá," ar pádrais, "táim bliadain agus fíce póirta, agus níl don éoramlac fós." "Slac m'focal-ra go mbéir mac ós ag do mnai, trí páite ó'n oirde anocht." Cuair pádrais a-baile, lútgáirde go leór, agus d'innir an rgeul do Nualla. "Ara! ní faib ann ran trean duine acé gogaille, a bí ag deunam magairt ort," ar Nualla. "Ír maic an rgeulair an ainm," ar pádrais.

Bí go maic agus ní faib go h-olc; real má (pul) n-deacair leir-bliadain éir, connair pádrais go faib Nualla dul oirpe do tabairt dó, agus bí brón mór air. Toruis pé ag cur na feilme i n-ordugad, agus ag fásbáil gac nio péir le h-agar an oirpe óis. An lá táinig tinnear cloinne ar Nualla, bí pádrais ag cur eirinn óis a láirir doirir an tise: Nuair táinig an rgeul cuise go faib mac ós ag Nualla, bí an oirde rin lútgáirde air gur tuit pé marb le tinnear croidé.

Bí brón mór air Nualla, agus dubairt sí leir an naoirdeanán:

"Ní éirgí mé tu óm' éic go mbéir tu ionánn an eirinn do bí o' acair ag cur nuair fuair pé bár do éirpains ar na fíe-maib."

Goirde pádrais ar an naoirdeanán, agus eus an mátar eicé do go faib pé reacé mbliadna o'aoir. Ann rin eus sí amac é le feudaint an faib pé ionánn an eirinn do éirpains, acé ní faib. Níor eirir rin don oirde-méirneac ar an mátar, eus sí ar teacé é;

* O fear dar b'ainm bláca, i n-áice le baile-an-móba, gcondae mhúis-éó.

THE BOY WHO WAS LONG ON HIS MOTHER.

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

THERE was long ago a married couple of the name of Patrick and Nuala O'Keerahan. They were a year and twenty married, without having any children, and there was great grief on them because they had no heir to leave their share of riches to. They had two acres of land, a cow, and a pair of goats, and they supposed that they were rich.

One night Patrick was coming home from a friend's house, and when he was come as far as the ruined churchyard, there came out a gray old man and said, "God save you."

"God and Mary save you," says Patrick.

"-What's putting grief on you?" says the old man.

"There isn't much indeed putting grief on me," says Patrick, "but I won't be long alive, and I have neither son nor daughter to keen after me when I find death."

"Perhaps you won't be so," says the old man.

"Alas! I will," says Patrick, "I'm a year and twenty married, and there's no sign yet."

"Take my word that your wife will have a young son three-quarters of a year from this very night."

Patrick went home, joyous enough, and told the story to Nuala.

"Arrah, there was nothing in the old man but a dotard who was making a mock of you," says Nuala.

"Well, 'time is a good story-teller,'" said Patrick.

It was well, and it was not ill. Before half a year went by Patrick saw that Nuala was going to give him an heir, and there was great pride on him. He began putting the farm in order and leaving everything ready for the young heir. The day that sickness came on Nuala, Patrick was planting a young tree before the door of the house. When the news came to him that Nuala had a young son, there was that much joy on him that he fell dead with heart-disease.

There was great grief on Nuala, and she said to the infant, "I will not wean you from my breast until you will be able to pull up out of the roots the tree that your father was planting when he died."

The infant was called Paudyeen, or Little Pat, and the mother nursed him at her breast until he was seven years old. Then she brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not. That put no discouragement on the mother; she brought him in, and nursed him for seven years

asur tús cíoc feaict mbliadhna eile d'ó, asur ní faib don buacáil ann ran t'fí ionánn feaict ruar leir i n-obair.

Faoi ceann deirid na ceirpe bliadhna deus tús a máthair amac é, le feuchaint an faib ré ionánn an crann do t'farrainis, aict ní faib, mar bí an crann i n-éirí máit, asur as f'ar go móir. Níor éirí rin don d'roic-m'irneac ar an máthair.

Tús rí cíoc feaict mbliadhna eile d'ó, asur faoi ceann deirid an ama rin, bí ré com' móir asur com' láirir le f'atad.

Tús an máthair amac é asur d'ubairt: "Mur (muna) b'fuit tu ionánn an crann rin to t'farrainis anoir, ní t'ubairt mé don b'raon eile cíce d'uit." Éirí páirín r'mugairle ar a lámhaib, asur fuair gheim ar bun an crann. An ceo-iarrair do tús ré, éirí ré an talam feaict b'péirpe ar gac t'oir d'ó, asur leir an d'ara iarrair t'ós ré an crann ar na f'fearmaib, asur timcíoll fíce tonna de éirí f'ois leir: "G'rád mo éirí d'ó," ar ran máthair, "ir f'í cíce bliadhna asur fíce tu." "A máthair," ar páirín, "d'oirir tu go cruar le b'ad asur deoic do t'ubairt d'am-ra ó r'gac mé, asur tá ré i n-am d'am anoir ruo éirí do d'eunam d'uit-re, ann do f'ean-laetib. Ir é reo an ceo-crann do t'farrainis mé asur d'eunairt mé maide láime d'am f'én d'ó." Ann rin fuair ré ráb asur tuas, asur f'earr an crann, as f'ásd'ail timcíoll fíce t'ois de 'n bun, asur bí cnar air, com' móir le t'ar de na t'raib éirí d'ó do b'ad i n-éirí an t-am rin. Bí or cionn tonna meadacain ann ran maide láime nuair bí ré g'leurt as páirín.

Ar maide, lá ar na máthair, fuair páirín gheim ar a maide, d'f'as a d'eannaict as a máthair, asur d'imíct as t'oirígeaict f'ir-bire. Bí ré as r'íbal go d'áinís ré go cairleán r'is laigean. D'f'arrainis an r'is d'ó cad do bí ré 'iarrair: "As iarrair oirpe, má ré do toil," ar páirín. "B'fuit don ceir d'as?" ar ran r'is. "Ní'l," ar páirín, "aict t'is liom-obair ar b'ic d'ad n'earrair f'ar airam d'eunam." "D'eunairt mé mar'gac leat," ar ran r'is, "má t'is leat h-uile n'ir a o'roicair m'ir d'uit a d'eunam ar f'ad ré m'í, d'eunairt mé do m'eadacain f'én d'óir d'uit, asur m'ingean mar m'naoi-p'orta, aict muna d'is leat gac n'ir do d'eunam, caillir tu do ceann." "Tám r'arta leir an mar'gac rin," ar páirín: "T'ir arteaic 'ran r'goból, asur bí as bualaic d'oisce do na ba (buaib) go m'érí do ceo-p'ronn r'ir." 

Cuar páirín arteaic, asur fuair an r'irte, aict ní faib an r'irín aict mar t'raicín i lám' páirínis, asur d'ubairt ré leir f'én," ir f'earr mo maide-lám' 'ná an g'leurt rin." T'oiríct ré as bualaic leir an maide-lám' asur níor b'fao go faib an méad

more, and there was not a lad in the country who was able to keep up with him in his work.

At the end of fourteen years his mother brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not, for the tree was in good soil, and growing greatly. That put no discouragement on the mother.

She nursed him for seven more years, and at the end of that time he was as large and as strong as a giant.

His mother brought him out then and said, "Unless you are able to pull up that tree now, I will never nurse you again."

Paudyeen spat on his hands, and got a hold of the bottom of the tree, and the first effort he made he shook the ground for seven perches on each side of it, and at the second effort he lifted the tree from the roots, and about twenty ton of clay along with it.

"The love of my heart you are," said the mother, "you're worth nursing for one and twenty years."

"Mother," says Paudyeen, "you worked hard to give me food and drink since I was born, and it is time now for me to do something for you in your old days. This is the first tree I ever pulled up, and I'll make myself a hand-stick of it. Then he got a saw and axe, and cut the tree, leaving about twenty feet of the bottom, and there was a knob on it as big as a round tower of the round towers that used to be in Erin at that time. There was above a ton weight in the hand-stick when Paudyeen had it dressed.

On the morning of the next day, Paudyeen caught a hold of his stick, left his blessing with his mother, and went away in search of service. He was traveling till he came to the castle of the King of Leinster. The king asked him what he was looking for. "Looking for work, if you please," says Paudyeen.

"Have you e'er a trade?" says the king.

"No," says Paudyeen, "but I can do any work in life that ever man did."

"I'll make a bargain with you," says the king; "if you can do everything that I'll order you to do during six months, I'll give you your own weight in gold, and my daughter as your married wife; but if you are not able to do each thing you shall lose your head."

"I'm satisfied with that bargain," says Paudyeen.

"Go into the barn, and be threshing oats for the cows till your breakfast is ready."

Paudyeen went in and got the flail, and the flailleen was

do b'í ann ran r'gíoból buailte aige: Ann rin cuairt ré amac ann ran n'garb'a agus coruig a's buailt na r'cáca coirce agus c'ruit-neac'ta, sup' cuir ré c'iteanna spáin ar fead na tíne. Táinig an n'ig amac agus dubairt, "Coir's do lám, a'beirim, no r'gíorppa'd tu mé. Téid agus beir cúpla buiceud uirge cum na r'earb-fósan'ta ar an loc úo r'íor, agus béid an leite ruar so leór nuair tiucpar tu ar air." O'feuc páirín ear't, agus connaic ré d'a báirille mór polam, le coir balla. Fuair ré sp'eim o'p'la, ceann aca ann sac lám, cuair cum an loca, agus tug iad lionta so cúl uopair an c'airleáin. B'í iongan'tar ar an n'ig nuair connaic ré páirais a's teac't, agus dubairt ré leir: "Téid ar'teac't, tá an leite r'íor d'uit." Cuair páirín ar'teac't, agus cuair an n'ig cum Dall glic do b'í aige, agus o'innir ré d'o an mar'sad do rinne ré le páirín, agus o'f'iaf'p'ig ré d'e, c'neud do bu'd c'óir d'o tabairt le deunam do páirín: "Abair leir dul r'íor agus an loc do taod'mad, agus é do beit deunta aige, real má d'téid an sp'ian paol, an t'ra'nóna ro."

Sáir an n'ig ar páirín agus dubairt leir: "Taod'm an loc rin r'íor agus bíod ré deunta a'sad real má d'téid an sp'ian paol an t'ra'nóna ro." "Mair so leór," ar páirín, "ac't cia an áit a cuir'fear mé an t-uirge?" "Cuir ann ran n'gleann mór aca i n'gar do'n loc é," ar ran n'ig: Ní raib' roir an g'leann agus an loc ac't r'gonra, agus bídeat na daoine a's deunam b'ócair-coirce d'e. Fuair páirín buiceud, picóir agus láirde, agus cuair cum an loca: B'í bun an g'leanna co'p'om le bun an loca. Cuair páirín ar'teac't 'ran n'gleann agus rinne poll ar'teac't so bun an loca. Ann rin cuir ré a beul ar an b'poll, ear'p'ain's anál pa'da, agus níor fás ré b'raon uirge, iar's, ná báo, ann ran loc, ná ear'p'ain's ré amac leir an anál rin, agus náir cuir ré ar'teac't 'ra' n'gleann: Ann rin d'ún ré ruar an poll:

Nuair o'feuc an n'ig r'íor, connaic ré an loc com' t'ím le boir do láime, agus níor b'pao so d'táinig páirín cuige agus dubairt: "Tá an obair rin c'p'íoc'n'ig'te, cao deunpar mé d'uit anoir?" "Ní'l don ruo eile le deunam a'sad anoir, ac't béid neart a'sad le deunam amárac." An oir'de rin, cuir an n'ig r'íor ar an n'Dall glic, agus o'innir d'o an caoi ar taod'm páirín an loc, agus nac raib' r'íor aige c'neud do b'earpa'd ré d'o le deunam. "Tá r'íor a'sam-ra an n'ro nac mbéid ré ionánn a deunam, ar mair'in amárac, tabair r'p'ib'inn d'o cum do b'earb'páca'i i n'gailim, abair leir d'a r'íor tonna c'ruit-neac'ta do tabairt eugad, agus a beit ar air ann r'o paol ceann ceit're uair ar r'íor: Tabair an t'rean-láir agus a cáir d'o, agus tig leat beit cinnte nac d'tiucpar't ré ar air." Ar mair'in, lá ar na márac, sáir an n'ig

only like a *traneen* in Paudyeen's hand, and he said to himself, "My hand-stick is better than that contrivance." He began threshing with the hand-stick, and it was not long till he had all that was in the barn threshed. Then he went out into the garden and began threshing the stacks of oats and wheat, so that he sent showers of grain throughout the country.

The king came out and said, "Hold your hand, or you'll destroy me. Go and bring a couple of buckets of water to the servants out of that loch down there, and the stirabout will be sufficiently cool when you come back."

Paudyeen looked round, and he saw two great empty barrels beside the wall. He caught hold of them, one in each hand, went to the lake, and brought them filled to the back of the castle door. There was wonder on the king when he saw Paudyeen arriving, and he said to him, "Go in, the stirabout's ready for you."

Paudyeen went in, but the king went to a Dall Glic, or cunning blind man that he had, and told him the bargain that he made with Paudyeen, and asked him what he ought to give Paudyeen to do.

"Tell him to go down and teem [bail out] that lake, and him to have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

The king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Teem that lake down there, and let you have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

"Very well," says Paudyeen, "but where shall I put the water."

"Put it into the great glen that is near the lake," says the king.

There was nothing but a scunce [ditch-bank] between the glen and the lake, and the people used to make a foot-road of it.

Paudyeen got a bucket, a pickaxe, and a loy [narrow spade], and he went to the lake. The bottom of the glen was even with the bottom of the lake. Paudyeen went into the glen and made a hole in the bottom of the lake. Then he put his mouth to the hole, drew a long breath, and never left boat, fish, or drop of water in the lake that he did not draw out through his body, and cast into the glen. Then he closed up the hole.

When the king looked down he saw the lake as dry as the palm of your hand, and it was not long till Paudyeen came to him and said, "That work is finished, what shall I do now?"

"You have nothing else to do to-day, but you shall have plenty to do to-morrow."

páirín, agus tug an r'spíobinn dó, agus dubhairt leir, "fás an láir agus an cáirt agus téir go Sallim. Tabair an r'spíobinn seo dom' dearbhrá'tair, agus abair leir dá fícríonna c'ruit-neac'ta do tabhairt duit, agus bí ar air ann go faoi ceann ceit're uaire ar fícríonna."

Fuar p'áirín an láir agus an cáirt, agus éuar ar an mbó'tar. Ní raib an láir ionánn níor mó ná ceit're míle ran uair do fíúbal: Céangail p'áirín an láir ar an gcáirt, cuir ar a gualain é, agus ar go brá't leir, tar enocai'b agus gleann'tai'b, go n'oeac'ar ré go Sallim. Tug ré an uirí do dearbhrá'tair an r'is, fuair an c'ruit-neac't agus cuir ar an gcáirt é. Nuair cuir ré an láir faoi an gcáirt, rinnead' dá leir d'a d'ruim. Cuir p'áirín an c'ruit-neac't ann ran r'spíoból: Nuair éuar muinntir an cáirleáin 'na gcórla'd, éuar p'áirín cum an éuin, agus níor fás ré r'labra ar an loingear náir tug ré leir. Ann rin r'ó'mair ré faoi an r'spíoból, céangail na r'labra'ca timéioil air, agus ar go brá't leir, agus an r'spíoból agus gac a raib ann ar a d'ruim. Éuar ré tar enocai'b agus gleann'tai'b, agus níor r'cop gur fás ré an r'spíoból i lá'tair cáirleáin an r'is. Bí lácain, ceapca, agus géir-eac'a ann ran r'spíoból. Ar maroin go mo'd, d'feud an r'is amac ar a feomra agus c'ruo d'feic'ead ré ac't r'spíoból a dearbhrá'tair.

"M' anam ó'n diab'al," ar ran r'is "ré rin an fear ir iongan'taig'e 'ran do'man." Táinig ré anuar agus fuair p'áirín le na máirde ann a láim, 'na fearám le coir an r'spíoból:

"An ucug tu an c'ruit-neac't éugam?" ar ran r'is:

"Tugar," ar p'áirín, "ac't tá an t'rean-láir marb." Ann rin d'innir ré do'n r'is gac ní'd d'a n'oeap'nai'd ré ó d'iméig ré go d'táinig ré ar air:

Ní raib fíor as an r'is c'ruo do deun'ad ré, agus d'iméig ré cum an Dail glic, agus dubhairt leir, "mur (muna) n-innri'geann tu dam ní'd nac mbéir an fear rin ionnán a deunam, bainfir mé an ceann díot."

Smuain an Dail glic tamall agus dubhairt, "abair leir go b'fuil do dearbhrá'tair i n-ir'puonn, agus go mbur máit leat amárc do beir asad air, agus abair leir é do tabhairt éugad, go mbéir amárc asad air; nuair a geobar r'ad in n-ir'puonn é, ní leirfir r'ad do teac't ar air."

Gáir an r'is p'áirín agus dubhairt leir, "tá dearbhrá'tair dam i n-ir'puonn agus tabair éugam é, go mbéir amárc asad air." "Cia an éaoi a'it'neó'ar mé do dearbhrá'tair ó na doaimib eile atá 'ran áit rin?" ar p'áirín:

That night the king sent for the Dall Glic, and told him the way that Paudyeen teemed out the lake, and [said] that he did not know what to give him to do.

"I know the thing that he won't be able to do. To-morrow morning give him a writing to your brother in Galway, and tell him to bring you forty tons of wheat, and to be back here in twenty-four hours. Give him the old mare and the cart, and you may be sure he won't come back."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen and gave him the writing and said to him, "Get the mare and the cart, and go to Galway. Give the writing to my brother, and tell him to give you twenty tons of wheat, and be back here in twenty-four hours."

Paudyeen got the mare and the cart, and went on the road. The mare was not able to travel more than four miles in the hour. Paudyeen tied the mare to the cart, put it on his shoulder, and off and away with him over hills and hollows, till he came to Galway. He gave the letter to the king's brother, got the wheat, and put it on the cart. When he put the mare under the cart, there were two halves made of its back [the load was so heavy]. Then Paudyeen put the wheat back into the barn. When the people of the castle went to sleep, Paudyeen went to the harbor, and he never left a chain on the shipping that he did not take with him. Then he dug under the barn [slipped the chains under] and tied them round it, and off and away with him, and the barn with all that was in it on his back. He went over hills and glens, and never stopped till he left the barn in front of the king's castle. There were ducks, hens, and geese in the barn. Early in the morning the king looked out of his room, and what should he see but his brother's barn.

"My soul from the devil," said the king, "but that's the most wonderful man in the world." He came down and found Paudyeen with his stick in his hand standing beside the barn.

"Did you bring me the wheat?" says the king.

"I brought it," says Paudyeen, "but the old mare is dead." Then he told the king everything he had done from the time he went away till he came back.

The king did not know what he should do, and he went to the Dall Glic, and said to him. "Unless you tell me a thing which that man will not be able to do, I will strike the head off you."

The Dall Glic thought for a while and said, "Tell him that your brother is in hell, and that you would like to have a sight of him; and to bring him to you, until you have a

“Tá fiacail fada i gceart-lár a carbaid uachtarais,” arí ran nís:

Cuir páirín rmugairle ar a máide, buail an bótar, agus níor bfuad go dtáinig ré go geata ifinn. Buail ré buille ar an ngeata do cuir artead amearg na nriabail é, agus riúbail ré féin artead 'na diais. Nuair éonnairc beiribúb é as teact, táinig faicéior air, agus o'riarruis ré de cheud do bí a' teartál uair:

“Dearbáidair nís laigean atá a' teartál uaim,” arí páirín.

“Píoc amac é,” arí beiribúb:

O'feuc páirín éart, aet fuair ré níor mó ná dá fícto fear a riab fiacail fada i gceart-lár a gcarbaid uachtarais aca:

“Ar faicéior nac mbeirdeat an fear ceart agam,” arí páirín, “tiománfaid mé an tiomlán aca liom, agus tis leir an nís a dearbáidair píocaó arca.”

Tiomáin ré dá fícto aca amac poime, agus níor rtop go dtáinig ré i ládair éirleáin an nís: Ann rin gáir ré ar an nís agus dubairt leir, “píoc amac do dearbáidair ar na fir (fearaib) reó.”

Nuair o'feuc an nís agus éonnairc ré na riabail le h-adaircaib oirra, bí faicéior air, rgreud ré ar páirín agus dubairt, “tabair ar air iad.”

Toruig páirín 'gá mbualad le na máide, surí cuir ré ar air go h-ifinnionn iad:

Cuair an nís cum an Daili glia, agus o'innir do an níó do rinne páirín, agus dubairt leir, “ní tis leat innirint dam don níó nac bfuil ré ionánn a deunam, agus caillirí tu do éeann ar maidin amárac.”

“Tabair iarraid eile dam,” arí ran Daili glia, “agus ní beirí an Connactac a bfuad beó: Arí maidin amárac, abair leir, an tobair atá i ládair an éirleáin do taotmad; bíod fir réir agad, agus nuair a geobar tu ríor ann ran tobair é, abair leir na fir (fearaib), an éloc múilinn atá le coir an baila do caiteam ríor 'na mullaé, agus marbócaid rin é.”

Arí maidin, lá ar na márac, gáir an nís páirín agus dubairt leir: “téir agus taotm an tobair rin tá i ládair an éirleáin, agus nuair a beirdear ré deunta agad, beirfaid mé hata nuad duit, irí ruarac an cáibín é rin atá oir.”

Bí na fir réir ag an nís le páirín boct do marbad, dá bfuotad riad é.

Cuair páirín go bhuac an tobair, luirí ríor air a beul faoi;

look at him. But when they get him in hell, they won't let him come back."

The king called Paudyeen and said to him, "I have a brother in hell, and bring him to me until I have a look at him."

"How shall I know your brother from the other people that are in that place?" said Paudyeen.

"He had a long tooth in the very middle of his upper gum," says the king.

Paudyeen spat on his stick, struck the road, and it was not long till he came to the gate of hell. He struck a blow upon the gate which drove it in amongst the devils, and he himself walked in after it. When Belzibub saw him coming there came a fear on him, and he asked him what he was wanting.

"A brother of the King of Leinster is what I am wanting," says he.

"Well, pick him out," says Belzibub.

Paudyeen looked round him, but he found more than forty men who had a long tooth in the very middle of their upper gums.

"For fear I shouldn't have the right man," said Paudyeen, "I'll drive the whole lot of them with me, and the king can pick his brother out from among them."

He drove forty of them out before him, and never stopped till he came to the king's castle. Then he called the king and said to him, "Pick out your brother from these men."

When the king looked and saw the devils with horns on them, there was fear on him. He screamed to Paudyeen, and said, "Bring them back."

Paudyeen began beating them with his stick, till he sent them back to hell.

The king went to the Dall Glic and told him the thing Paudyeen did, and said to him, "You cannot tell me anything that he is not able to do, and you shall lose your head to-morrow morning."

"Give me another trial," says the Dall Glic, "and the Connachtman won't be long alive. Tell him to-morrow morning to teem the well that is before the castle. Let you have men ready, and when you get him down in the well, tell the men to throw down the millstone that is beside the wall on top of him, and that will kill him."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Go and teem that well in front of the castle, and as soon as you have that done I'll give you a new hat; that's a miserable old caubeen that's on you."

agus coruis as tarraing an uirge ardeac ann a beul, agus dá rgháirtead amad uair arís go raib an tobair ionnann agus tihm aise. Bí poinn beas i mbun an tobair nac raib taomta, agus cuair pátrais ríor le na tihmuiga. Táinig na ríir leir an gclóic móir mhuilinn agus caiteadair ríor ar mullaic páirín é. Bí an poll do bí i lár na cloice go díreac com mór le ceann páirín, agus faoil ré gur b' é an hata nuad do caic an ríis ríor cuise, agus glaoí ré ruar: "táim buideac díot, a máigirir, ar ron an hata nuad." Ann rin táinig ré ruar leir an gclóic mhuilinn ar a ceann. Bí b'íó mór aise ar an hata nuad. Bí iongantair ar a ríis agus ar h-uile duine eile, nuair connairc ríad páirín leir an gclóic mhuilinn ar a ceann.

Bí ríor as an ríis nac raib don maic do don níó eile do tabairt do páirín le deunam, agus duhairt ré leir, "ir tu an fearb-fóanta ir fearr do bí asam ariam; ní'l don níó eile asam duic le deunam, agus tar liom-ra, go dtugair mé do tuarparal duic. Ní'l m' ingean rean go leór le pórad, ac nuair a beirdear rí bliadain agus ríce o'aoir, tis leat i do beic asao."

"Ní'l o'ingean a' tearal uaim," ar páirín.

Tus an ríis é cum an círte, an áit a raib go leór óir, agus duhairt leir: "bain díot do hata nuad; agus téir ardeac 'ra' ríala."

"Go deimín, ní bainrío mé mo hata díom, b'íonn tura orm é," ar páirín, "beirdear ré com maic duic mo b'írte do bainc díom."

Ní raib an oirdeac óir agus a meadóca hata páirín, ac ríoruis an ríis leir as tabairt do dá mála óir. Cuir páirín ceann aca faoi gac arcall, fuair gheim air a maide, an hata nuad ar a ceann, agus ar go brát leir, tar cnocair agus gleannair, go dtáinig ré a-baile.

Nuair connairc daoine an baile páirín as teac leir an gclóic mhuilinn ar a ceann, bí iongantair mór orm; ac nuair connairc an mátaí an dá mála óir, buó beas náir cuic rí marb le lútgáire. Coruis páirín, agus cuir ré teac breas ar bun do réin, agus o'á mátaí. Rinne ré ceirte leir (leatanna) de 'n hata nuad, agus rinne cloca cúinne díob do 'n teac. Conghuis ré a mátaí mar mnaoi uairil go bfuair rí bár le rean-aoir, agus caic ré réin beata maic i ngráó Dé agus na gcomairan.

The king had the men ready to kill poor Paudyeen if they were able.

Paudyeen came to the brink of the well, and lay down with his mouth under, and began drawing the water into his mouth and spouting it out behind him until he had the well all as one as dry. There was a little quantity of water on the bottom of the well that was not teemed, and Paudyeen went down to dry it. The men came then with the great millstone, and threw it down on the top of Paudyeen. The hole that was in the middle of the stone was just as big as Paudyeen's head, and he thought it was the new hat the king had thrown down to him, and called up and said, "I'm thankful to you, master, for the new hat." Then he came up with the millstone on his head. He had great pride out of the new hat. There was wonder on the king and on every one else when they saw the millstone on his head.

The king knew that it was no use for him to give Paudyeen anything else to do, so he said to him, "You're the best servant that ever I had. I've nothing else for you to do, but come with me till I give you your wages. My daughter is not old enough to marry, but when she is one and twenty years of age you can have her."

"I do not want your daughter," said Paudyeen.

The king brought him then to the treasury, where there was plenty of gold, and said, "Take off your new hat and get into the scales."

"Indeed I won't take off my new hat; you gave it to me," said Paudyeen; "you might as well take off my breeches."

There was not as much gold as would weigh Paudyeen's hat, but the king settled with him by giving him two bags of gold. Paudyeen put one of them under each oxter [arm-pit], got hold of his stick—his new hat on his head—and off and away with him over hills and hollows till he came home.

When the people of the village saw Paudyeen coming with the millstone on his head, there was great wonder on them; but when the mother saw the two bags of gold, it was little but she fell dead with joy.

Paudyeen began working, and set up a fine house for himself and his mother. He made four parts of the new hat, and made corner-stones of them for the house. He kept his mother like a lady, until she died of old age; and he spent a good life himself, in the love of God and of the neighbors.

MALA NÉIRIN:

'Dá mbéirínn-re ari mÁLA Néirín
 'S mo céuto-ghrád le mo tÁoib;
 I r lÁgáC coirdeólamaoir i n-éinfeáC
 Mar an t-éinín ari an S-CPaoib;
 'Sé 'do béilín binn bhuáCpáC
 'Do meudaiS ari mo pían,
 ÁSúr coislaD ciúin ní feudoim,
 'So n-éusfao, fapaor!

'Dá mbéirínn-re ari na cuantaiB
 Mar buD duál 'dam, geobainn rPórc;
 Mo cáirde uile faoi buaiDpéaD
 ÁSúr Sruaim oirra gáC ló.
 Fíor-rSaiC na nSruaDgáC
 Fuair buaiD á' r clú annr gáC gleó,
 'S Súr b'é mo éiríde-rCig tá 'nna Sual Dub;
 ÁSúr bean mo tPuaighe ní'l beó.

Nac doibinn 'do na h-éinínib
 Á éirígear 'so h-áirD,
 'S á coisluigear i n-éinfeáC
 Ari don CPaoibín amáin;
 Ní mar rin 'dam féin
 Á' r 'do m' céuto míle ghráD,
 I r fáda ó na céile oirpáinn
 Éirígear gáC lÁ.

Cao é 'do bpeáCnuSáD ari na rPéarCaiB
 Tpat Cig teap ari an lÁ,
 Na ari an lán-mapa áS éiríge
 Le n-eyóan an éiríde áirD?
 Mar rúD bíor an té úD
 Á beir an-toil 'do 'h ghráD
 Mar CPánn ari mÁLA Pléide
 'Do tPéirSfao á bláC.

THE BROW OF NEFIN.

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

[“ Love Songs of Connacht.”]

Did I stand on the bald top of Néfin
 And my hundred-times loved one with me,
 We should nestle together as safe in
 Its shade as the birds on a tree.
 From your lips such a music is shaken,
 When you speak it awakens my pain,
 And my eyelids by sleep are forsaken,
 And I seek for my slumber in vain.

But were I on the fields of the ocean
 I should sport on its infinite room,
 I should plow through the billows' commotion
 Though my friends should look dark at my doom.
 For the flower of all maidens of magic
 Is beside me where'er I may be,
 And my heart like a coal is extinguished,
 Not a woman takes pity on me.

How well for the birds in all weather,
 They rise up on high in the air,
 And then sleep upon one bough together
 Without sorrow or trouble or care ;
 But so it is not in this world
 For myself and my thousand-times fair,
 For, away, far apart from each other,
 Each day rises barren and bare.

Say, what dost thou think of the heavens
 When the heat overmasters the day,
 Or what when the steam of the tide
 Rises up in the face of the bay ?
 Even so is the man who has given
 An inordinate love-gift away,
 Like a tree on a mountain all riven
 Without blossom or leaflet or spray.

AN LACHA DHEARG.

Sgríobh mé an sgeul so, focal ar fhocal, o bheul sean-mhná de mhuinntir Bhriain ag Cill-Aodáin, anaice le Coillte-mach i gcondaé Mhuigh-Eó.

An Uraoibhín.

Bhí rígh i n-Eirinn, fad ó shoin, agus bhí dá 'r 'éag mac aige. Agus ghabh sò amach lá ag siúbhal anaice le loch, agus chonnaire sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe. Bhí sí [ag] bualadh an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi, agus ag congabháil aoin cheann déag léithe féin.

Agus tháinig an rígh a-bhaile chuig a bhean féin, agus dubhairt sé léithe go bhfacaidh sé iongnadh mór andhiú, go bhfacaidh sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe, agus go raibh sí ag díbirt an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi. Agus dubhairt an bhean leis, “ní de thír ná de thalamh thú, nach bhfuil fhios agad gur gheall sí ceann do'n *Deachmhaidh* agus go raibh sí chomh cineálta agus go dtug sí amach an dá cheann déag.”

“Ní de thír ná de thalamh thú,” ar seisean, “tá dhá cheann déag de mhacaibh agam-sa, agus caithfidh ceann dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*.”

“Ní h-ionnann na daoine agus éanacha na genoc le chéile,” [ar sise].

Ghabh sé síos ann sin chuig an Sean-Dall Glic, agus dubhairt an Sean-Dall Glic nach ionnann daoine agus éanacha na genoc le chéile. Dubhairt an rígh go gcaithfidh ceann aca dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, “agus cad é an ceann,” ar seisean, “bhéarfas mé chuig an *Deachmhaidh*?”

“Tá do dhá-déag cloinne ag dul chum sgoile, agus abair leo lámh thabhairt i lámh a-chéile, dul chum sgoile, agus an chéad fhear aca bhéidheas 'san mbaile agad go dtiúbhraidh tú dinéar maith dhó, agus cuir an fear deiridh chum bealaigh ann sin.”

Rinne sé sin. An t-oidhre do bhí ar deireadh, agus níor fhéad sé an t-oidhre chur chum bealaigh.

Chuir sé amach ag tiomáint ann sin iad, seisean ar gach taoibh agus an taobh do bhí ag gnóthughadh, bhí sé ag tarraing fear [fir] uaithi, agus d'a thabhairt do'n taoibh do bhí ag cailleadh. Faoi dheireadh bhain aon fhear amháin an liathróid de'n aon fhear déag. Dubhairt an t-athair leis, ann sin, “a mhic,” ar seisean, “caithfidh tú dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*.”

“Ní rachaidh mise chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, a athair,” ar seisean

THE RED DUCK.

[Written down in Irish by Douglas Hyde at the dictation of an old woman in County Mayo, and translated from the French of G. Dottin by Charles Welsh.]

ONCE upon a time in Ireland, and a long time ago at that, there was a king who had twelve sons. He went one day to walk by the borders of a lake, and there he saw a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven of them she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

The King went home and told his wife that he had seen a very wonderful thing that day; that he had seen a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

His wife said, "You're neither of people or land. Do you know that she has promised one of her brood to the Deachmhaidh, and that the duck is of such a fine breed that she has hatched out twelve."

"*You're* neither of people or land," he replied. "I have twelve sons, and one of them must certainly go to the Deachmhaidh."

His wife answered him, "People and birds of the hillside are not the same thing."

Then he went to find the old blind diviner, and the old blind diviner told him that the people and the birds of the hillside were not the same.

The King told the old blind diviner that one out of his children must go to the Deachmhaidh. "And what I want to know," said he, "is which one shall I send to the Deachmhaidh."

"Your children are now going to school. Tell them to walk hand-in-hand as they go to school, and that you will give to him who shall be first in the house again a good dinner; and it will be the last one that you will be sending away."

He did so, but it was his son and heir who was the last one, and he couldn't think of sending his son and heir away. He then sent them to play a hurling match—six on one side and six on the other—and from the side which won he took one away and gave it to the side which lost. At last, a single one swept away the ball from the eleven others. Then he said to that one, "My son, it is you that will be going to the Deachmhaidh."

“tabhair dham costas, agus rachaidh mé ag féachain m’ fhortúin.”

D’imthigh sé ar maidin, agus bhí sé ag siúbhal go dtáinig an oidhche, agus casadh asteach i dteach beag é nach raibh ann acht sean-fhear, agus chuir sé failte roimh Réalandar mac righ Eireann. “Ní’l mall ort” [ar seisean leis an mac righ] “do shaidhbhreas do dheunamh amárach má tá aon mhaith ionnat id’ fowl-éiridh, [seilgire]. Ta inghean righ an Domhain-Shoir ag tigheacht chuig an loch beag sin shíos, amárach, agus níor tháinig si le seacht mbliadhnaibh roimhe; agus béidh da cheann déag de mhnaibh-coimhdeacht léithe. Teirigh i bhfolach ann san tseis go gcaithfidh siad a dá cheann déag de cochaill díobh. Leagfaidh sise a cochall féin leith-thaobh, mar tá [an oiread sin] d’ onóir innti, agus nuair gheobhas tusa amuigh ann san tsnámh iad, éirigh agus beir ar an geochall: Fillfidh sise, asteach ar ais, agus déarfaidh sí, “a mhic righ Eireann tabhair dham mo chochall.” Agus déarfaidh tusa nach dtiubhraidh [tú]. Agus déarfaidh sise leat, “muna dtugann tú ded’ dheóin go dtiubhraidh tú ded’ aimhdheóin é.” Abair léithe nach dtiubhraidh tú ded’ dheóin, na de d’ aimhdheóin dí é [muna ngeallann sí do phósadh]. Déarfaidh sí, ann sin, nach bhfuil sin le fágáil agad mur [=muna] n-aithnigheann tú í arís. Geóbhaidh siad amach uait ann san tsnámh arís, agus déanfaidh siad trí easconna déag díobh féin. Béidh sise ’na rubailín [ear, baillín] suarach ar uachtar; ní thig léithe bheith ar deireadh-mar tá onóir innti, agus béidh sí ag caint leat. Aithneóchaidh tú air sin í, agus abair go dtógfaidh tú í féin i gcómhnuidhe, an ceann a bhéidheas ag caint leat. Déarfaidh sise ann sin, “Caillte an sgeul, an fear thug a athair do’n Deachmhaidh aréir, geallamhain pósta ag inghin Righ an Domhain-Shoir andhiú air!”

[Dubhairt an mac righ leis an sean-fhear go ndéanfadh sé gach rud mar dubhairt sé leis. Chuaidh sé amach ar maidin chuig an loch agus thárla h-uile shórt go díreach mar dubhairt an sean-fhear.

Nuair bhí an bhean gnóthaighthe aige] d’imthigh an dá-r’eug cailín a-bhaile: Tharraing sise amach slaitín draoidheachta, agus bhuail sí ar dhá bhuachallán buidhe i, agus rinne sí dá chapall marcúigheachta dhíobh.

Bhí siad ag siúbhal ann sin, go dtáinig an oidhche, agus bhí sí ag teach *oncal* dí, ar dtuitim na h-oidhche. Agus dubhairt sí le mac righ Eireann eochair rúma na séad d’ iarraidh ar an *oncal*, agus go bhfuighfeadh sé í féin astigh ann san rúma roimhe. [Ní raibh fhios ag an *oncal*, go raibh sise ann, chor ar bith, agus shaoil sé gur ag iarraidh a inghine féin tháinig mac righ Eireann chuige.]

"I will not be going to the Deachmhaidh," said he. "Give me some money and I will go and make my fortune." He started off the next morning, and walked until it was night, and came to a little house where there was nobody but an old man, who welcomed Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland.

"It will be no delay of you," said he, to the son of the King, "to make your fortune to-morrow morning, if you are any good as a hunter of birds. The daughter of the King of the Eastern World is coming to the little lake you see down there to-morrow morning. She will have twelve women attendants with her. Hide yourself in the rushes until they throw down their twelve hoods and cloaks. The daughter of the King will throw her hood and cloak in a separate place from the rest; and when you see them go in to swim, jump up and take her hood and cloak. The Princess will come to the edge of the lake, and she will say, "Son of the King of Ireland, give me my hood and cloak." And you will tell her then that you will not; and she will say to you, "If you don't give it to me with a good will, you will give it to me with a bad will." Tell her that you will neither give it to her with a good will or a bad will, unless she will promise to marry you. She will then say, that you shall not have her, unless you can recognise her again.

Then she and her attendants will swim away, and they will be changed into thirteen eels. She will be the smallest and the meanest one, but she will lead, because she is a person of honor, and could not follow her train, and she will speak to you. You will recognize her again by this, and you will say that you will marry the eel who has spoken to you. Then she will say, "Oh, unhappy story, he whose father sent him to the Deachmhaidh last night, has to-day received a promise of marriage from the daughter of the King of the Eastern World."

The King's son told the wise old man that he would do all that he told him to do. The next morning he went to the lake, and everything happened as the wise old man had said.

When he had gained the daughter of the King of the Eastern World, the twelve attendants started for home. The Princess drew a magic wand and struck two tufts of yellow ragwort with it, and they were at once turned into two saddle-horses. They travelled on until night was coming, and when night came, they found themselves at the home of an uncle of hers. She told the son of the King of Ireland to ask her uncle for the key of the treasure chamber, and that he would find her in that chamber. The uncle did not know that

Fuair sé an eochair ó'n oncal, agus chuaidh sé asteach, agus fuair sé mar bean bhreágh astigh ann san rúma í. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir. D'iarr sí air, a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd. Rinne sé sin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann go maidin. Nuair tharraing sí amach an biorán ar maidin, dhúisigh sé, agus dubhairt sí leis go raibh fathach mór le marbhadh aige ar son inghine a h-oncail.

Ghabh sé amach chum na coille [ag iarraidh an fhathaigh]. "Fud, fad, féasog!" ar san fathach, "mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhréagaigh bhradaigh."

"Nár ba soirmid (?) bidh ná digh ort, a fhathaigh bhróich!"

"Cad é [is] fearr leat-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga no gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?"

"Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, 'n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spága mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar."

Rug an dias gaisgidheach ar a chéile, agus dá dtéidhfidhe ag amharc ar ghaisge ar bith ná ar chruadh-chómhraic, is orra rachá d'amharc. Dhéanfadh siad cruadhán de 'n bhogán agus bogán den chruadhán, agus tharróingadh siad toibreacha fíor-uisge tre lár na geloch glasa. [Bhí siad ag troid mar sin] gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaoite ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do'n fhathach do chuir go dtí na glúna é, agus an dara fásghadh go dtí an básta, agus an tríomhadh fásghadh go meall a bhrághaid go doimhin.

"Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!"

"Is fíor sin; seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna bhéarfais mé dhuit, acht spóráil m'anam dam."

"Do sheóide í láthair a bhodaigh!" "Bhéarfaidh mé cloidheamh solais a bhfuil faobhar an ghearrtha agus faobhar an bhearrtha [air agus] treas faobhar, teine 'na chúl, agus ceol ann a mhaide."

"Cia [chaoi] bhféachaidh mé mianach do chloidhímh?"

"Sin thall sean-smótán maide [ata ann sin] le bliadhain agus seacht gcéad bliadhan."

"Ni fheicim aon smóta 'san gcoill is mó chuir gráin orm 'na do shean-cheann féin." Bhuail sé i gcómhgar a chinn a bhinn agus a mhuinéill é. Bhain sé an ceann dé, gan meisge gan mearbhal: Chaith sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é.

she was there at all, but he thought it was in search of his own daughter the son of the King of Ireland had come.

He got the key from the uncle; he went in and found her in the chamber in the form of a beautiful woman. They talked together until supper time. She asked him to rest his head on her bosom; he did so, and she trust the pin of sleep into his head, until morning.

When she took out the pin he woke up, and she told him that he had a giant to kill because of her uncle's daughter.

He went out into the woods to seek the giant. "Fud fod fesòg," said the giant, "I smell the smell of a lying Irish rascal."

"May you be without the food and without the drink, you dirty giant."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, and where your heavy, ill-built hoofs shall be going to the bottom."

The two warriors then attacked each other, and if you would go to see the brave and the fierce fighting, it is there that you would go to see it. They made a hard place of a soft place and a soft place of a hard place, and they made wells of fresh water run over the gray flagstones. And so they went on fighting until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that he had no one who would keene over him if he died, nor who would lay him out or wake him.

Thereupon he gave the giant a terrible grip, and buried him into the ground up to his knees, and then another which buried him up to his waist, and then another which buried him deep up as far as the lump of the throat. "Now for a green turf over your head, giant."

"It is true. The treasures of the sons of the kings and lords I will give them to you, but spare my life."

"The treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you the sword of life, which has an edge to cut and an edge to raze, and a third edge of fire in the back, and music in the handle."

"How shall I try the temper of your sword?"

"There is an old block of wood which has been there for seven hundred years."

"I see no block in the wood which is more frightful than your head." He smote it at the point where the head joins the

“Is fíor sin,” ar san ceann, “da dtéidhinn suas ar an gcolainn arís, a raibh i n-Eirinn ní bhainfeadh siad anuas mé!”

“Is dona an ghaissgidheacht do rinne tú nuair bhí tu shuas!”

Tháinig sé abhaile [agus ceann an fhathaigh ann a láimh] agus dubhairt an t-oncal go raibh trian d’á inghin gnóthaighthe aige.

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh,” ar sé:

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin go dtí a chailín mná féin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann arís go d’ éirigh an la. Bhí dólás mór air nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé ar maidin dubhairt sí leis] “ta fathach eile le marbhadh agad, sin d’ obair andiú ar son inghine m’ oncail arís.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille, agus thainig an fear mór roimhe. “Fud, fad, féasóg! mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhradaigh bhréagaigh ar fud m’ fhóidín dúthaigh!”

“Ní Eireannach bradach ná bréagach mé, acht fear le ceart agus le cóir do bhaint asad-sa.”

“Cia fearr leat, caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga na gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?”

“Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, ’n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spágá mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar.”

Bhí siad ag troid ann sin gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaointe ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do’n fhathach go dtí na glúna, agus an dara fásghadh go di an basta, agus an tríomhadh fásghadh go dtí meall a bhrághaid ’san talamh.

“Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!”

“Is fíor sin, is tu an gaisgidheach is fearr d’á bhfacaidh mé riamh no d’á bhfeicfidh mé choidhche. Agus bhéarfaidh mé seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna dhuit, acht spóráil m’anam.”

“Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!”

“Bhéarfaidh mé each caol donn duit, bhéarfais naoi n-uaire ar an ngaoith roimpi, sul mbeiridh [sul do bheir] an ghaoth ’na diaigh aon uair amháin uirri.”

Thóg sé an cloidheamh agus chaith sé an ceann dé, agus chuir sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é le neart na buille sin.

“Ochón go deó?” ar san ceann, “dá bhfághainn dul suas ar an gcolainn arís, agus a bhfuil i n-Eirinn ní bhéarfadh siad anuas mé.”

neck. He cut off his head without error or mishap; he threw it nine ridges and nine furrows away from him.

"It is true," said the head, "if I could only join my body again, all that is in Ireland could never cut it off."

"It is a wretched business the feat you did perform when you were there." He went to the house with the head of the giant in his hand, and the uncle told him he had gained the third part of his daughter.

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went into the house and sat by the young girl, who again put the pin of sleep into his head until the dawn of day. He had great sorrow because he was not allowed to speak to her until the morning. When he woke up in the morning, she said to him, "You have another giant to kill; that is your task again for the daughter of my uncle."

He went to the wood to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the blood of a lying Irish rascal."

"I am neither lying nor a rascally Irishman, but a man who will make you do right and justice."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, where your heavy ill-built hoofs shall be going down."

They fought until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that there was no man to weep for his loss or to lay him out when he was dead. Thereupon he caught the giant in a grip, and forced him up to his knees into the earth; a second sent him in up to his waist, and a third up to the lump of his throat.

"A green turf over your head, giant!"

"It is true that you are the best fighter than I ever saw, or ever shall see, and I will give you the treasures of the sons of kings and lords, but spare my life."

"Give me the treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you my light-brown horse, which will beat the wind in swiftness nine times before the wind can beat him once."

He lifted the sword, cut off the giant's head, and by the force of the blow sent it nine ridges and nine furrows away.

"Alas, what luck," said the head; "if only I got on my body again, all that there is in Ireland could never take me down again."

“Budh bheag an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú, nuair bhí tú shuas uirri cheana!”

Tháinig sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal amach roimhe arís: “Ta dá dtrian de m’ inghin gnóthuighthe agad anocht.”

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh.”

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin ann san rúma, agus fuair sé a chailin mná féin roimhe, agus ní raibh bean ’san domhan budh bhreágh-dha ’ná i. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir, agus dubhairt sí leis tar éis an t-suipéir a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd, agus nuair rinne sé sin chuir sí biorán suain ann go maidin. Bhí sé trioblóideach nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé dubhairt sí leis.] “Tá fathach eile le marbhadh agad ar son inghine m’ oncail arís andiú, agus tá faitchios orm go bhfúighfidh tú cruaidh é seo. Acht seó coileáinín beag madaidh dhuit, agus leig amach faoi n-a chosaibh é, agus b’ éidir go dtiubhraidh sé congnamh beag duit. Agus amharc ar an meadhon-laé de’n lá, ar do ghualainn dheis, agus geobhaidh tú mise mo cholum geal, agus bhéarfaidh mé congnamh dhuit.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille agus tháinig an fathach mór chuige. “Ní mharbhóchaidh tú mise le do choinín gránna mar mharbh tú mo bheirt dhearbhráthar, a raibh fear aca cúig bliadhna agus fear aca seacht mbliadhna go leith.”

“Fuair mé garbh go leór iad sin féin,” ar sa mac rígh Eireann.

Ghabh siad de na sgeannaibh glasa í mbárr easnacha a-chéile, chuirfeadh siad cith teineadh d’á geroicionn arm agus éadaigh. Nuair tháinig an meadhon-laé, d’amharc sé ar a ghualainn dheis agus chonnaire sé an colum geal. Nuair chonnaire an fathach mór an colum, rinne sé seabhac dé féin, acht rinne sise trí meirrlíuin dí féin, de’n choileán, agus de mhac rígh Eireann, agus throid siad leis an seabhac ann san aer, agus thuirling siad ar an talamh arís. Dubhairt an fathach mór ann sin, “is tú an fear gan chéill, cad é ’n sórt *act-ál* atá agad, thú féin agus an dá ruidín gránna sin? Ní’l aon fhear le fághail le mise do mharbhadh acht Réalandar mac rígh Eireann.”

“Mise an fear sin.”

“Má’s tú é,” ar an fathach, “tarrnóchaidh [tarrongaidh] tú an cloidheamh so.” Sháith sé a chloidheamh asteach ’san gcarraig, agus dubhairt, “tarraing an cloidheamh so má ’s tú Réalandar.”

"It was a pretty small good you did when you were up there before."

He went to the house then, and the uncle came out to meet him, and said, "You have gained two-thirds of my daughter."

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went indoors then, and in the room he found his young girl before him, and there was no woman in the whole world who was more beautiful than she. They talked until supper-time, and after supper she told him to lay his head upon her breast, and when he had done so, she put the pin of sleep into his head until morning. He was vexed because he was not allowed to speak to her until morning.

When he was awake again, she said to him, "You have yet another giant to kill for the daughter of my uncle to-day, but I fear that it will be hard for you; but here is a little dog for you, let him follow at your heels, and it is possible that he may be of some use to you; and in the middle of the day look over your right shoulder; you will find me there in the form of a white dove, and I will bring you help."

He went to the wood, and the great giant came to him. "You will not kill me with your horrible little dog, as you have killed my two other brothers, one of whom was five years old and the other seven and a half."

"I found them, nevertheless, fierce enough," said the son of the King of Ireland. Then each of them plunged their gray steel knives at each other's sides, and they would send a rain of fire out of their skins, their arms and their clothes.

When the middle of the day came, he looked upon his right shoulder, and he saw the white dove. When the giant saw the dove he changed himself into a falcon; but she made three hawks, one of herself, one of the little dog, and one of the son of the King of Ireland, and they fought with the falcon in the air, until they came down to earth again.

"You are a fool," the great giant said then. "What joke are you playing me, you and those two wretched little things? The man that could kill me is not to be found, except Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland."

"I am that man!"

"If you are," said the giant, "you will pull out this sword."

He plunged his sword into a rock, and said, "Pull out the sword if you are Réalander."

Tharraing sé an cloidheamh, agus bhuaile sé an fathach mór leis, agus chaith sé an ceann dé. Bhí sé féin loite. Bhí gearradh mór faoi bhonn a chích' deas [deise]. Tharraing sí amach buideull beag iocshláinte, agus chneasaigh sí é. Chuaidh sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal roimhe.

"Tá m'inghean gnóthuighthe agad anocht."

"Ní buidheach díot-sa atá mise a bhodaigh."

Ghabh sé asteach ann a rúma féin, agus fuair sé a bhean astigh ann roimhe.

CAOINEAD NA TRI MUIRE.

[From Douglas Hyde's "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

RACAMAIOID CUM AN TRLÉIBE
 SO MOÉ AR MAIDIN AMÁRAIC;
 (Océon asur oc ón ó.)
 "A PEADAIR NA N-ABRTAL
 AN BPAICÉID TU MO GRÁD ZEAL ?"
 (Océon asur oc ón ó.)

"MAIREAD ! A MHAIGHEAN,
 CONNAIC ME AR BALL É;
 (Océon asur oc ón ó.)
 ASUR BÍ RÉ ZADÉTA SO CPUAID
 I LÁR A NÁMAID,"
 (Océon asur oc ón ó.)

"BÍ LUADÁR 'NA AICE
 ASUR IUS RÉ ZREIM LÁIM' AIR,"
 (Océon asur oc ón ó.)
 "MAIREAD A LÚADÁIR BPAIDAG
 CREUD DO MUNNE MO GRÁD OPT ?"
 (Océon asur oc ón ó.)

Literally: We shall go to the mountains early in the morning to-morrow, ochone and ochone, O! Peter of the apostles, did you see my white Love. Ochone and ochone, O!

Musha, O Mother, I did see him just now, ochone and ochone, O! And he was caught firmly in the midst of his enemies, ochone and ochone, O!

Judas was near him, and he took a hold of his hand, ochone, etc. "Musha, O vile Judas, what did my love do to you, ochone," etc.

He never did anything to child or infant, ochone, etc. And he put anger on his mother never, ochone, etc.

He pulled out the sword and smote the great giant, and cut off his head. He was wounded himself; he had a great cut above his right breast; she drew out a little bottle of balsam and cured him.

He went into the house then and the uncle said to him, "You have gained my daughter this evening."

"I am not at all grateful to you for it, you churl."

He went into his room and there found his wife before him.

THE KEENING OF THE THREE MARYS.

A Traditional Folk Ballad.

Taken down from O'Kearney, a schoolmaster near Belmullet, Co. Mayo.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

Let us go to the mountain

All early on the morrow.

(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Hast thou seen my bright darling,

O Peter, good apostle?"

(Ochone agus ochone, O!)*

"Aye! truly, O Mother,

Have I seen him lately,

(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Caught by his foemen,

They had bound him straitly."

(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Judas, as in friendship

Shook hands, to disarm him."

(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

O Judas! vile Judas!

My love did never harm him,

(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

* This is nearly in the curious wild metre of the original. "Agus," = "and," is pronounced "oegus." In another version of this piece, which I heard from my friend Michael MacRuaidhrigh, the *cur-fá* ran most curiously, *öch öch agus öch üch äñ*, after the first two lines. and *öch öch, agus, öch ön ö* after the next two. Thus:—

Leasáó anuap i n-uéó a mátar é

(Öc, öc, asur öc üc äñ)

Seáó a leic. a óá müiie asur caomisiúe.

(Öc öc, asur öc ön ö.)

"Ní dearmad ré ariamh
 Dada ar leanb ná páirte,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)
 Ašur níor éir ré fearš
 Ariamh ar a máctair,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

Nuair fuair na dearmain amad
 Šo mbuó i péin a máctair,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)
 Šóšadair fuar
 Ar a nguailnió šo h-áiró i;
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

Ašur buailleadair ríor
 Ar élocáib ná rráirde i
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 Éuair rí i laige
 Ašur bí a šlúna šearra
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

"Buailió mé péin
 Ašur ná bain le mo máctair."
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 "Buailrimió éu péin.
 Á'r marbócamaoio do máctair,"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

Štróiceadair an bhráig leó
 An lá rin ó n-a láctair,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 Aét do lean an maighean
 Iao ann ran bparac
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

"Cia an bean í rin
 'Náir n'óidaiš ann ran bparac ?"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 "Šo veimín má tá bean ar bit ann
 'Sí mo máctair,"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

They tore with them the captive, that day from her presence, ochone, etc. But the Virgin followed them, into the wilderness, ochone, etc.

What woman is that after us in the wilderness, ochone, etc. Indeed, if there is any woman in it, it is my mother, ochone, etc.

No child has he injured,
Not the babe in the cradle,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
Nor angered his mother
Since his birth in the stable.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons discovered
That she was his mother,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
They raised her on their shoulders,
The one with the other ;
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

And they cast her down fiercely
On the stones all forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
And she lay and she fainted
With her knees cut and torn.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

"For myself, ye may beat me,
But, oh, touch not my mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
"Yourself—we shall beat you,
But we'll slaughter your mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

They dragged him off captive,
And they left her tears flowing,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
But the Virgin pursued them,
Through the wilderness going.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

"Oh, who is yon woman ?
Through the waste comes another."
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
"If there comes any woman
It is surely my mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons found out that she herself was his mother, ochone, etc., they lifted her up upon their shoulders on high, ochone, etc.

And they smote her down upon the stones of the street, ochone, etc. She went into a faint, and her knees were cut, ochone, etc.

Beat myself, but do not touch my mother, ochone, etc. We shall beat yourself, and we shall kill your mother, ochone, etc.

"A Eóin, feuc, páigim ort
Cúram mo máthair,
(Oé ón aghur oé ón ó!)

Congbairis uaim í
Go gcríochnócaíó mé an páir reó,"
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó!)

Nuair éulaíó an máighean
An ceileabhráó cráíóte;
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó!)

Tug sí léim tair an ngráda
Aghur léim* go crann na páire
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó!)

Cia h-é an fear bheadh rin
Ar crann na páire
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó!)

An é nac n-aithnígeann tu
Do mac a máthair?
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó!)

An é rin mo leanó
A d'iomcáir mé trí páite;
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó!)

No an é rin an leanó
Do h-oilead i n-uéct máire?
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó!)

* * * * *

Caitheadar anuair é
Na ppólaibh geárrta
(Oéón aghur oé ón ó!)

"Sin eugáibh anoir é
Aghur caoinigíó d'ur páit air,"
(Oéón, aghur oé ón ó!)

Glaó ar na trí muire
Go gcaoinfimid ar ngráó geal
(Oéón, aghur oé ón ó!)

Tá do éirí mná-caointe
Le bheir fóir a máthair
(Oéón, aghur oé ón ó!)

Is that my child that I carried for three-quarters of a year, ochone, etc. Or is that the child that was reared in the bosom of Mary, ochone, etc.

O Owen (*i.e.*, John) see, I leave to thee the care of my mother, ochone, etc. Keep her from me until I finish this passion, ochone, etc.

When the Virgin heard the sorrowful notes, ochone, etc. She gave a leap past the guard, and the second leap to the tree of the passion, ochone, etc.

"O John, care her, keep her,
Who comes in this fashion,"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

But oh, hold her from me
Till I finish this passion."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

When the Virgin had heard him
And his sorrowful saying,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

She sprang past his keepers
To the tree of his slaying.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"What fine man hangs there
In the dust and the smother?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"And do you not know him?
He is your son, O Mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Oh, is that the child whom
I bore in this bosom,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Or is that the child who
Was Mary's fresh blossom?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

They cast him down from them,
A mass of limbs bleeding.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"There now he is for you,
Now go and be keening."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Go call the three Marys
Till we keene him forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

O mother, thy keeners
Are yet to be born,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Who is that fine man on the tree of the passion, ochone, etc. Is it that you do not recognise your son. O mother, ochone, etc.

They threw him down [a mass of] cut limbs, ochone, etc. There he is for you now, and keene your enough over him, ochone, etc.

Call the three Marys until we keene our bright love, ochone, etc. Thy share of woman-keepers are yet to be born, ochone, etc.

Thou shalt be with me yet in the garden of Paradise, ochone, etc. Until thou be a . . . (?) woman in the bright city of the graces, ochone, and ochone, etc.

Béir tu liom-ra
 So fóil i ngáirdeín pánnatair;
 (Océon agus oc ón ó !)
 So raib tu do bean iomrád (?)
 I gcátair gíl na ngrára
 (Océon agus oc ón ó !)

Tobar muipe:

A b'ead ó fóin do bí tobar beannaighe i mBaile an tobair,* i gconradé muiḡ eó. Bí mainirctir ann ran áit a b'fuil an tobar anoir, agus ir ar lorg alcóra na mainircthe do b'ir an tobar amac. Bí an mainirctir ar tairib énuic, áit nuair táinig Críomail agus a cuir rḡroraodóir cum na tíre reó, leasadar an mainirctir, agus níor fásgadar cloé of cionn cloíde de'n alcóir náir éait-eadar ríor.

Buadain ó'n lá do leasadar an alcóir, 'ré rin lá féil muipe 'ran earrac, 'reao b'ir an tobar amac ar lorg na h-alcóra, agus ir iongantac an ruo le ráo nac raib b'raon uirge ann ran rruet do bí ag bun an énuic ó'n lá do b'ir an tobar amac.

Bí brátair boct ag dul na rúge an lá ceudna, agus éuair ré ar a beatac le paroir do ráo ar lorg na h-alcóra beannaighe, agus bí iongantar móir air nuair éonnairc re tobar breag ann a h-áit. Éuair ré ar a glúnaib agus éoraig ré ag ráo a páirce nuair éuair ré guct ag ráo, "cuir díot do b'róga, tá tu ar tairam beannaighe, tá tu ar b'ruac Tobar muipe, agus tá léigear na mílte caoc ann. Béir duine léigeara le uirge an tobair rin anaḡair gac uile duine d'éirt airmuon i láir na h-alcóra do bí ann ran áit ann a b'fuil an tobar anoir, má bíonn ríao tumta trí h-uair ann, i n-ainm an áir an míc agus an Spioraid Naóim."

Nuair bí a páirceaca ráirte ag an mb'ráir d'feuc ré ruar

* This is not the Roscommon Ballintubber, celebrated for the ancient castle of the O'Conors, which is called in Irish "Baile-an-tobair Uí Chonchubhair," or "O'Connor's Ballintubber," but a place near the middle of the County Mayo, celebrated for its splendid abbey, founded by one of the Mac a' Mhilidhs, a name taken by the Stauntons [Mac-a-Veely, i.e., "son of the warrior," now pronounced so that no remains of any vulgar Irish sound may cling to it, as "Mac Evilly"]. The prophecy is current in Mayo that when the abbey is re-roofed Ireland shall be free. My

Thyself shall come with me
Into Paradise garden.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

To a fair place in heaven
At the side of thy darling.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

MARY'S WELL.

A Religious Folk Tale.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

[Taken down from Próinsias O'Conchubhair.]

Long ago there was a blessed well in Ballintubber (*i.e.*, town of the well),* in the County Mayo. There was once a monastery in the place where the well is now, and it was on the spot where stood the altar of the monastery that the well broke out. The monastery was on the side of a hill, but when Cromwell and his band of destroyers came to this county, they overthrew the monastery, and never left stone on top of stone in the altar that they did not throw down.

A year from the day that they threw down the altar—that was Lady Day in spring—the well broke out on the site of the altar, and it is a wonderful thing to say, but there was not one drop of water in the stream that was at the foot of the hill from the day that the well broke out.

There was a poor friar going the road the same day, and he went out of his way to say a prayer upon the site of the blessed altar, and there was great wonder on him when he saw a fine well in its place. He fell on his knees and began to say his paternoster, when he heard a voice saying: "Put off your brogues, you are upon blessed ground, you are on the brink of Mary's Well, and there is the curing of thousands of blind in it; there shall be a person cured by the water of that well for every person who heard Mass in front of the altar that was in the place where the well is now, if they be dipped three times in it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

When the friar had his prayers said, he looked up and

friend, Colonel Maurice Moore, told me that when he was a young boy he often wondered why the people did not roof the abbey and so free Ireland without any more trouble. The tomb of the notorious Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest hunter, which is not far from it, is still pointed out by the people. It is probably he who is the "spy" in this story, though his name is not mentioned.

asur connaire colum móir gléiseal ar éiríonn súbair i ngar dó: buo h-i an colum do bí as caint. Bí an brádaire gleurta i n-eudaigib-bhéige, mar bí luac ar a ceann, com móir asur do bí ar ceann maorpa-alla.

Ar éaoi ar bit ó'fuaasair pé an rgeul do daoine an baile bis, asur níor bfaoda go ndéadair pé trío an tír. Buo boet an áit i, asur ní raib déct boctáin as na daoine, asur iad líonta le deatac. Ar an ábhar rin bí cur máit de daoine caoča ann. Le clappólar, lá ar na márac, bí or cionn dá fíctio daoine ann, as tobar Mhuirne, asur ní raib fear ná bean aca nac dtáinig ar air le maorpa maít.

Cuair clú tobair Mhuirne trío an tír, asur níor bfaoda go raib oileteada ó gac uile condaé as teact go Tobar Mhuirne, asur ní deadaí don neac aca ar air gan beít léigeara; asur faoi ceann tamail do bídeat daoine ar tíoráib eile féin, as teact go dtí Tobar Mhuirne.

Bí fear mí-creitmeac 'na cómnairde i ngar do baile-an-tobair. Duine uaral do bí ann, asur níor creit pé i léigear an tobair beannaigste. Dubairt pé nac raib ann déct pírtreóga, asur le magad do deunam ar na daoine tug pé arall dall do bí aige cum an tobair asur cum a ceann faoi an uirge. Fuair an t-arall maorpa, déct tugad an magadóir a-baile com dall le bun do bhóige.

Faoi ceann bliadna tuir pé amac go raib ragaire as obair mar gárdadóir as an duine-uaral do bí dall. Bí an ragaire gleurta mar fear-oibre, asur ní raib fíor as duine ar bit go mbuo ragaire do bí ann. Don lá amáin bí an duine uaral bheoíte asur o'iar pé ar a fearbhóganca é do tabairt amac 'ran ngáirí. Nuair táinig pé cum na h-áite a raib an ragaire as obair, fuir pé fíor: "Nac móir an truaas é," ar reiréan, "nac dtis liom mo gáirí bheas o'feiceál!"

Glac an gárdadóir truaas dó asur dubairt, "Tá fíor asam cá bfuil fear do léigreócaí tu, déct tá luac ar a ceann mar geall ar a creitmeac."

"Beirim-pé m'focal nac ndéunair míre ríreadóireact air asur íocair mé go maít é ar ron a trídóirí," ar ran duine uaral.

"Déct b'éoir náir maít leat dul trío an trlige-ríanaigste atá aige," ar ran gárdadóir.

"Ír cuma liom cia an trlige atá aige má tugann pé mo maorpa dam," ar ran duine uaral.

Anoir, bí oróc-clú ar an duine-uaral, mar bpaít pé a lán de

saw a large white dove upon a fir tree near him. It was the dove who was speaking. The friar was dressed in false clothes, because there was a price on his head, as great as on the head of a wild-dog.

At any rate he proclaimed the story to the people of the little village, and it was not long till it went out through the country. It was a poor place, and the people in it had nothing [to live in] but huts, and these filled with smoke. On that account there were a great many weak-eyed people amongst them. With the dawn, on the next day, there were about forty people at Mary's Well, and there was never man nor woman of them but came back with good sight.

The fame of Mary's Well went through the country, and it was not long till there were pilgrims from every county coming to it, and nobody went back without being cured; and at the end of a little time even people from other countries used to be coming to it.

There was an unbeliever living near Mary's Well. It was a gentleman he was, and he did not believe in the cure. He said there was nothing in it but pishtrogues (charms), and to make a mock of the people he brought a blind ass, that he had, to the well, and he dipped its head under the water. The ass got its sight, but the scoffer was brought home as blind as the sole of your shoe.

At the end of a year it so happened that there was a priest working as a gardener with the gentleman who was blind. The priest was dressed like a workman, and nobody at all knew that it was a priest who was in it. One day the gentleman was sickly, and he asked his servant to take him out into the garden. When he came to the place where the priest was working he sat down. "Isn't it a great pity," says he, "that I cannot see my fine garden?"

The gardener took compassion on him, and said, "I know where there is a man who would cure you, but there is a price on his head on account of his religion."

"I give my word that I'll do no spying on him, and I'll pay him well for his trouble," said the gentleman.

"But perhaps you would not like to go through the mode-of-curing that he has," says the gardener.

"I don't care what mode he has, if he gives me my sight," said the gentleman.

Now, the gentleman had an evil character, because he

fasaíraibh roimhe rin; Bingsam an t-ainm do bí ari. Ar éadai ar bit glac an fasaíra meirnead agus dubhairt, “Bíod do cóirte réir ar maidin amárach, agus tiomáiníod mife tu go dtí áit do léigir, ní tís le cóirteoir ná le don duine eile beir i láthair aet mife, agus ná h-innir o’don duine ar bit cá bfuil tu as dul, no fíor cad é do gnaite (gnó).”

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, bí cóirte Bingsam réir, agus cuairt ré réim arteaé, leir an nsaíradóir o’á tiomáint. “Fan, tura, ann fan mbaile an t-am ro,” ar ré leir an g-cóirteoir, “agus tiomáiníod an gáíradóir mé.” Bí an cóirteoir ’na bíteamnac, agus bí éud ari, agus glac ré pún go mbeirdead ré as faire na cóirte, le fágail amac cia an áit faib riad le dul. Bí a gfeur beannaigíte as an fasaíra, taob-arciú de’n eudac eile. Nuair tángadar go Tobar Mhuirí dubhairt an fasaíra leir, “Ír fasaíra mife, tá mé dul le do riadac o’fágail duic ’fan áit ar éail tu é.” Ann rin cum ré tri uaire ann fan tobar é, i n-ainm an átar an míc agus an Spioraid Naoim, agus táinig a riadac eirge com maic agus bí ré ariam.

“Beiríad mé ceud púnt duic,” ar ra Bingsam, “com luat agus riáfar mé a-baile.”

Bí an cóirteoir as faire, agus com luat agus connaire ré an fasaíra ann a gfeur beannaigíte, cuairt ré go luat an dligte agus bpaic ré an fasaíra. Do gabad agus do cpoead é san bpeiteam san bpeiteamnar. O’feudrad an fear do bí tar eir a riadac o’fágail ar ari, an fasaíra do fadrad, aet níor labair ré focal ar a fon.

Timéioll miopa ’na díais reó, táinig fasaíra eile go Bingsam agus é gfeurta mar gáíradóir, agus o’iari ré obair ar Bingsam agus fuair uairt í. Aet ní faib ré a bpad ann a feirbír go dtárla oíoc-pud do Bingsam. Cuairt ré amac don lá amáin as riúbal trío na páirceannaib, agus do carad cailín mairead, iníean fíri boicé, ari, agus pinne ré marluíad uirri, agus o’fás leat-mairb í. Bí triúir deapbrádar as an gcailín, agus túsadar mionna go marbócad riad é com luat agus geobairí gheim ari. Ní faib a bpad le fanamaint aca. Gabadar é fan áit ceudna ar marlaig ré an cailín, agus cpoadar é ar ériann, agus o’fágadar ann rin é ’na cpoead.

Ar maidin, an lá ar na márac, bí milliúiníod de míoltógaib cpiunniigíte, mar énoc móir, timéioll an ériann, agus níor feud duine ar bit dul anaice leir, mar gail ar an mbolad bpeán do bí timéioll na h-áite, agus duine ar bit do riadad anaice leir, do dailírad na míoltóga é.

betrayed a number of priests before that. Bingham was the name that was on him. However, the priest took courage, and said, "Let your coach be ready on to-morrow morning, and I will drive you to the place of the cure; neither coachman nor anyone else may be present but myself, and do not tell to anyone at all where you are going, or give anyone a knowledge of what is your business."

On the morning of the next day Bingham's coach was ready, and he himself got into it, with the gardener driving him. "Do you remain at home this time," says he to the coachman, "and the gardener will drive me." The coachman was a villain, and there was jealousy on him. He conceived the idea of watching the coach to see what way they were to go. His blessed vestments were on the priest, inside of his other clothes. When they came to Mary's Well the priest said to him, "I am going to get back your sight for you in the place where you lost it." Then he dipped him three times in the well, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and his sight came to him as well as ever it was.

"I'll give you a hundred pounds," said Bingham, "as soon as I go home."

The coachman was watching, and as soon as he saw the priest in his blessed vestments, he went to the people of the law, and betrayed the priest. He was taken and hanged, without judge, without judgment. The man who was after getting back his sight could have saved the priest, but he did not speak a word in his behalf.

About a month after this, another priest came to Bingham, and he dressed like a gardener, and he asked work of Bingham, and got it from him; but he was not long in his service until an evil thing happened to Bingham. He went out one day walking through his fields, and there met him a good-looking girl, the daughter of a poor man, and he assaulted her, and left her half dead. The girl had three brothers, and they took an oath that they would kill him as soon as they could get hold of him. They had not long to wait. They caught him in the same place where he assaulted the girl, and hanged him on a tree, and left him there hanging.

On the morning of the next day millions of flies were gathered like a great hill round about the tree, and nobody could go near it on account of the foul smell that was round the place, and, anyone who would go near it, the midges would blind him.

Tairis bean ašur mac Bingham ceud púnt d'aon duine do béarfao an corp amac. Rinne cuid maic daoine iarrfaio air rin do deunam, aet níor feutoadar. Fuair ríad púdar le cratao ar na míoltógaib, ašur zeuga ciann le na mbualao, aet níor feutoadar a ršarao, ná toul com fada leir an zeann. Bí an breuntar an éiríse níor meara, ašur bí eašla ar na cómarpannaib zo tciubrao na míoltóga ašur an corp breun pláig orra.

Bí an dapa ršaric 'na gárdaoir aš Bingham 'ran am ro, aet ni raib fíor aš luēt an tige sur ršaric do hí ann. óir da mbeir-eao fíor aš luēt an tige no aš na rširdeaooirib, do geobao ríad ašur do éroefao ríad é. Cuair na Catoileis zo bean Bingham ašur duðaraoar léi zo raib eolar aca ar duine do díbreóao na míoltóga. "Tadair eugam é," ar rípe, "ašur má'r fíorir leir na míoltóga do díbiric ni h-é an duair rin geobar re aet a reaoet n-oríeao.

"Aet," ar ríad-ran, "dā mbeir' fíor aš luēt-an-tige ašur dā ngabaoaoir é, do éroefaoaoir é, mar éroē ríad an fear do fuair raðare a fúl ar air do." "Aet," ar rípe, "nac breuofao pé na míoltóga do díbiric san fíor aš luēt-an-tige?"

"Ní'l fíor ašainn," ar ríad-ran, "zo nglacpamaoir cómairle leir."

An oirde rin glacaoar cómairle leir an ršaric, ašur d'innir ríad do cao duðairic bean Bingham.

"Ní'l ašam aet beata faogalta le cáilleamaint," ar ran ršaric, "ašur béarfaio mé i ar ron na ndaoine boēt, óir béir pláig ann ran tír muna zeuirfíor mé díbiric ar na míoltógaib. Ar maidin amarao, béir iarrfaio ašam i n-ainm Dé iao do díbiric, ašur cá muinigin ašam ašur dóēoar i nDia zo rábálfaio pé mé ó mo cuid námao. Téir cuig an bean-uairil anoir, ašur abair léi zo mbéir mé i nšar do'n ériann le h-éiríse na zríne ar maidin amarao, ašur abair léi ríi do beir péir aici leir an zeorp do cup 'ran uais."

Cuair ríad cum na mná-uairle, ašur d'innir ríad ví an méao duðairic an ršaric.

"Mā éiríseann leir," ar rípe, "béir an duair péir ašam do, ašur ordoaoir mé móir-feiríar fear do beir i láair."

Cair an ršaric an oirde rin i n-upnaigēib, ašur leat-uairííom éiríse na zríne cuair pé cum na h-áite a raib a gleur beann-aigēe i bpolaē. Cuir pé rin air, ašur le cpoir ann a leat-láim ašur le uirge coirreagēa ann ran láim eile, cuair pé cum na h-áite a raib na míoltóga. Toraig pé ann rin aš léigēao ar a leabair ašur aš cratao uirge coirreagēa ar na míoltógaib, i n-

Bingham's wife and son offered a hundred pounds to anyone who would bring out the body. A good many people made an effort to do that, but they were not able. They got dust to shake on the flies, and boughs of trees to beat them with, but they were not able to scatter them, nor to go as far as the tree. The foul smell was getting worse, and the neighbours were afraid that the flies and noisome corpse would bring a plague upon them.

The second priest was at this time a gardener with Bingham, but the people of the house did not know that it was a priest who was in it, for if the people of the law or the spies knew they would take and hang him. The Catholics went to Bingham's wife and told her that they knew a man who would banish the flies. "Bring him to me," said she, "and if he is able to banish the flies, that is not the reward he'll get, but seven times as much."

"But," said they, "if the people of the law knew, they would take him and hang him, as they hung the man who got back the sight of his eyes for him before." "But," said she, "could not he banish the flies without the knowledge of the people of the law?"

"We don't know," said they, "until we take counsel with him."

That night they took counsel with the priest and told him what Bingham's wife said.

"I have only an earthly life to lose," said the priest, "and I shall give it up for the sake of the poor people, for there will be a plague in the country unless I banish the flies. On to-morrow morning I shall make an attempt to banish them in the name of God, and I have hope and confidence in God that he will save me from my enemies. Go to the lady now, and tell her that I shall be near the tree at sunrise to-morrow morning, and tell her to have men ready to put the corpse in the grave."

They went to the lady and told her all the priest said.

"If it succeeds with him," said she, "I shall have the reward ready for him, and I shall order seven men to be present."

The priest spent that night in prayer, and half an hour before sunrise he went to the place where his blessed vestments were hidden: he put these on, and with a cross in one hand, and with holy water in the other, he went to the place where were the flies. He then began reading out of his book and

ainm an Achar an Mic agus an Spioraid Naoim. D'éirigh an cnoc míoltóg, agus d'éitill ríad ruar 'ran aér, agus funneadar an rpeirí com d'orda leir an oirde. Ní raib fíor as na daoimib eia an áit a n'eadadar, áit faoi ceann leat-uairíe ní raib ceann díob le feiceál (feicrint).

Bí lútgáiríe móir ar na daoimib, áit níor b'fada go b'fadadar an rpeiríe dóir as teacé, agus glaoib ríad ar an ragarit iut leir com tapa a'p bí ann. Eus an ragarit do na boinn agus lean an rpeiríeadóir é, agus r'gian ann gac láim aige. Nuair náir feut pé teacé ruar leir, áit pé an r'gian 'na diais. Nuair bí an r'gian as dul ear gualain an r'garit, cuir pé a lám éle ruar, agus gab pé an r'gian, agus áit pé an r'gian ar air gan féadaint taob fíar de. Buail pí an fear, agus cuair pí trió a éiríde, gur áit pé marb, agus d'iméig an r'garit raor.

Fuair na fíar coirp Bingham, agus cuiríedar ann ran uais é, áit nuair cuadar coirp an rpeiríeadóir do cur, fuairíedar na mílte de lúdgáib móra timéoil air, agus ní raib gheim feóla ar a cnámáib nac raib ite aca. Ní coirpócad ríad de'n coirp agus níor feut na daoine iad do ruasá, agus b'éigín díob na cnámá d'fásgáil of cionn talman.

Cuir an r'garit a g'eir beannaighe i b'olac, agus do bí as obair 'ran n'garída nuair cuir bean Bingham fíor air, agus d'iar air an buair do glacad ar ron na míoltóga do díbirí, agus i do tabairt do'n fear do díbirí iad má bí eólar aige air.

"Tá eólar agam air, agus duairíe pé liom an buair do tabairt eiríe anocht, mar tá rún aige an tír d'fásgáil ríal má g'coiríad lúct an olíge é."

"Seó duit í," ar ríre, agus feadair pí r'porán dír do.

Ar maoin, lá ar na márac, d'iméig an r'garit go coir na fíaríge; fuair pé long do bí as dul cum na f'raince, cuair pé ar borí, agus com lúat agus d'fás pé an euan cuir pé air a eudais r'garit, agus eus buiríeáir do Dia faoi n-a tabairt raor. Ní'l fíor agann ead tárla do 'na diais rin.

Tar éir rin do bíeá doaine d'alla agus caocá as tigeacé go Tobarí Mhuirí, agus níor fill don duine aca ariam ar air gan a beir léigearca. Áit ní raib ruo maíe ar bíe ariam ann ran tír reo, ná millíeá le duine éigín, agus millíeá an tobarí, mar ro:

scattering holy-water on the flies, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The hill of flies rose, and flew up into the air, and made the heaven as dark as night. The people did not know where they went, but at the end of half an hour there was not one of them to be seen.

There was great joy on the people, but it was not long till they saw the spy coming, and they called to the priest to run away as quick as it was in him to run. The priest gave to the butts* (took to his heels), and the spy followed him, and a knife in each hand with him. When he was not able to come up with the priest he flung the knife after him. As the knife was flying out past the priest's shoulder he put up his left hand and caught it, and without ever looking behind him he flung it back. It struck the man and went through his heart, so that he fell dead and the priest went free.

The people got the body of Bingham and buried it in the grave, but when they went to bury the body of the spy they found thousands of rats round about it, and there was not a morsel of flesh on his bones that they had not eaten. The rats would not stir from the body, and the people were not able to hunt them away, so that they had to leave the bones overground.

The priest hid away his blessed vestments and was working in the garden when Bingham's wife sent for him, and told him to take the reward that was for banishing the flies, and to give it to the man who banished them, if he knew him.

"I do know him, and he told me to bring him the reward to-night, because he has the intention of leaving the country before the law-people hang him."

"Here it is for you," said she, and she handed him a purse of gold.

On the morning of the next day the priest went to the brink of the sea, and found a ship that was going to France. He went on board, and as soon as he had left the harbor he put his priest's clothes on him, and gave thanks to God for bringing him safe. We do not know what happened to him from that out.

After that, blind and sore-eyed people used to be coming to Mary's Well, and not a person of them ever returned without being cured. But there never yet was anything good in this country that was not spoilt by somebody, and the well was spoilt in this way.

* This is the absurd way the people of Connacht translate it when talking English. "Bonn" means both "sole" (of foot) and "butt."

Bí cailín i mBaile-an-tobair, agus bí sí ar tí beic póirta, nuair táinig sean-bean caoic cuici agus iarraidh déirce i n-onóir do Dáa agus do Mhuir:

“Ní’l don fuo agus le tabairt do sean-caochán caillice, tá mé boðadaghte aca,” ar fan cailín:

“Ná raib fainne an póirta ort a-choirde go mbéid tu com caoic a’r tá mire,” ar fan sean-trean-bean.

Ar maidin, lá ar na máraic, bí síle an cailín ois nimneac, agus ar maidin ’na diais rin bí sí beag-naic dall, agus duibairt na cómaranna go mbuó dóir bí dul go Tobair Mhuir:

Ar maidin go moic, déirce sí, agus cuaid sí cum an tobair, aic creud déircead sí ann aic an trean-bean déirce an déirce uirri ’na fuide agus buac an tobair, agus ciarad a cinn or cionn an tobair beannaghte.

“Léir-rigior ort, a cailleac gránna, an agus palacac Tobair Mhuir aca tu?” ar fan cailín; “iméig leat no buirpí mé do muineul.”

“Ní’l don onóir ná mear agus ar Dáa ná ar Mhuir, déirce tu déirce do tabairt i n-onóir doib, ar an dáobair rin ni cumraic tu tu péin ’fan tobair.”

Fuair an cailín greim ar an scaillic, agus feudaint i do rreacailt ó’n tobair, aic leir an rreacailt do bí eatorra do cuic an beir arceac fan tobair agus báitead iad:

O’n lá rin go dtí an lá ro ni raib don léigear ann fan tobair:

* * * *

There was a girl in Ballintubber and she was about to be married, when there came a half-blind old woman to her asking alms in the honor of God and Mary.

"I've nothing to give to an old blind-thing of a hag, it's bothered with them I am," said the girl.

"That the wedding ring may never go on you until you are as blind as I am," said the old woman.

Next day, in the morning, the young girl's eyes were sore, and the morning after that she was nearly blind, and the neighbours said to her that she ought to go to Mary's Well.

In the morning, early, she rose up and went to the well, but what should she see at it but the old woman who asked the alms of her, sitting on the brink, combing her head over the blessed well.

"Destruction on you, you nasty hag, is it dirtying Mary's Well you are?" said the girl; "get out of that or I'll break your neck."

"You have no honor nor regard for God or Mary, you refused to give alms in honor of them, and for that reason you shall not dip yourself in the well."

The girl caught a hold of the hag, trying to pull her from the well, and with the dragging that was between them, the two of them fell into the well and were drowned.

From that day to this there has been no cure in the well.

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muire agus naoim ioseph:

naé naoiméa do bí naoim léreþ
 íluair þór ré Muire mátair?
 naé é do fuaill an tabairtar
 'Do b' fearr 'ná an raogal áide [Ádam]?

Ómúltaiþ ré do'n ór buide
 Ásur do'n érom do bí áz Óaibi,
 Ásur b' fearr leir beir áz treóruþað
 Ásur áz múnad an eólaír do Mhuire mátair:

Lá amáin ó'd maib an cúpla
 Áz riúðal ann ran nḡáirvín,
 mearḡ na reiríní cúbairéa,
 bláé úbia, ásur áiríníde:

Do cuir Muire dúil ionnta
 Ásur énuḡ rí leó, i látair,
 O volað breáḡ na n-úball
 Uní ḡo cúbairéa veair ó'n áirí-ruḡ:

Ann rin do labair an Mhaisḡdean
 De'n cómráð bí fann,
 "Dain dam na reóir rin
 Tá áz fáir ar an ḡcraann:

* Now ill-called "Caldwell" in English.

+ *Literally*: Is it not holy that St. Joseph was when he married Mary Mother; is it not that he got the gift that was better than Adam's world? He refused the yellow gold and the crown that David had had, and he preferred to be guiding and showing the way to Mary Mother. One day that the couple were walking in the garden among the fragrant cherries, apple-blossoms and sloes, Mary conceived a desire for them, and fancied them at once, [enticed] by the fine scent of the apples that were fragrant and nice from the High King [*i.e.*, God]. Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was feeble, "Pluck for me yon jewels which are growing on the tree. Pluck me enough of them, for I am weak and faint, and the works of the King of the graces are growing beneath my bosom." Then spake St. Joseph with utterance that was stout, "I shall not pluck thee the jewels, and I like not thy child. Call upon his father, it is he you may be stiff with." Then stirred Jesus blessedly beneath her bosom. Then spake Jesus holily, "Bend low in her presence, O tree." The tree bowed down to her in their

MARY AND ST. JOSEPH.

From Michael Rogers and Martin O'Calally,* in Erris Co. Mayo.—
DOUGLAS HYDE.

Holy was good St. Joseph
When marrying Mary Mother,
Surely his lot was happy,
Happy beyond all other.†

Refusing red gold laid down,
And the crown by David worn,
With Mary to be abiding
And guiding her steps forlorn.

One day that the twain were talking,
And walking through gardens early,
Where cherries were redly growing,
And blossoms were growing rarely,

Mary the fruit desired,
For faint and tired she panted,
At the scent on the breezes' wing
Of the fruit that the King had planted.

Then spake to Joseph the Virgin,
All weary and faint and low,
"O pull me yon smiling cherries
That fair on the tree do grow,

presence, without delay, and she got the desire of her inner-heart quite directly off the tree. Then spake St. Joseph, and cast himself upon the ground, "Go home, O Mary, and lie upon thy couch, until I go to Jerusalem doing penance for my sin." Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was blessed. "I shall not go home, and I shall not lie upon my couch, but you have forgiveness to find from the King of the graces for your sins."

Three months from that day, the blessed child was born, there came three kings making adoration before the child. Three months from that night the blessed child was born in their cold bleak stable between a bullock and an ass.

Then spake the Virgin softly and sensibly, "O Son of the King of the friends, in what way shalt thou be on the world?"

"I shall be on Thursday, and I sold to my enemy, and I shall be on Friday a sieve [full] of holes with the nails. My head shall be on the top of a spike, and the blood of my heart on the middle of the street, and a spear of venom going through my heart with contempt upon that day."

"Bain dam mo fáil áca
 Oir tá me las fann,*
 A'r cá oibheada m'is na ngráda
 As fár faoi mo bhoim."

Ann rin do labair Naomh Ioseph
 De'n cómhád bí teann,
 "Ni bainfid mé duit na reoda
 A'r ni h-aill liom do éilinn"

"Glaod ar a'tair ó do lein
 Ir air ir cóir duit beir teann"
 Ann rin do corruis íora
 So beannaighe faoi na bhoim

Ann rin do labair íora
 So naomda faoi na bhoim
 "Írtis go h-írioll
 Ann a fíadnuire a éirinn"

D'ámlaig an eirinn ríor dí
 Ann a fíadnuire san máill;
 Agus fuaire sí mian a croid-e-rtis
 Glain-oipead ó'n gcrann:

Ann rin do labair Naomh Ioseph
 Agus éir é féin ar an talam;
 "Sab a-baile a Mháire
 Agus luir ar do leabuir;
 So dtéir mé go h-Iaruralem
 As deunam aicruge ann mo peacair."

Ann rin do labair an Mhaighdean
 De'n cómhád bí beannuighe,
 "Ni pacair mé a-baile
 A'r ni luirfid mé ar mo leabuir;
 Aet tá maiteamnar le páigil asao
 Ó m'is na ngráda ann do peacair."

* * * * *

* "Ann a g-caill" dubairt Mac na Ruairdís, aet dubairt an Callaoilead
 "las fann" tá me ann a g-caill = "Teartuigheann uaim iat."

"For feeble I am and weary,
And my steps are but faint and slow,
And the works of the King of the graces
I feel within me grow."

Then out spake the good St. Joseph,
And stoutly indeed spake he,
"I shall not pluck thee one cherry,
Who art unfaithful to me.

"Let him come fetch you the cherries,
Who is dearer than I to thee."
Then Jesus hearing St. Joseph,
Thus spake to the stately tree,

"Bend low in her gracious presence,
Stoop down to herself, O tree,
That my mother herself may pluck thee,
And take thy burden from thee."

Then the great tree lowered her branches
At hearing the high command,
And she plucked the fruit that it offered,
Herself with her gentle hand.

Loud shouted the good St. Joseph,
He cast himself on the ground,
"Go home and forgive me, Mary,
To Jerusalem I am bound;
I must go to the holy city,
And confess my sin profound."*

Then out spake the gentle Mary,
She spake with a gentle voice,
"I shall not go home, O Joseph,
But I bid thee at heart rejoice,
For the King of Heaven shall pardon
The sin that was not of choice."

* * * * *

* These six-line verses are alien to the spirit of the Irish Language, and probably arise from the first half of the next quatrain being forgotten.

Tá mí ó'n lá rin
 Rugaó an leanó beannuighe,
 Thainis na tui iughe
 As deunam aómaighe do'n leanó.

Tá mí ó'n oirde rin
 Rugaó an leanó beannuighe,
 Ann a rtabla fuar feannta
 Eirir bulán agus arata

Ann rin do labair an mairgean
 So ciún agus so céillíde,
 "A míc iug na scaird
 Cía 'n nór mbéir tu ar an t-aois?"

"Béir mé Diairdoin
 Agus mé díolta as mo námaid,
 Agus béir me Dia hAoine
 Mo éiríar poll as na táirríde

Béir mo ceann i mbáir ríce
 'S fuil mo éiríde i láir na ríraide,
 'S an t-éirí nime dul t-éirí mo éiríde
 Le ríraide an lá rin.

Three months from that self-same morning,
The blessed child was born,
Three kings did journey to worship
That babe from the land of the morn.

Three months from that very evening,
He was born there in a manger,
With asses, and kine and bullocks,
In the strange, cold place of a stranger.

To her child said the Virgin softly,
Softly she spake and wisely,
"Dear Son of the King of Heaven,
Say what may in life betide Thee."

[THE BABE.]

"I shall be upon Thursday, Mother,
Betrayed and sold to the foeman,
And pierced like a sieve on Friday,
With nails by the Jew and Roman.

On the streets shall my heart's blood flow,
And my head on a spike be planted,
And a spear through my side shall go,
Till death at the last be granted.

Then thunders shall roar with lightnings,
And a storm over earth come sweeping,
The lights shall be quenched in the heavens
And the sun and the moon be weeping.
While angels shall stand around me,
With music and joy and gladness,
As I open the road to Heaven,
That was lost by the first man's madness."

* * * * *

Christ built that road into heaven,
In spite of the Death and Devil,
Let us when we leave the world
Be ready by it to travel.

naom peadair:

Chualaidh phrionnar O Conchubair, i m'bl'at-Luain, an rgeul ro ó fean-
mnaoi dár b' ainm bhrígo ní chataraig ó bhaile-bá-abain i gconrad
shligis, agus fuair mife uair-pean é.

Ann ran am a faib Naom Peadair agus ár Slánuigteoiri as
riubal na tíre, ir iomda iongantar do tairbeán a Mháigirtir dó,
agus dá mbuó duine eile do bí ann, d'feicfead leat an oirio, ir
dóig go mbeidead a dóctar ar a Mháigirtir níor láirpe 'ná bí
dóctar pheadair.

Don lá amáin do bíodar as teact ar teac go baile-mór agus
do bí fear-ceoil leat ar meirge 'na fuidhe ar tairpe an dóctair
agus é as iarrair d'éirce. Thug ár Slánuigteoiri píora airgid
dó ar ngabail tairpe dó: Bhí iongantar ar pheadair faoi rin, óir
dubairt ré leir féin "Ir iomda duine boct do bí i n-eapbuid móir,
d'éirig mo máigirtir, aet anoir tug ré d'éirce do'n fear-ceoil reó
atá ar meirge. Aet b' éirir," ar ré leir féin, "b'éirir go bfuil
dúil aise ran gceól."

Do bí fíor as ár Slánuigteoiri cread do bí i n-inntinn
pheadair, aet níor labairt ré focal d'a tairpe:

An lá ar n-a márac do bíodar as riubal air, agus do capad
brádaí boct orra, agus é cnom leir an doir, agus beas-nac
noctta: D'iarir ré d'éirce ar ár Slánuigteoiri, aet ní tug Seirpan
don airto air, agus níor freasair Sé a imirde:

"Sin nio eile nac bfuil ceart," ar ra Naom Peadair ann a
inntinn féin; bí eagla air labairt leir an Máigirtir d'a tairpe,
aet bí ré as cailleanaint a dhóctair gac uile lá:

An tmaóna ceudna bíodar as teact go baile eile nuair
capad fear dall orra, agus é as iarrair d'éirce: Chuir ár
Slánuigteoiri caint air agus dubairt "creud tá uair?"

"Luac lóirtin oirde, luac fuir le n'ite, agus an oirpead agus
beirdear as teartál uaim amárac; má tig leat-ra a tabairt dam,
geobaid tu cúitiugad móir, agus cúitiugad nac bfuil le págail
ar an traogail brónac ro."

"Ir maí i do caint," ar ran Tigearna, "aet ní'l tu aet as
iarrair mo meallad, ní'l eapbuid luac-lóirtin ná fuir le n'ite
oir, tá óir agus airgid ann do póca, agus buó éoir duit do
buidéadar do tabairt do Dhia faoi do díol go lá do beir asad."

Ní faib fíor as an Dall gur b'é ár Slánuigteoiri do bí as caint
leir, agus dúbairt ré leir: "Ní reanmóira aet d'éirce atá mé
iarrair, ir cinnte mé dá mbeidead fíor asad go faib óir ná

SAINT PETER.

A Folk Story.

An old woman named Biddy Casey, from near Riverstown, in the Co. Sligo, told this story to O'Connor in Athlone, from whom I got it.—
DOUGLAS HYDE [in *Religious Songs of Connacht*.]

At the time that Saint Peter and our Saviour were walking the country, many was the marvel that his Master showed him, and if it had been another person who was in it, and who had seen half as much, no doubt his confidence in his Master would have been stronger than that of Peter.

One day they were entering a town, and there was a musician sitting half drunk on the side of the road and he asking for alms. Our Saviour gave him a piece of money, going by of him. There came wonder on Peter at that, for he said to himself, "Many's the poor man in great want that my Master refused, but now He has given alms to this drunken musician; but perhaps," says he to himself, "perhaps He likes music."

Our Saviour knew what was in Peter's mind, but He did not speak a word about it.

On the next day they were journeying again and a poor friar (*sic*) met them, and he bowed down with age and almost naked. He asked our Saviour for alms, but He took no notice of him, and did not answer his request.

"There's another thing that's not right," said Peter in his own mind. He was afraid to speak to his Master about it, but he was losing his confidence in Him every day.

The same evening they were approaching another village when a blind man met them and he asking alms. Our Saviour talked with him and said, "What do you want?" "The price of a night's lodging, the price of something to eat, and as much as I shall want to-morrow; if you can give it to me you shall get great recompense, and recompense that is not to be found in this sorrowful world."

"Good is your talk," said the Lord, "but you are only seeking to deceive me? you are in no want of the price of a lodging or of anything to eat; you have gold and silver in your pocket; and you ought to give thanks to God for your having enough (to do you) till (next) day."

The blind man did not know that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, and he said to him, "It is not sermons,

αιρσιον αςαμ σο μβαινφά υιον έ, 'εγχα' λεατ* ανοιρ, ni τεαρ-
τσιγεανν το εαινε υαιμ."

"Σο θεμιν ιρ υι-εέλλιθε αν φεαρ ετ, " αρ παν Τιγεαρνα, " ni
βείρ όρ nά αιρσιον αςαο ι βραο," αςυρ leiρ rin ο'φάς πέ αν θαλλ.

Όνι πεαοαρ ας έιρτεαετ leiρ αν ζκομπάο, αςυρ bi ούιλ αιγε α
innφεαετ το'η θαλλ ζυρ μβυρ έ άρ Slánuigθεοιρ το bi ας caint
leiρ, αετ ni βφuaiρ πέ αον φαλλ. αετ το bi φεαρ ειλε ας έιρτεαετ
nuair ουβαιρτ άρ Slánuigθεοιρ σο παιβ όρ αςυρ αιρσιον ας αν
θαλλ. Όυρ ρζμοραοόιρ millτεαε το bi ann, αετ το bi φιορ αιγε
nάρ inniρ άρ Slánuigθεοιρ αον βρευζ αριαμ. Chom luat αςυρ bi
Seiréan αςυρ Naom Πεαοαρ imtigte, éainis αν ρζμοραοόιρ cum
αν θαλλ αςυρ ουβαιρτ leiρ, "Ταβαιρ όαμ το εуро όιρ αςυρ
αιρσιο, no cuirφeao ρζian επέ το έροιθε."

"Ni' έ όρ nά αιρσιον αςαμ" αρ παν θαλλ, "οά mbeiθεαο, ni
βειοίνν ας ιαρραιο θείρεε."

αετ leiρ rin το φuaiρ αν ρζμοραοόιρ ζρεim αιρ, το εуиρ φαοι
έ, αςυρ το βαιν θε αν μέαο το bi αιγε. Το ζάιρ αςυρ το ρζρεαο
αν θαλλ εом h-άπο αςυρ ο'φευο πέ, αςυρ εuaiaρ άρ Slánuig-
θεοιρ αςυρ Πεαοαρ έ.

"Τά ευςόιρ ο'ά νευnam αρ αν θαλλ," αρρα Πεαοαρ:

"φάς σο φeallταε, αςυρ imτεόαιρ πέ αν εαοι εευона, ζαν
caint αρ lά αν βρειτεамнайρ," αρ άρ Slánuigθεοιρ.

"Τυιζιμ εт, ni' έ αон φυο ι βπολαε uait α Mháiγiρτιρ," αρρα
Πεαοαρ.

Αн lά 'na θιαίς rin το biθεαοαρ ας ριύβαλ coiρ φάραις, αςυρ
éainis leóman éioφac amac. "Ανοιρ α φρεαοαρ," αρ άρ
Slánuigθεοιρ, "ιρ minic αουβαιρτ εт σο ζcailφeά το βeατα αρ
mo φon, ανοιρ τεиγς αςυρ табайр εт φéи το'η leóman αςυρ
imτεόαιρ mipe ραορ."

Όο ρmuáin Πεαοαρ αιγε φéи αςυρ ουβαιρτ, "b'φeapiρ liom bάρ
αρ biε ειλε ο'φάζail 'nά leiγint το leóman m'ite; támaoio cop-
luat αςυρ εiς linn φиt uaiρ, αςυρ má φeicim έ ας τεαετ ρуар
linn φanφaiρ μέ αρ θεиρεαο, αςυρ εiς λεατ-ρα imτεαετ ραορ."

"βίοο μαρ rin," αρ άρ Slánuigθεοιρ:

Όο leiς αν leóman ρζρεαο, αςυρ αρ σο бпát leiρ 'na nθiaίς,
αςυρ niop бpaαο σο παιβ πέ ας βπειт oppa, αςυρ ι βpозар υόιθ.

"φan ρiaiρ α φρεαοαρ," αρ αν Slánuigθεοιρ, αετ leiς Πεαοαρ
aiρ φéи nάε ζcualaρ πέ focal, αςυρ ο'iméiς πέ amac φoiм α
Mháiγiρτιρ. Όiompaiς ан Τιγεαρна αρ α εύл αςυρ ουβαιρτ πέ
leiρ ан leóman, "Teиγς αρ αιρ σο oтi ан φάpac," αςυρ φinne
ié amlaρ.

* "εγχα λεατ" = "iméiς λεατ," "amac λεατ," no φυο θε'η επόиe rin. Ό'έροιρ
ζυρ "εуиge λεατ" буο éoiρ το βeиt ann, 7 εуиг ан Όeaman!"

but alms, I am looking for. I am certain that if you did know that there was gold or silver about me, you would take it from me. Get off now; I don't want your talk.

"Indeed, you are a senseless man," said the Lord; "you will not have gold or silver long," and with that He left him.

Saint Peter was listening to the discourse, and he had a wish to tell the blind man that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, but he got no opportunity. But there was another man listening when our Saviour said that the blind man had gold and silver. It was a wicked robber who was in it; but he knew that our Saviour never told a lie. As soon as He and Saint Peter were gone, this robber came to the blind man, and said to him, "Give me your gold and silver, or I'll put a knife through your heart."

"I have no gold or silver," said the blind man; "if I had I wouldn't be looking for alms." But with that the robber caught hold of him, put him under him, and took from him all he had. The blind man shouted and screamed as loud as he was able, and our Saviour and Peter heard him.

"There's wrong being done to the blind man," said Peter.

"Get treacherously and it will go the same way," said our Saviour, "not to speak of the Day of Judgment."

"I understand you; there is nothing hid from you, Master," said Peter.

The day after that they were journeying by a desert, and a greedy lion came out. "Now, Peter," said our Saviour, "you often said that you would lose your life for Me; go now and give yourself to the lion, and I shall escape safe."

Peter thought to himself and said, "I would sooner meet any other death than let a lion eat me; we are swift-footed and we can run from him, and if I see him coming up with us I will remain behind, and you can escape safe."

"Let it be so," said our Saviour.

The lion gave a roar, and off and away with him after them, and it was not long till he was gaining on them, and close up to them.

"Remain behind, Peter," said our Saviour; but Peter let on that he never heard a word, and went running out before his Master. The Lord turned round and said to the lion, "Go back to the desert," and so he did.

Peter looked behind him, and when he saw the lion going back, he stood till our Saviour came up with him.

D'feuc̃ Peardar̃ taob-ḡiar̃ dē, aḡur̃ nuair̃ connaiḡe ré an leóm̃an aḡ doul ar̃ air̃ do fear̃ ré zo ṽtáinis̃ ar̃ Slánuig̃teoir̃ ruar̃ leir̃. “A Peardar̃,” ar̃ Sé, “d'fás̃ tu mé i mbaog̃al, aḡur̃—puo buð̃ mearã 'nā rin,—d'innir̃ tu bḡeug̃a.”

“Rinne mé rin,” ar̃ Peardar̃, “mar̃ bī fīor̃ aḡam zo bḡuil cūmaet̃ aḡao or̃ cionñ ḡac̃ nīð, ni h-é amáin ar̃ leóm̃an an fār̃-aig̃.”

“Coir̃ḡ do beul, aḡur̃ nā bī aḡ innḡeact̃ bḡeug̃, ni ḡair̃ fīor̃ aḡao aḡur̃ dā bḡeicefā mé i mbaog̃al amáḡac̃ do ḡr̃eig̃ḡeā mé air̃, tā fīor̃ aḡam ar̃ ḡmuaintib̃ do ḡḡoir̃de.”

“Nīor̃ ḡmuaiñ mé aḡiam̃ zo nḡearḡair̃ tu doñ nīð nac̃ ḡair̃ ceair̃,” ar̃-ḡa Peardar̃.

“Sin bḡeug̃ eile,” ar̃ ar̃ Slánuig̃teoir̃: “Nac̃ cuim̃in leat̃ an lā do ḡug̃ mé d̃eir̃c̃ do'n fear̃-ceoil̃ do bī leat̃ ar̃ meir̃ḡe, bī ionḡant̃ar̃ or̃t̃ aḡur̃ duḡair̃t̃ tu leat̃ f̃eiñ ḡur̃ iom̃da duine boet̃ do bī i n-ear̃buir̃ m̃oir̃ d'̃eic̃ig̃ mé, aḡur̃ zo ṽtug̃ mé d̃eir̃c̃ do fear̃ do bī ar̃ meir̃ḡe mar̃ bī d̃uul̃ aḡam i ḡceól̃. An lā 'na d̃iaig̃ riñ d'̃eic̃ig̃ mé an fear̃an-bḡáḡair̃, aḡur̃ duḡair̃t̃ tu nac̃ ḡair̃ an nīð riñ ceair̃t̃. An ḡraet̃ñona ceud̃na ip̃ cuim̃in leat̃ cḡeud̃ t̃áḡla i ṽtaoib̃ an d̃aill̃. Mineoḡair̃ mé anoir̃ d̃uit̃ caõ fāt̃ ḡinnear̃ mar̃ riñ. Rinne an fear̃an-ceoil̃ nīor̃ m̃o d̃e m̃air̃ 'nā ḡinne f̃ice bḡáḡar̃ d'ā f̃oir̃c̃ ó ḡuḡaõ iaõ. Shābāil̃ ré anam̃ caill̃in ó ḡian-tair̃ ip̃riñ. Dhī ear̃buir̃ boinñ air̃ḡio uir̃ḡu aḡur̃ bī ḡi aḡ d̃oul peac̃ad̃ mar̃b̃t̃ac̃ do d̃eunam̃ le na f̃āḡail̃, aet̃ ṽḡim̃ir̃ḡ an fear̃an-ceoil̃ i, ḡug̃ ré an bonñ d̃i, cīð zo ḡair̃ ear̃buir̃ d̃iḡe air̃ f̃eiñ an t-am̃ ceud̃na: Mair̃oir̃ leir̃ an m̃bḡáḡair̃, ni ḡair̃ doñ ear̃buir̃ air̃-f̃eañ, cīð zo bḡuair̃ ré ainm̃ bḡáḡar̃ buð̃ ḡall̃ d̃e'ñ d̃iaḡal̃ é; aḡur̃ riñ é an fāt̃ nac̃ ṽtug̃ mé doñ áir̃o air̃. Mair̃oir̃ leir̃ an d̃aill̃, do bī a d̃Onia anñ a ḡóca, d̃iḡ ip̃ f̃iōr̃ an fear̃an-f̃ocal̃, “an áit̃ a bḡuil̃ do ḡir̃t̃e b̃eir̃o do ḡḡoir̃de l̃eí.”

Seal̃ ḡearḡ 'na d̃iaig̃ riñ duḡair̃t̃ Peardar̃, “A Mh̃áig̃ir̃t̃ir̃, tā eólar̃ aḡao ar̃ na ḡmuaintib̃ ip̃ uair̃ḡiḡe i ḡḡoir̃de an duine, aḡur̃ d'̃ñ ñóim̃io reõ amac̃ ḡeill̃im̃ d̃uit̃ anñ ḡac̃ nīð.”

Tim̃eóil̃ react̃m̃aine 'na d̃iaig̃-riñ do b̃iōdar̃ aḡ ḡiḡbal̃ ḡre ḡñoḡair̃ aḡur̃ ḡl̃eib̃tib̃, aḡur̃ caill̃eodar̃ an beal̃ac̃. Le tuic̃im̃ na h-oir̃dẽ t̃áinig̃ teim̃neac̃ aḡur̃ ṽḡim̃neac̃ aḡur̃ fear̃ḡḡaiñ ḡrom̃. Dhī an oir̃dẽ c̃om̃ d̃or̃ca riñ nāḡi fear̃oḡdar̃ c̃or̃án caor̃ac̃ d'̃f̃eiceál̃. Thuit̃ Peardar̃ anag̃air̃ car̃ḡair̃ḡe aḡur̃ loit̃ ré a c̃or̃ c̃om̃ d̃ona riñ nāḡi fear̃õ ré coir̃c̃eim̃ do ḡiḡbal̃.

Chonnair̃c̃ ar̃ Slánuig̃teoir̃ ḡolur̃ beaḡ f̃aoĩ buñ c̃nuic̃; aḡur̃ duḡair̃t̃ Sé le Peardar̃, “f̃añ mar̃ tā tu aḡur̃ ḡac̃air̃ m̃ire aḡ ṽḡḡir̃ḡeact̃ conḡnaim̃ le d'̃iom̃c̃ar̃.”

"Peter," said He, "you left me in danger, and, what was worse than that, you told lies."

"I did that," said Peter, "because I knew that you have power over everything, not alone over the lion of the wilderness."

"Silence your mouth, and do not be telling lies; you did *not* know, and if you were to see Me in danger to-morrow you would forsake Me again. I know the thoughts of your heart."

"I never thought that you did anything that was not right," said Peter.

"That is another lie," said our Saviour; "do you not remember the day that I gave alms to the musician who was half drunk, there was wonder on you, and you said to yourself that many's the poor man in great want whom I refused, and that I gave alms to a drunken man because I liked music. The day after that I refused the old friar, and you said that that was not right; and the same evening you remember what happened about the blind man. I will explain to you now why I acted like that. That musician did more good than twenty friars of his sort since ever they were born. He saved a girl's soul from the pain of hell. She wanted a piece of money and was going to commit a deadly sin to get it, but the musician prevented her, and gave her the piece of money, though he himself was in want of a drink at the same time. As for the friar, he was not in want at all; although he had the name of friar, he was a limb of the devil, and that was why I paid him no heed. As for the blind man, his God was in his pocket, for the old word is true, "Where your store is, your heart will be with it." "

A short time after that Peter said, "Master, you have a knowledge of the most lonesome thoughts in the heart of man, and from this moment out I submit to you in everything."

About a week after that they were traveling through hills and mountains, and they lost their way. With the fall of night there came lightning, thunder, and heavy rain. The night was so dark they could not see a sheep's path. Peter fell against a rock and hurt his foot so badly that he was not able to walk a step.

Our Saviour saw a little light under the foot of a hill, and He said to Peter, "Remain where you are, and I will go to seek help to carry you."

"There is no help to be found in this wild place," said Peter, "and don't leave me here in danger by myself."

"Be it so," said our Saviour, and with that He gave a whistle,

“Ní'l don cónnam le fágaíl ann ran áit fíadán reo,” ar Peadaar, “agus ná leis ann ro mé i mbaogáil liom féin.”

“Díod mar rin,” ar ár Slánuigíteoir, agus leir rin do leis ré feao, agus táinig ceathrar fear, agus cia bí 'na caircín oirra áct an fear do rígnor an dall real noime rin. D'aicníg ré ár Slánuigíteoir agus Peadaar, agus dubairt ré le n-a cúro fear Peadaar d'iomcár go cúramac go dtí an áit-cóinnuise do bí aca amearg na gcnoc. “Chuir an beirt reo,” ar ré, “óir agus airt-gíod ann mo bealaic-ra real gearr ó fóin.”

D'iomcáir ríad Peadaar go dtí feompa faoi éalam; bí teine bpeáig ann, agus cúipeadar an fear loitte i ngar dí, agus tugadar deoic dó. Thuit ré ann a cóblaic agus do rinne ár Slánuigíteoir loig na cpoire le n-a méar, or cionn na loite, agus nuair d'uirig ré d'feuo ré riúbal cóm maic agus d'feuo ré nam. Dhí iongantar air, nuair d'uirig ré, agus d'fíarfuig ré creuo do bain dó. D'innir ár Slánuigíteoir dó gac nio mar éarla.

“Shaoil mé,” ar ra Peadaar, “go raib mé marb agus go raib mé ruar as doirur flaitir, áct níor feuo mé dul ardeac mar bí an doirur dnuirte, agus ní raib doirreoir le fágaíl.”

“Airtlig do bí asao” ar ár Slánuigíteoir, “áct ir fíor i; tá an flaitear dnuirte agus ní'l ré le beic forgaile go bpeáig mipe bár ar ron peacair an cine daonna, do cuir fearg ar m'ácar. Ní bár coitcionnta áct bár náipeac geobar mé, áct éipeócar mé air go glóimhar agus foirgeólar mé an flaitear do bí dnuirte, agus beir túra do doirreoir!”

“Óra, a Mháigirtir,” ar ra Peadaar, “ní féidir go bfuigtea bár náipeac, nac leigfeá dam-ra bár fágaíl ar do fon-ra, tá mé réir agus toiteannac.”

“Saoileann tu rin,” ar ár Slánuigíteoir:

Thainig an t-am a raib ár Slánuigíteoir le bár fágaíl: An trachóna noime rin bí ré féin agus an dá abrtal deus as reire; nuair dubairt ré, “tá fear asuib as dul mo bpat.” Dhí trioblóir mór oirra agus dubairt gac don aca “an mipe é?” Áct dubairt Seirean, “an té tumar le n-a láim ann ran méir liom, ir é rin an fear bpaicpear mé.”

Dubairt Peadaar ann rin, “dá mberdear an domhan iomlán i d'asair,” ar Seirean, “ní beir mipe i d'asair,” áct dubairt ár Slánuigíteoir leir, “put má goirteann an Coileac anocht ceitiró (feunfair) tu mé trí h-uair.”

“Do geobainn bár put má ceitpinn tu,” ar ra Peadaar, “go veimín ní ceitfeao tu.”

and there came four men; and who was captain of them but the person who robbed the blind man a while before that! He recognised our Saviour and Peter, and told his men to carry Peter carefully to the dwelling-place they had among the hills; "these two put gold and silver in my way a short time ago," said he.

They carried Peter into a chamber under the ground. There was a fine fire in it, and they put the wounded man near it, and gave him a drink. He fell asleep, and our Saviour made the sign of the cross with his finger above the wound, and when he awoke he was able to walk as well as ever. There was wonder on him when he awoke, and he asked "what happened to him." Our Saviour told him each thing, and how it occurred.

"I thought," said Peter, "that I was dead, and that I was up at the gate of heaven; but I could not get in, for the door was shut, and there was no doorkeeper to be found."

"It was a vision you had," said our Saviour, "but it is true. Heaven is shut, and is not to be opened until I die for the sin of the human race, who put anger on My Father. It is not a common, but a shameful, death I shall get; but I shall rise again gloriously, and open the heaven that was shut, and you shall be doorkeeper."

"Ora! Master," said Peter, "it cannot be that you would get a shameful death; would you not allow me to die for you; I am ready and willing."

"You think that," said our Saviour.

The time came when our Saviour was to get death. The evening before that He himself and His twelve disciples were at supper, when He said, "There is a man of you going to betray me." There was great trouble on them, and each of them said, "Am I he?" But He said, "He who dips with his hand in the dish with Me, he is the man who shall betray Me."

Peter then said, "If the whole world were against you, I will not be against you." But our Saviour said to him, "Before the cock crows to-night you will reneague (deny) Me three times."

"I would die before I would reneague you," said Peter; "indeed I shall not reneague you."

When death-judgment was passed upon our Saviour, His enemies were beating Him and spitting on Him. Peter was

Nuair tugadh breitheamhar bair ar ar Slánuigheoir, bí a cuir nármao d'á bualaio agus as caiaio rmuuairle air. Bhí Peardair amuig ann ran scuairt, nuair táinig cailín-aimprie cuise agus dubhairt leir "bí tuar le hÍora." "Níl fíor agam," ar ra Peardair, "caio é tá tu ráio."

Nuair bí ré as dul amac an seata, ann rin, dubhairt cailín eile, "rin fear do bí le hÍora," áit tug reirean a mionna nac raib eolair ar bit aise air. Ann rin dubhairt cuio de na daoimib do bí as éirteáit, "níl amhar ar bit nac raib tu leir, aicnigimio ar do áint é." Thug ré na mionnaio móra ann rin, náir leir é, agus ar ball do glaoio an coileac, agus cuimnig ré ann rin ar na poclairib dubhairt ar Slánuigheoir, agus do fil ré na deora aicnighe, agus fuair re maiteamhar ó'n té do ceil ré. Tá eocraia flaitir aise anoir, agus má fileann rinne na deora aicnighe raoi n-áir loctairib mar do fil reirean iao, geobamario maiteamhar mar fuair reirean é, agus cuirfio ré ceo míle fáilte ríomhainn; nuair raiair rinne so doirur flaitir.

outside in the court, when there came a servant-girl to him and said to him, "You were with Jesus." "I don't know," says Peter, "what you are saying."

Then when he was going out the gate another girl said, "There's the man who was with Jesus," but he took his oath that he had no knowledge at all of Him. Then some of the people who were listening said, "There is no doubt at all but you were with Him; we know it by your talk." He took the great oaths then that he was not with Him. And on the spot the cock crew, and then he remembered the words our Saviour said, and he wept the tears of repentance, and he found forgiveness from Him whom he denied. He has the keys of heaven now, and if we shed the tears of repentance for our faults, as he shed them, we shall find forgiveness as he found it, and he will welcome us with a hundred thousand welcomes when we go to the door of heaven.

MAR TÁINIS AN T-SAINTE ANNSAN EAGLAIS.*

Uí an slánúigtheoiri agus Naomh Peadar as rparir-deoráct trathóna, agus do carad rean-fear oirra: Uí an tuine boct rin go dona, ní raib ari aet ceirceada agus rean-cóta rtróicte, agus san fiú na mbíodg faoi n-a coraib. O'iarri ré déiric ari an oTigearna agus ari Naomh Peadar. Uí truaig as Peadar do an donán boct agus faoil ré go rtiúbhrao an Tigearna ruo éigin do. Aet níor éur an Tigearna don truum ann, aet o'imtíg re éurir san rreagairt éabairt do: Uí iongantar ari rreadar faoi rin, óir faoil ré go rtiúbhrao an Tigearna do gac aindeir-eoiri a raib oirar ari, aet bí raicéior ari don nuó do ráo.

An lá ari na márac bí an Tigearna agus Peadar as rparir-deoráct ariir ari an mbótar ceurona, agus cia o'feirceao ráo as teact 'na gcoinne ann ran gceart-aic ann a raib an rean-fear boct an lá roime rin aet riobáilrde agus cloirdeam nocta aige ann a láim: Tháinig ré eua agus o'iarri ré ariarao oirra. Thuas an Tigearna an t-aiaarao do san focal do ráo, agus o'imtíg an riobáilrde: Uí iongantar dúbalta ari rreadar ann rin, óir faoil ré go raib an iomarcuio meirnis as ari oTigearna aiaarao do éabairt do gairuio ar raicéior: Nuair bí an Tigearna agus Peadar imtígte tamall beas ari an mbótar níor feuo Peadar san ceirt do éur ari: “Nac móir an rgeul a Thigearna” ari ré “nac rruas tu raom do'n donán boct o'iarri déiric oir anóe, aet go rruas tu aiaarao do'n bíceamnac gairuio do táinig euras le cloirdeam ann a láim: nac raib rinn-ne 'n ari mbeirt agus ní raib ann aet fear amáin; tá cloirdeam asam-ra” deir ré, “agus b' fearri an fear mire 'nā eirean!” “A rreadar” ari ran Tigearna “ní feiceann tura aet an raob amuis, aet éirim-

*Fuar mé an rgeul ro, o fear-oibie do bí as Redington De Róirte, Omuim an rreagail, aet éabairt go minic é. ní h-iao ro na ceart-focail ann a bfuairéar é.

HOW COVETOUSNESS CAME INTO THE CHURCH.

This is a story I have often heard. The above version I got from a man near Monivea, in Galway, though I do not give his exact words. I heard one nearly identical, only told in English, in the Co. Tipperary. The story reminded me so strongly of those strange semi-comic mediæval moralities, common at an early date to most European languages—such pieces as Goethe has imitated in his story of “St. Peter and the Horse-shoe”—that I could not resist the temptation to turn it into rhyme, though it is not rhymed in the original. More than one celebrated piece of both English and French literature founded upon the same *motif* as this story will occur to the student.—DOUGLAS HYDE.
[*Religious Songs of Connacht.*]

As once our Saviour and St. Peter
Were walking over the hills together,
In a lonesome place that was by the sea,
Beside the border of Galilee,
Just as the sun to set began
Whom should they meet but a poor old man!
His coat was ragged, his hat was torn,
He seemed most wretched and forlorn,
Fenury stared in his haggard eye,
And he asked an alms as they passed him by.

Peter had only a copper or two,
So he looked to see what the Lord would do.
The man was trembling—it seemed to him—
With hunger and cold in every limb.
But, nevertheless, our Lord looked grave,
He turned away and He nothing gave.
And Peter was vexed awhile at that
And wondered what our Lord was at,
Because he had thought Him much too good
To ever refuse a man for food.
But though he wondered he nothing said,
Nor asked the cause, for he was afraid.

It happened that the following day
They both returned that very way,
And whom should they meet where the man had been,
But a highway robber, gaunt and lean!
And in his belt a naked sword—
For an alms he, too, besought the Lord.
“He’s an ass,” thought Peter, “to meet us thus;
He won’t get anything from us.”
But Peter was seized with such surprise,
He scarcely could believe his eyes
When he saw the Master, without a word,
Give to the man who had the sword.

After the man was gone again
His wonder Peter could not restrain,
But turning to our Saviour, said:
“Master, the man who asked for bread,

re an taoib-arcis: ní feiceann túra aét corpr na n'aoine nuair feicim-re an croidhe: Aét béid fíor aghao go fóil" ar Sé "creud fáct do pinne mé rin."

Thuit ré amac don lá amáin 'na diais rin go n'eadair ar t'igearna agus peadar amúga ar na pléibtib: Bhí teinnthead agus toirnead agus fearrctain móir ann, agus bí riad báirde, agus an bōtar cailite ada: Cia o'feicead riad euca ann rin aét an robdáilide ceudna a otus an Tigearna aighio do an lá rin, nuair táinig ré euca bí truaig aige dōib, agus rug ré leir iad go oti uais do bí aige faoi bun cairrige, amearg na pléibthead, agus bain ré an t-eudac plué dōib agus cuir éudais tihme orra, agus tug neart le n'ite agus le n'ól dōib agus leabuir le luirde air, agus zac uile fórt o'feud ré deunam dōib do pinne ré é: An lá ar na mārāc nuair bí an rtoirhm tar, tug ré amac iad agus níor fās ré iad sup cuir ré ar an mbōtar ceart iad, agus tug lōn dōib le h-aghaid an airtir: "Mo cōinriar!" ar peadar leir féin ann rin, "bí an ceart ag Tigearna; ir maic an fear an gairde; ir iomda fear cōir," ar reirean, "nac n'eadair an oirad rin dām-ra!"

Ni raib riad a b'ad imtighce ar an mbōtar ann rin go bfuair riad fear marb agus é rinte ar enám a d'roma ar lár an bōtar; agus o'aitnig peadar é sup ab é an fean-fear ceudna do diultais an Tigearna an déire dō: "D'ole do pinneamar" ar peadar leir féin, "aighio do diultuag do'n duine boct rin; agus feuc é marb anoir le donar agus anró." "A pheadar" ar ran Tigearna "téid cail cuig an b'ear rin agus feuc creud tá aige ann a póca;" Cuair peadar anonn cuige agus torais ré ag láimhuag a fean-cōta agus creud do fuair ré ann aét a lán aighio geal, agus timcioll cúpla fíor bonn óir: "A Tigearna," ar ra peadar, "bhí an ceart aghao-ra, agus cia bé ruo deunfar tu no d'earfar tu air; ni raicair mé i o' aghaid:" "Deunfar rin a pheadar," ar ran Tigearna: "Glac an t-aighio rin anoir agus caic arthead é ann ran b'oll

The poor old man of yesterday,
Why did you turn from him away?
But to this robber, this shameless thief,
Give, when he asked you for relief.
I thought it most strange for *you* to do;
We needn't have feared him, we were two.
I have a sword here, as you see,
And could have used it as well as he;
And I am taller by a span,
For he was only a little man."

"Peter," said our Lord, "you see
Things but as they seem to be.
Look within and see behind,
Know the heart and read the mind,
'Tis not long before you know
Why it was I acted so."

After this it chanced one day
Our Lord and Peter went astray,
Wandering on a mountain wide,
Nothing but waste on every side.
Worn with hunger, faint with thirst,
Peter followed, the Lord went first.
Then began a heavy rain,
Lightning gleamed and flashed again,
Another deluge poured from heaven,
The slanting hail swept tempest-driven.
Then, when fainting, frozen, spent,
A man came towards them through the bent,
And Peter trembled with cold and fright,
When he knew again the robber wight.
But the robber brought them to his cave,
And what he had he freely gave.
He gave them wine, he gave them bread,
He strewed them rushes for a bed,
He lent them both a clean attire
And dried their clothes before the fire,
And when they rose the following day
He gave them victuals for the way,
And never left them till he showed
The road he thought the straightest road.

"The Master was right," thought Peter then,
"The robber is better than better men,
There's many an honest man," thought he,
"Who never did as much for me."

They had not left the robber's ground
Above an hour, when lo, they found
A man upon the mountain track
Lying dead upon his back.
And Peter soon, with much surprise,
The beggarman did recognize.

móna táll, ní bíonn ann ran aigíod go minic áct malláct mórú Chruinniḡ Peardar an t-aigíod le céile, aḡur cuaidḡ ré go 't' an poll-móna leir; áct nuair bí ré dul d'á cáiteamḡ arteaḡ, "oóón," ar ré leir féin, "nac áiribéul an truaḡ an t-aigíod breaḡ ro 'do éur amúḡa, aḡur ir minic bíonn ocpár aḡur tairt aḡur ruaḡt ar an Máisirtir, óir ní tḡḡann ré don aipe dḡ féin, áct congḡbócaidḡ mire cuidḡ de 'n aigíod ro ar ron a leapa féin, a ḡan fíor dḡ, aḡur b'feairrde é." leir rinḡ do cáit ré an t-aigíod ḡeal uile, arteaḡ ann ran bpoll, i muḡt go ḡcluinfeadḡ an Tíḡearna an toṛan, aḡur go raolḡfeadḡ ré go raibḡ ré uile cáitte arteaḡ. Nuair táinig ré ar airann rinḡ d'fíarpuis an Tíḡearna, dḡ "A pheardair," ar ré, "ar cáit tu an t-aigíod rinḡ uile arteaḡ." "Chaitear" ar Peardar, "áct amáin píora óir no dḡ, do congḡbaḡ mé le biaidḡ aḡur deoḡ do céannacḡ duit-re."

"O! a pheardair," ar ran Tíḡearna, "créad fáct nac nḡearnaiidḡ tu maṛi duḡairt mire leat. Feair ranntacḡ tu, aḡur beidḡ an traint rinḡ oir go bṛáct."

Sin é an fáct raolḡ a bṛuil an Easglair ranntacḡ ó foinḡ

"Ochone!" thought Peter, "we had no right
To refuse him alms the other night.

He's dead from the cold and want of food,
And we're partly guilty of his blood."

"Peter," said our Lord, "go now

Feel his pockets and let us know

What he has within his coat."

Then Peter turned them inside out,

And found within the lining plenty

Of silver coins, and gold ones twenty.

"My Lord," said Peter, "now I know

Why it was you acted so.

Whatever you say or do with men,

I never will think you wrong again."

"Peter," said our Saviour, "take

And throw those coins in yonder lake,

That none may fish them up again,

For money is often the curse of men."

Peter gathered the coins together,

And crossed to the lake through bog and heather.

But he thought in his mind: "It's a real sin

To be flinging this lovely money in.

We're often hungry, we're often cold,

And money is money—I'll keep the gold

To spend on the Master; He needs the pelf,

For He's very neglectful of Himself."

Then down with a splash does Peter throw

The *silver* coins to the lake below,

And hopes our Lord from the splash would think

He had thrown the whole from off the brink.

And then before our Lord he stood

And looked as innocent as he could.

Our Lord said: "Peter, regard your soul;

Are you sure you have thrown in the whole?"

"Yes, all," said Peter, "is gone below,

But a few gold pieces I wouldn't throw,

Since I thought we might find them very good

For bed, or for drink, or a bite of food.

Because our own are nearly out,

And they are inconvenient to do without,

But, if you wish it, of course I'll go

And fling the rest of the lot below."

"Ah, Peter, Peter," said our Lord,

"You should have obeyed me at my word,

For a greedy man you are, I see,

And a greedy man you will ever be;

A covetous man you are of gain,

And a covetous man you will remain."

And that's the reason, as I've been told,

The clergy are since so fond of gold.

FIOGAIR NA CROISE NAOMTA.

O námao mo éireoin, námao mo tír,
 Námao mo éloinne 'r mo céile;
 A tigeanna deun mo comairce
 Le fíogair na Croire naomta;

Le báir na Croire éannais tu
 Slíocht [mí-] fortúnae éba;
 Ó foim anuas ir beannaisge
 An comairce ro áir-naomta;

Do pleur na éannaig, do duib an shian;
 Do éroit an doimhan go h-éactae,
 Nuair o'áirdegead ruar an Slánaisgeoir
 Ar éruim na Croire naomta;

Faraon! oá bictin rin, an té
 Naé mbéir a éroide o'á reubad;
 A'r deoir aicrige as rilead uair,
 Or cómair na Croire naomta!

Ir geair é réim an duine laig
 Sior le pán an t-raogair-pe;
 Ni éaomann (?) an Spiorad malluisge
 Luét fíogair na Croire naomta;

Sgannrócar sac don faoi shreim an báir
 O'á éactad ruar, as eugad;
 —Ir doct béir lá an anara
 San ríat na Croire naomta;

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS FOR EVER.

[I came across this religious poem in Irish among the MSS. of William Smith O'Brien, the Irish Leader, at Cahermoyle. It was attributed to a Father O'Meehan.—DOUGLAS HYDE, in "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

From the foes of my land, from the foes of my faith,
 From the foes who would us dis sever,
 O Lord, preserve me in life, in death,
 With the Sign of the Cross for ever.

By death on the Cross was the race restored,
 For vain was our endeavor;
 Henceforward blessèd, O blessèd Lord,
 Be the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Rent were the rocks, the sun did fade
 The darkening world did quiver,
 When on the tree our Saviour made
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

Therefore I mourn for him whose heart
 Shall neither shrink nor shiver,
 Whose tears of sorrow refuse to start
 At the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Swiftly we pass to the unknown land,
 Down like an ebbing river,
 But the devils themselves cannot withstand
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

When the hour shall come that shall make us dust,
 When the soul and the body sever,
 Fearful the fear if we may not trust
 In the Sign of the Cross for ever.

bea a ucrí mbó.
nn

So péir, bean na ucrí mbó!
Ar do bólaót na bí teann:
Do connairc meirí san sgo,
Bean ir ba dá mó a beann;

Ní mairéann riaróbrear do gnaót,
Do neac ná tabairí táirí go móir;
Cúgac an t-éas ar sac taob;
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó

Siuót Eogain mórí 'ra mómáin;
A n-imteáót do gní ciú dóib,
A reolta gur léigeadar ríor;
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Clann gairge tigeanna an Cláir,
A n-imteáót-ran, ba lá leoin,
San rúil je n-a uceáót go brát
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Dóinnall ó Dún baol na long;
Ua Súilleabáin ná'n t'im glór;
Féac gur tuit 'ran Spáin je clairéam;
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Ua Ruairc ir Masúir, do bí
Lá i n-Éirinn 'na lán beoil;
Féac féin gur iméig an uir:—
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Síol gCeirbail do bí teann;
Le mbeirí sac seall i ngleó;
Ní mairéann don dóib, mo díc!
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Ó don boin amáin do breir
Ar mnaoi eile, ir i a dó,
Do pinnir-je iomorca a péir:
So péir, a bean na ucrí mbó!

An Ceangal:

Bíod ar m'falluig, a ainrír ir uairneac gnaí;
Do bíor san veapmao fearmae buan 'ra tnué:
Tíro an ríacmur do glacair reo' b'ad ar ucrí;
Dá b'fáinnir-je reab a ceatár do buailpinn tú.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

(FROM THE IRISH, BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.)

O Woman of Three Cows, *agra*! don't let your tongue thus rattle!
 Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
 I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
 A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser;
 For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;
 And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows—
 Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows.

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen Mór's descendants.
 'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants;
 If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
 Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
Mavrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning.
 Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
 Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows.

Oh, think of Donnel of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted,
 See how he fell in distant Spain unchronicled, unchanted;
 He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
 Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows?

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story:
 Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory.
 Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs—
 And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows.

Th' O'Carrols, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
 Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;
 Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
 Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows.

Your neighbour's poor; and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
 Because, *inagh*! you've got three cows—one more, I see, than she has;
 That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows;
 But if you're strong, be merciful—great Woman of Three Cows.

AVRAN.

Now, there you go; you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
 And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
 If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
 I'd thwack you well, to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows.

First published by O'Curry in the "Irish Penny Journal" (Gunn & Cameron's)
 No. 9, 29th August, 1840, with an introductory note, and Mangan's famous metrical
 version (pp. 63, 69).

AN RANN SAEÜEALAC:

ΔΣ πο ρανν ιεατ-πάσαντα εϊλε το εualar ó òuine o Cónnaé
 Úúin-na-ηsal; buò mī-φuaíñneac pτáio na n-éipeann, map ιρ
 copmúil, nuair pinneacó é—

Náí mārúaiò mipe òuine ari bit
 Δ'í náí mārúaiò aon òuine mé;
 Δét má τά aon òuine ari τι mo mārúca
 Σο mbuò mipe mārúpar é!

ΔΣ πο ρανν εϊλε ari an ηcléir, το bí aca ι ηCúige Mumán; aSur
 το òeir O Úálaiη òúinn—

Seacain peatmanar cille,
 le buiðin na cléipe ná òeun coingio;
 No ιρ òaoηal το ò'cuio uile
 imteaét map òuileabari ari òári tuile!

ΔΣ πο ρανν ari an meirge, το εualaiò mé ó m' éapiao Tomár
 Úáriciaiη: ιρ òeagηac ι n “Úeiròie é”—

Ni meirge ιρ mipe liom,
 Δét leirη a peicrinc opm,
 Σan ois na meirge ιρ mipe an ηpeann;
 Δét ni ηnátaé meirge Σan mi-ηpeanna:

ΔΣ πο ρανν το εualar ó'n òpeari ceutna, ari mñaoi òoirb; aτá
 ré aca ι ηCúige Mumán map an ηceutna—

φadòò teine φaoi loc
 No caiteam cloé le cuan,
 Cómaipie το τabairt το mñaoi òoirb
 ιρ buille ò'opò* ari ιapann φuari:

ΔΣ πο ρανν mi-láηac eϊλε ari na mñáib, το εualar ι ηConnac-
 τaiò—

Τηι nio ιρ òoilis a mñacò
 Úean, muc, aSur mñile!

* Aliter, “òoirn,” map, εualar é ó φeap eϊle.

IRISH RANNS.

[From "Songs of Connacht," by DOUGLAS HYDE.]

Here is a half-Pagan rann which I heard from a man in Donegal. The state of Ireland seems to have been unsettled at the time it was made—

I hope and pray that none may kill me,
Nor I kill any, with woundings grim,
But if ever any should think to kill me
I pray thee, God, let me kill him.*

Here is another rann about the clerics which O'Daly gives us—

'Avoid all stewardship of church or Kill,
It is ill to be much in the clerics' way,
Lest you live to see that which with pains you save,
Like foam on the wave float far away.†

Here is a rann on drunkenness which I got from my friend Thomas Barclay. It is almost in *Deibhidh* metre—

I mind not being drunk, but then
Much mind to be seen drunken.
Drink only perfects all our play,
Yet breeds it discord alway.‡

Here is another rann on the fierce or wayward woman, which I heard from the same; it is also current in Munster—

Like a fire kindled beneath a lake,
Like a stone to break an advancing sea,
Like a blow that is struck upon iron cold,
To the wayward woman thy counsels be.§

Here is another discourteous rann on women that I heard in Connacht—

If you hope to teach, you must be a fool,
A woman, a porker, or a mule.||

* *Literally*: That I may kill no man at all, and that no man may kill me! But if there is anyone bent on killing me, that it may be I who shall kill him!

† *Literally*: Avoid the stewardship of a Kill (or church). With the band of the clerics do not make agreement, or there is a danger of all your portion departing like leaves on the top of the tide.

‡ *Literally*: It is not intoxication I think the worse of, but [am] loath it to be seen on me. Without the drink of intoxication fun is the worse, but intoxication is not usual without dis-fun [*i.e.*, something the opposite of fun].

§ *Literally*: The kindling of a fire beneath a lake or the throwing of stones against the harbor, to give advice to a wayward (or fierce) woman, it is a blow of a fist upon cold iron.

|| *Literally*: Three things difficult to teach [are] a woman, a pig, and a mule!

As ro rann ar an bpeap boib, do éualar i gconóas
Rorcomáin—

Cómaire do tabairt do duine boib
Ní bfuil ann áct níl gan céill,
So gclaoirítear é 'na loct
'S go nígítear é 'na aím-leap féin:

As go cómaire do tús ragar i gconóas Mhuig Eó do éailín
do bí ró gail-veurac gleurta, do éualar mé ó'n bpeap
ceutna—

A éailín veap ná meap gur mór i do éail,
'S go bfuil "nótion" asao náir éleáct do póir ariam,
bólaáct-bleáct do b'áite leó ar rliab,
'S ní cóta breac ar pleac (?) do tóna riar.

As ro focal bríoímar ar conóas Mhuig Eó—

"Saoilim," "ir dóig liom," á'r "dap liom féin,"
Sin tui fiaðnuire atá as an mbreig.

Asur duáirte fear ó'n gconóas ceutna go cruinn éailímar le
duine a rliab an-éaint asur toga an véapla áise, áct do rinne
vroc-uirgebeata—

Ní véapla gnió brait
áct a ruatáó go maí!

As ro rann maí ar an tríoir-éioir rin atá ar bun roir an
toil asur an tuigrint, air ar labair an Rómánac, nuair duáirte
ré, video meliora probo-que—deteriora sequor—

Nac boct an toirg á'r an cor ann a bfuilim i bpéin!
Mo tuigrint óm' toil, á'r mo toil as vruirim óm' céill,
Ní tuigítear dom' toil gac loct dom' tuigrint ir léir,
No má tuigítear, ní toil léi, áct toil a tuigiriona féin.

* *Literally*: To give advice to a wayward [or fierce] man, there is nothing in it but an act devoid of sense, until he be overthrown in his fault, and until he is washed [i.e., laid out dead] in his own misfortune.

† *Literally*: My pretty girl, do not think that great is your sense, and sure you have a notion that your people [literally, "seed"] never practised, milk-kine on a mountain they liked better, and not a speckled coat behind.

Here is a rann on the fierce or wayward man, which I heard in the County Roscommon—

To a wayward man thine advice to bring
Is a foolish thing, and a loss of time,
His fault must find him, he must be crost,
Till death be the cost of his frantic crime.*

Here is an advice which a priest in the County Mayo gave to a girl who was too foreign-mannered and dressy; I heard it from the same—

My girl, I *fear* your sense is not *great* at all,
Your fathers, my *dear*, would *rate* such sense as small,
They loved good *cheer* and not *state*, and a well-filled stall,
Not garments *queer* to *inflate* like the purse-proud Gall.†

Here is a forcible saying from the County Mayo—

"No doubt sure," "Myself believes," "Thinks I,"
Three witnesses these of the common lie!‡

A man from the same county said pithily to someone who had fine talk and choice English, but who made bad whiskey—

It's to mix-without-fault,
And not English, makes malt!§

Here is a good rann on that constant combat which is ever on foot between the will and the reason, of which the Latin spoke when he said, "I see the better things and approve of them, but I follow the worse"—

How sad is my case, I am surely in *plight* most ill,
My will with my reason, my reason *fight*s with my will,
My reason sees faults that my will remains *blind* to still,
Or should my will see them, my reason *strikes* to my will.||

† *Literally*: "I think," "I'm near-sure," and "it seems to me," those are three witnesses that the lie has.

§ *Literally*: It is not English makes malt, but to mix it well.

|| *Literally*: Is it not poor, the way and the condition in which I am in pain, my understanding [moving away] from my will, and my will moving away from my understanding. Each fault which is plain to my understanding is not understood by my will, or if it is understood she wills it not, but [wills] the will of her own understanding.

Δὲ πο πᾶνν εἰλε; ἢ ῥεαν-ῥοαλ κοῖτῆιονν “νὶ τῆιγεανν ἀν
ῥάτᾱ ἀν ῥεανῆ” —

Ἥιον ἀμῆς ἀν ῥάτᾱ ῥάμῃ ἀν τ-οῥαδ ῥαμῃ;
S νὶ τάμῆς ῥαμῃ τῥάξᾱδ ῥαν λάν-μῆι ὀβανν ‘να θῆις;
Ἥν βῆιονν ῥάμῃ δὲ μῆαῖβ λε ῥῆοῥαμῃε λῆτ,
‘S νὶ τῆς ἀν θάρ ῥῥάρ ὀο θῆινη ἀν βῆτ ἀμῆμ.

Δὲ πο πᾶνν εἰλε ἀν ῥέλλ δῆρ ἀν μὶ-ῥέλλ —

Ῥάλλ δῆρ μὶ-ῥάλλ
‘Θῆρ νὰδ ῆῥᾱβανν λε ῥέλλε!
ἢ ῥῥῆς λε ῥεᾱρ ῥαν ῥέλλ
ῤῥ ‘βέ ῥέμ ῆῥᾱρ να ῥέλλε!

Δὲ πο πᾶνν εἰλε ἀν ἀν θῆινη ᾱ θῥῆλ ᾱ ἀμῃ δῆρ ᾱ ἰννῇ
ἀν ῥάν ῆαῖδ —

Ῥᾱνν τῥᾱῖδ ἀν τ-ῆῥᾱρ,
Ἥν βῆιονν ῥῆῥῶε ῥαν θάρ ῥῆρ;
ἰοννᾱν ᾱ’ ῥαν ᾱ βῆτ ‘ῥαν ἰβᾱῖλε
ἡεᾱ ἀνν ᾱ’ ᾱ ἀμῃ ἀν!

Τᾱ μῥᾱν πᾶνν ἀνν; δὲ ἰννῇντ θῆμῖδ νῆτῆαδ ἀν τῥᾱῥῆλ.
Ῥῆρῶμ ῥῶ θῥῆλ ἀν ῥῆρ ἢ μῶ ᾱῥᾱ κοῖτῆιονν ὀο’ἢ ὀῖλᾱν ἀν
ῥᾱδ: Ἥν τῆῥᾱδ ἀνῶῖρ ᾱῥτ ῥεανν ᾱῥᾱ μᾱρ ῥῶμῆλ; ὀο ῥῆρ μᾱρ
ᾱτᾱ ῥέ ἰ ῥῥῶᾱῆ ἡῃῆς-ῥῶ —

‘Θῆμῆαδ ἰῶῆς; βᾱτᾱδ;
‘Θῆμῆαδ ᾱῖτε, ἰῥῥᾱδ;
‘Θῆμῆαδ ῥῆμ, ῥᾱῖνᾱδ;
‘Θῆμῆαδ ῥῆᾱντε, ὀῥᾱῆ

Ἀτᾱ μᾱρ ἀν ῥῥῆῥῶνα ᾱ λᾱν ὀε πᾶννᾱῖδ δὲ τῥῥῆῥᾱδ ἰῇρ ἀν
θῥῶαλ “μᾱῖς” δὲ θῆῇνᾱμ τῥῆᾱῖς ῥᾱῖ νῆτῖβ εῡῥᾱῖλᾱ. Δὲ

* *Literally*: The mild satisfied one never felt [for] the hungry one, and there never came an ebb without a full tide close behind it. No woman has any part with a gray-haired dotard (?), and death has never given respite to anyone.

† *Literally*: Sense and un-sense, two who do not go together. The man without sense is certain that he himself is the author of sense.

Here is another rann: "The satiated does not understand the lean" is a common proverb—

The satisfied man for the hungry one never feels,
There never comes ebb without full tide close at its heels,
To the gray-haired dotard no woman her heart reveals,
From death when he comes no praying a respite steals.*

Here is another rann on sense and folly—

Though the senseless and sensible
Never foregather,
Yet the senseless one thinks
He is Sense's own father.†

Here is another rann on the man whose attention and mind are astray—

A constant tree is the yew to me,
It is green to see, and grows never gray,
'T were as good for a man through the world to roam
As to live at home with his mind away.‡

There exist many ranns telling the end of the things of the world. I believe the most of these are common to the entire island. I shall only give one of them here as a specimen, in the form it has in the County Mayo—

The end of a ship is drowning,
The end of a kiln is burning,
The end of a feast is frowning,
The end of man's health—is mourning.§

There are also a great number of ranns beginning with the word "alas," or "woe," lamenting over various things. Here

† A tree of fruit is the yewtree, it is never without a green top. It is the same thing for a man not to be at home as for him to be there with his attention away. [The idea seems to be that wherever a man is planted, he should remain there with his mind fresh and green like the yew and not grow withered by wishing to be where he cannot be.]

§ *Literally*: The end of a ship—drowning; the end of a kiln—burning; the end of a feast—reviling; the end of health—a sigh.

ro cúpla rompla díob ro, ar an gconradé Rorcomáin, mar do
cualar iad—

1r maiṛṣ do ḡnib bṛannra ḡan ríol,
1r maiṛṣ bíor i dtíṛ ḡan beit tṛeun, (a)
1r maiṛṣ do ḡnib cómháð ḡan ríacét,
Aḡur dá maiṛṣ nac ḡcuipeann rmaét ar a beul;

Aḡur aríṛ—

1r maiṛṣ a mbíonn a cárao fann;
1r maiṛṣ a mbíonn a clann ḡan ríac;
1r maiṛṣ a bídear i mboṭán boét,
A'ṛ dá maiṛṣ a bídear ḡan oíe ná maít;

1r iomda rann ann; mar an ḡ-ceudna, coraíḡear le “1r fuat
liom.”

1r fuat liom cairleán ar mhóin;
1r fuat liom rōḡmáṛ beit bárdte;
1r fuat liom bean buinneac (?) ar bṛón;
ḡur 1r fuat liom ríaca ar fāḡarta;

Aríṛ—

1r fuat liom cú tṛuaḡ
Aḡ reat (ṛit) ar fuo tṛíḡ;
1r fuat liom duine-uafal
Aḡ fṛearṛal o'dá mnaoi!

Tá rann cormhúil leir reo i dtaoib fhinn Mhic Chumail—

Ceítṛe nio o'd dtuḡ fíonn fuat—
Cú tṛuaḡ, a'ṛ eac mall,
Tṛíḡarṛna tṛíḡe ḡan beit ḡlic,
Aḡur bean fíṛ nac mbéarṛaḡ clanni;

Buo ḡnáṛac leir na daoioib beitídeac éisín do marbáð aḡur
o'ite oíde fṛéile mháṛṛain: Tháṛla, an oíde reo, nac ríab
le marbáð aḡ mnaoi an tṛíḡe acṛ muc bṛeac, aḡur nioṛ máit léi
rín do deunam. Acṛ buo mian leir an mac béile máit do beit

(a) Aliter, tṛéídeac.

Literally: Alas for who makes land fallow without seed [to put in it],
alas for him who is in a land without being strong, alas for who makes
conversation without elegance, and twice alas for him who places no
control over his mouth.

are a couple of examples of them just as I heard them in the County Roscommon—

Alas for who plow without seed to sow,
For the weak who go through a foreign land,
For the man who speaks badly yet does not know,
—Twice woe for the mouth under no command.*

And again—

Alas for the man who is weak in friends,
For the man whose sons do not make him glad,
For the man of the hut through which winds can blow,
—Twice woe for who neither is good nor bad†

There is also many a rann beginning with the words "I hate." Such as—

I hate a castle on bog-land built,
And a harvest spilt through the constant wet,
I hate a woman who spoils the quern,
And I hate a priest to be long in debt.‡

Again—

I hate poor hounds about a house
That drag their mangy life,
I hate to see a gentleman
Attending on his wife?§

There is a rann somewhat like this about Finn Mac Cool—

Four things did Finn dislike indeed,
A slow-foot steed, a hound run wild,
An unwise lord who breeds but strife,
And a good man's wife who bears no child.||

It used to be the custom of the people to kill and eat some beast on St. Martin's Night. It happened on this night that the woman of the house had nothing she could kill except a speckled pig, and she did not like to do this. But her son

+ *Literally*: Alas for him whose friend is feeble, and alas for him whose children are without prosperity, alas for him who is in a poor bothy or hut, and twice alas for him who is without either bad or good. [Perhaps this last clause is a reminiscence of the Apocalyptic *οφέλον ψυχρὸς ᾧς ἡ βέλτερος*.]

† *Literally*: I hate a castle on a bog, I hate a harvest to be drowned, I hate a * * * (P) woman at a quern, and I hate debt on a priest.

§ *Literally*: I hate a miserable hound running throughout a house, I hate a gentleman attending [*i.e.*, for want of servants] on his wife.

|| *Literally*: Four things to which Finn gave hatred, a miserable hound, a slow steed, a country's lord not to be prudent, and a man's wife who would not bear children,

wished to have a good meal, and he went and hid at the back of the house, changed his voice, and spoke this rann in hideous, awful tones—

I am God's Martin, hear my word,
Out of every herd one head is mine,
I must slay your Cormac 'Og this day
Since you will not slay the spotted swine.*

The mother was frightened, for she thought it was St. Martin himself who was speaking, and she killed the pig.

Here is a story which I wrote down from the mouth of Michael Mac Rory [Rogers], the "poet from the County Mayo," as follows—

"There were two priests out walking one day, and they saw coming towards them a half fool who had no sense, but he was very short-tailed [*i.e.*, quick-at-answer], and says one of the priests to the other, 'I'll ask Diarmuid a question when he comes near us.' 'It's best for you to let him pass,' says the other one. When Dairmuid came near them one of the priests says to him, 'We're asking you when shall the black crow have speech.' Diarmuid looked up in the priest's face, and 'I'll tell you that,' says he:

'When the eagle shall nest in the hollow glen,
When mountain and fen shall from mists be free,
When the priests shall no longer for gold be seeking,
'The crow shall be speaking as plain as we.'

"'Now!' says the other priest, 'wasn't it better for you to listen to [*i.e.*, let be] Diarmuid'!"

Here is another rann from which I got from the same—

The lying man has promised
Whatever thing he could,
The greedy man believes him,
And thinks his promise good.†

Here is another, also from the County Mayo—

The man who only took
His learning from his book,
If that from him be took
He knows not where to look.‡

* I am Martin red-God (?) and out of every herd, do I take meat; as you have not killed the speckled pig, I shall kill your son Cormac Oge. (This use of the word *fealtb* (which now means any possession) for "herd" is ancient and curious, but Father O'Growney tells me it is still used in Donegal in this sense.)

† Literally: The lying man will promise all that his heart is able [to invent], the covetous man will think that he will get all that is promised.

‡ Literally: He who reads his book, and does not put it into his memory, when he loses his book he becomes a simpleton (?).

SEÁGAN AN DÍOMAIS;
BLÚIRÍN AS STAIR NA H-ÉIREANN.
CONÁN MAOL;

Cairb. I.

bile na coille.

Ir iomda fear gairgheamail do h-oilead i n-úlad ó Coin Cúlainn anuas go dtí Seágan an Díomais. I bpad iní na cian-taib do rugad ann Miall naoi nGiallae, pí cúmactae do bí i dTeamair. Ir minic do mótuig na Rómánaig i mBreatain a corrairte rúo. I gceann d'a turpaib tug pé leir mar éime buacail ós d'ár b'ainm 'na diaib rúo páoruis. Do b'é an éime úo an Tailgin sup innir na d'raoite poim rae a teact: Tá a élú, 7 a ceannar go h-aibíó fór imearS Saedéal, aet dála néill naoi nGiallaig ir beas nác bpuil a ainm deapmavta: Ar a fon poim ba móir le ráo an pí úo lá, 7 ar a leappaó d' fár an aicme ba cúmapaige 7 ba cáma d'a raib i nÉirinn le n-a linn féin, 'nā b'féirir ar dpuim an domáin. Cuapdaig rtair na gcríoc eile, péac imearS aicmib abur 7 tall 7 ní bpuigfir fir d'áon éinead amáin do b'áilne d'peac, do ba cáma i ngleó, do ba gléir-inntineac i gcomairle 'nā na ráir-fir do fíolraib ar fead na gcéavta bliadán ar an b'féim uapail rin Muinir néill.

Fá mar do liúga nn an gaot móir timceall crainn daine i n'áonar ar lár macaire, san baint le n-a neap aet amáin na duilleóga do ríobad de 7 po-ceann d'a gágaib do bpuirad le h-ápo iarraet, do ba mar rin do na Sapanais ar fead ceitre céad bliadán d'a mbargad féin i gcoinnib na gcuirde úo do táinig ó Miall naoi-nGiallae; 7 ir é mo tuairim ná buairpíde coirde opta rúo muna mbéad sup eirigeadar i n-ágar a céile.

Ní raib fear ar an gcinead ba mó cáil 'nā an Seágan ro do luaomuro: Éipeannac 'na ballaib do b'ead é, cóm maic 'na loctaib 7 'na éiréirib fearamla. Ní raib pé cóm glie i gcomairle 'nā cóm gáir-cúirpeac i gceirt le h-áor ó néill d'foglaimir cleapirdeact macla i dtig Elire, bainpogáin Sapan: Ní raib bun-eólar cogair aige cóm clirve le h-eogan Ruad, aet níor fáruig áon duine aca ro é i n'gairge, i n'gníom, 'nā i n'gráó d'a éir. Tá áon pmál amáin ar a ainm; D'foillirig

PATRICK J. O'SHEA (Conan Maol)

From a photograph by Allison's, Belfast, Armagh and Dublin





SHANE THE PROUD.

A FRAGMENT OF IRISH HISTORY.

BY P. J. O'SHEA.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST TREE OF THE WOOD.

THERE WAS many a valiant man reared in Ulster, from Cuchulainn to Shane the Proud. Far back in the old times Niall of the Nine Hostages was born there, a powerful king in Tara. The Romans in Britain often experienced the havoc wrought by him. In one of his expeditions he took with him as a prisoner of war a young boy whose name afterwards was Patrick. That slave was the saintly child whose coming the Druids foretold. His fame and his power are fresh and strong still among Gaels. But as to Niall of the Nine Hostages his name is almost forgotten. But nevertheless that king was very great once, and from his loins sprang the most powerful and the most valiant race that existed in all Ireland in their own time, or perhaps in the whole world. Search the history of other countries, seek among the tribes here and elsewhere, and you will not find men of any one race who were handsomer in appearance or more valiant in battle or more intellectual in counsel than the brave men who, during hundreds of years, sprang from that noble root of the O'Neills.

As the wind howls round about an oak-tree standing by itself in the middle of a plain without reducing its strength, but only snatching leaves from it and breaking an odd one of its branches by a great effort, so it was with the English for four hundred years, flinging themselves against those champions descended from Niall of the Nine Hostages: and it is my opinion that the latter would never have been conquered but for the fact that they rose up against each other.

There was no man of the family more renowned than this Shane of whom we speak. He was an Irishman all over, as well in his faults as in his manly qualities. He was not so clever in counsel nor so subtle in disquisition as Hugh O'Neill, who learned state-craft in the house of Elizabeth, Queen of England. He was not so skilful in the science of warfare as Owen Roe, but neither of these surpassed him in valor, in

na Sapanais̃ go poiléir an ríml̃ roin dúinn go h-ácarac̃; mar ba beas̃ oíra Seáḡan Ó Néill. D'fuaḡais̃ ré bean Calḡais̃ Uí Dóinnail̃, deirbhíúr do Tíḡearna na nOileán coir Albain, 7 ir dóic̃ le n-a lán úḡḡar sup̃ éaluis̃ rípe leir le n-a toil féin. Ir fuarac̃ náe ríab̃ ré cóim̃ h-olc leir na Sapanais̃ féin ar an gcuma ríin, ac̃t amáin go n-admócaḡ peiréan a d'óc̃-claḡtaḡ mar níor̃ ba rímineac̃ é, ac̃t fear rípinneac̃ ná ceirpeaḡ a cáim̃.

Caib: 2:

Éire le n-a linn:

Ní fearaḡ línir fáil lá fuaiminir ríam̃ 'ó ḡab̃ reḡita na Noimánac̃ i gcuan ar "Cíais̃ an Bainb̃" le Diarmair̃ na nḡall inr̃ an mbliadain 1169. Táiñis na Noimánais̃ go Sapaña ó'n bḡrainc̃ céaḡ bliad̃an roim̃ an am roin, fá ríúprúḡaḡ lúaim̃ buaḡḡais̃, 7 do rḡaípeaḡar na Sapanais̃ i n-aon bḡuig̃in amáin. Bí na Sapanais̃ fá coir ḡan moill 7 Noimánac̃ 'na ríḡ 7 'na buanna oíra fearḡa. Níor̃ ba dala roin d'Éirinn. Ó'n rí rín an dapa Hanrí go dci an t-oḡtm̃aḡ Hanrí bí ríḡḡe Sapaña 'na "oíḡearnaib̃" ar Éirinn. Ní ríab̃ ré i mírpeac̃ aon rí aca Rí Éiréann do ḡlaḡḡaḡ ar féin sup̃ écap an t-oḡtm̃aḡ Hanrí sup̃ éoir̃ dó féin beir̃ 'na rí dáríur̃ ar Éiréannais̃.

Ar an adḡar roin cuir̃ ré ḡairm̃ rḡoile amaḡ go ríab̃ ré ríac̃tanaḡ ar ḡaoipeaḡaib̃ móra Éiréann cḡuinniúḡaḡ ar aon láḡair go mbḡonnḡaḡ ré cíḡḡail 7 talam̃ oíra.

Do b' é nór na dḡaoipeac̃ roin go dci ríú-beir̃ 'na ḡcinn ar an dḡreib̃ 7 rloinneac̃ a dḡreibe féin do dḡḡbáil. Bí Ó Bḡiam̃ mar céann ar Muinḡir Bḡiam̃, Ó Néill mar céann ar Muinḡir Néill, 7 mar rín dóib̃. Cuir̃r̃ do an t-oḡtm̃aḡ Hanrí deirpeaḡ leir an nór roin fearḡa, 7 d'á ríer̃ rín cuiréann ré rḡḡra aḡ ríall ar áro-ḡaoipeaḡaib̃ Éiréann náe bḡuill uair̃ ac̃t ríḡḡcáin do d'éanaḡ leḡ, 7 go n'déanḡaḡ ré tíḡearnaí móra d'íob̃, 7 go mbḡonnḡaḡ ré talam̃ na rreibe oíra ac̃t ḡéilleaḡ dó. Do maḡḡñis̃ na ḡaoirḡ. Do ríer̃ nór na h-Éiréann an uair̃ rín níor̃b̃ leir an dḡaoipeac̃ talam̃ na rreibe, ac̃t leḡ féin 7 leiréan i dḡeannḡa cḡile. Bí peiréan mar céann oíra mar d'árouig̃eaḡar féin é ar coimḡeall go dḡaḡarḡaḡ ré ceap̃ dóib̃. Ar an adḡar roin bíḡar rāor 7 ní leḡm̃ḡaḡ an ḡaoipeac̃ a ḡcuro

action, nor in love of his country. There is just one stain upon his name. The English have shown us that stain clearly and gladly, for they detested Shane O'Neill. He carried off Calvach O'Donnell's wife, sister to the Lord of the Isles on the coast of Scotland; and many authors think that she eloped with him of her own will. He was very nearly as bad as the English themselves in that way, except that *he* would admit his evil conduct, for he was no hypocrite, but a truthful man, who would not conceal his fault.

CHAPTER II.

IRELAND IN HIS TIME.

Inisfail never saw a day's peace after the sails of the Normans were lowered in the harbor at Traig-an-Vaniv,* with Foreign Dermot, in the year 1169. The Normans came to England from France a hundred years before that time, under the command of William the Conqueror, and they routed the Saxons in one single battle. The Saxons were overcome at once, and a Norman was King and task-master over them thenceforward. It was not thus with Ireland. From that King, Henry II., to Henry VII., the Kings of England were "lords" of Ireland. Not one of them had the courage to call himself King of Ireland until Henry VIII. thought that he ought to be really King over the Irish.

He therefore issued a proclamation that all the great chiefs of Ireland must assemble in one place so that he might present them with titles and lands.

Until then, it was the custom of those chiefs to be heads of the clans and to take the family name of their own clan. O'Brien was head of the O'Brien family, O'Neill of the O'Neill family, and so with all of them. Henry VIII. will put an end to this custom for the future, and accordingly he sends a notice to the high chiefs of Ireland that he wants nothing but to make peace with them, and that he will make great lords of them, and that he will bestow upon them the lands of their clan, provided they submit themselves to him. The chieftains reflected. According to Irish customs at that time the land of the clan did not belong to the chief, but to themselves and to him jointly. He was their head, because they themselves appointed him on condition that he would give them their rights. For that reason they were free, and the chief would not dare to

* Somewhere on the coast of Wexford. The name is not now recognizable.

talman do baint díob mar bí an oipead ciar aca féin cum na talman roin 7 bí aigeann.

Ácť féac an tliđe seo do ceap an t-octmať Hanrı 7 a minir-
teir glie Wolsey. Deať an taoipeacť fearoa mar mágirteir ar
sac treib 1 n-ionao beir mar do bí ré so tci ro 'na uacodair
orta. Níor taitnig an tgnó 1 n-aon cor leir an ttreib, ácť do
féirteig ré so dian mair leir na taoipeacáib, 7 do rnuainiť sác
ceann aca ar a son féin so maib ré 7 a tđainig roimir tndite,
tuirpeac le cómrac 1 n-áđair na Sapanac, 7 sur mictio corť do
cup leir an impear.

Ó'a cionn roin léigmiť sur tpiall taoirig mōra na h-Éireann
anonn so lúnduin cum Hanrı inr an mbliadain 1541, 7 'na mearf
Conn Ó Néill; 7 so maib an pí so rial, fáilteac, upraimeac leó,
7 so nđeáirnať ré iarlai 7 tigeáirnai díob do féir a sćeim 'ra
traogal.

Da tđairteac an turur é mar do deáđail ré sác treib 1 n-
Éirinn ó'n nōr do bí aca leir na ciantaib—ré rin flait do
deanať díob féin ar an ttreib san rpleadōar do piť Sapanac.
Caitpio riad fearoa úmalúđat do'n laila nuat ro do cum an
pí díob, 7 muna mbeir riad úmal do cuirpear raiťoúirpi Sapanac
cum cabruigťe leir an laila nuat 1 sćōmair rmaect do cup ar an
ttreib nđan. Ní fulair do'n laila nuat leir aipe tđairte do
féin nó árdōcáť Sapanac laila eile 'na ionao a beir úmal 7
muinteapōa do'n mađaltar.

Caib. 3:

GRUAIM 1 DTIR EÓĐAIN:

Níor b'iongnat so maib riormairnaig 1 tđir Eóđain ar tēacť
ar n-air do'n laila nuat, 7 cođairnac 7 cpoťat ceann 7 láim-
reail clairdeam so bagairtac abur 7 tall. "Ir é an Conn ro an
ceao Ó Néill do epom a glūn cum piť iapacta," ar riadōan, 7
tugadōan fūil ar Seághan, aorānac Cuinn. "Tā ađōar piť ann,"
ađubriadōan le céile; "fan so bđairat ré. Féac an sruais fāoa,
fáinneac, fionn roin air, 7 an dā fūil larmaria glara roin aige:
Tā ré ađ bōrnat so tuiť. Tā breir 7 ré tpoiťe ar áirde ann
ceana féin: Féac so cruinn air, nác leatān-đuailneac fuinnce
fearpōac atā ré; cóm dípeac le flieig, cóm lúctmar le riad;

take their land from them, for they had as much right to that land as he had.

But observe this law that Henry VIII. and his cunning minister, Wolsey, devised. The chieftain would in future be the master of each clan, instead of being, as he had been hitherto, the head man of them. The business did not please the clan at all, but it suited the chieftains thoroughly well, and each of them thought for his own part that he and all who came before him were worried and tired with fighting against the English, and that it was time to put a stop the struggle.

And so it is that we read that the great chiefs of Ireland traveled over to London to Henry in the year 1541, and among them Conn O'Neill; and that the King was most generous and hospitable and respectful towards them, and that he made earls and lords of them according to their rank in life.

It was an unlucky journey, for it parted every clan in Ireland from the custom they had had for ages—that is, making a prince for themselves from among the clan, independently of the King of England. Henceforward they will have to obey this new Earl that the King has made for them, and if they will not be obedient to him, the soldiers of England will be sent to help the new Earl in order to repress the unruly tribe. The new Earl, too, must needs mind himself, or England will put up another Earl in his place who will be obedient and friendly to the Government.

CHAPTER III.

GLOOM IN TIR-EOGHAIN.

It was no wonder that there was whispering in Tir-Eoghain when the new Earl came back, whispering and shaking of heads and a threatening handling of swords on this side and that. "This Conn is the first O'Neill who bent his knee to a foreign King," said they, and they cast their eyes on Shane, Conn's eldest son.

"There is the making of a King in him," they said to each other; "wait till he grows up. See that long, curly fair hair on him, and those two fiery gray eyes he has. He is growing fast. He is more than six feet in height already. Look at him closely; see how broad-shouldered, well-knit, and sinewy he is, as straight as a spear, as fleet as a stag, as bold as the bull of a herd. Shane shall be prince over us, and Henry the Eighth's new Earl will have to take himself off."

cóm d'án le tarb tána: "Beir Seághan mar fíait orainn 7 cairt-
pró lapla nuad an oectmad Hanrí gneadad leir."

Cualaid Conn Ó Néill an coşarad 7 do goill rí air. Cualaid ré fir aş caint le céile 7 faodair 'na raodairc. "Ir annra leir an mac toşarad, Matú an fearuorad, 'na Seághan a mac uirctinead péin do tug a bean-tişearna dó, an bean ir uairle i n-Éirinn leir." Do b'i máair Seághan ingean an Şearaditaiş, lapla Cille Dair, an fear ba cumaditaiş i n-Éirinn.

D'air an t-oectmad Hanrí ar Conn a oighe d'ainmniúad. "Matú," ar Conn, 7 junead Darún Dúnganainn de Matú láitread: "Caitread-ra mo cairt d' fágail," adair Seághan. Connaic Conn Ó Néill an lapair i fúlaib a mic: Connaic ré an Şruaim ar an uirib. "Beir Seághan mar oighe orin," adair ré fá deirad, tar éir móran tafaint.

D'air Matú cabair ar Şarana 7 fuair ré i Şan moill mar ba máit leir na Şallaib an leatrgéal cum muirir Néill do cup ar céarib a céile: Cuirad fíor láitread ar Conn Ó Néill i Şcómair fáram do baint de i d'adob ilatú do dí-latairuad, dót ní raad ré riap ar a Şeallamaint do Seághan 7 builead vá Şlar i mDaile-ata-cliat é:

CAIB: 4:

FADAR CLATÓIM:

Do blaom Seághan an Díomair ruar 7 Şladad ré ar a muirir eirge amad, le n' adair d'fuarŞlad. Níor b'fear leir na Şaranaiş Şnó bí ada. Seolad pluad ó tuar do cúige Ulad i Şcómair rmaidt do cup ar an bfeair óŞ baot ro, dót do táinŞ reirpan anair orad go h-obainn, do Şab ré tpiota, 7 bíodair aş baint na fála d'a céile aş teirad uair. Do Şleard pluad eile ar an mbliadain do bí cúgainn (1552), dót do tiomáin Seághan noimir id 'nór rŞata Şabair. Bí fear i n-aŞair na Şaranad an cor ro. Şgaoilead Conn Ó Néill le tí ríotána do d'eanad dót ba beaŞ an maitear é: Do blair Seághan an Díomair fuil:

"Caitfeair an fear mórdalad borb ro do corŞ," airan fear-

Conn O'Neill heard the whispering, and it troubled him. He heard men talking together, with daggers (*lit.* an edge) in their looks. "He prefers the bastard son, Matthew, the dark man, to Shane, his own lawful son, whom his lady gave him—the noblest woman in Ireland, too!"

Shane's mother was a daughter of the Geraldine, the Earl of Kildare, the most powerful man in Ireland.

Henry VIII. asked Conn to name his heir. "Matthew," said Conn, and Matthew was made Baron Dungannon forthwith. "*I must get my right,*" said Shane. Conn O'Neill saw the flash in his son's eyes; he saw the sullenness of the clan. "Shane shall be my heir," said he at last, after a great deal of persuasion.

Matthew asked assistance from England, and he got it immediately, for the foreigners liked the excuse to put the family of O'Neill to worrying each other. Word was sent at once to Conn O'Neill in order to get satisfaction out of him for displacing Matthew, but he would not go back on his promise to Shane, and he was thrown into prison in Dublin.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD.

Shane the Proud started up and called to his people to rise out and release his father. Nothing pleased the English better. An army was sent northward to Ulster to bring this foolish young man to discipline, but he came upon them suddenly from the West and rushed right through them, and they were knocking the heels off each other in flying from him. Another army was prepared the next year (1552), but Shane drove it before him like a flock of goats. There was a *man* opposing the English this time. They released Conn O'Neill in order to make peace, but it was little good. Shane the Proud had tasted blood.

"Somebody must check this proud, arrogant man," said the Lord Deputy from England, and he put in order and prepared a strong body of men. Their visit to the North was in vain, for Shane used to meet them in a place where they did not expect him; he used to startle them and inflict damage on them, and he would go off bold and domineering.

Matthew gathered together a body of the clan, for some of them continued under his flag, and he started to help the foreigners, but Shane stole upon them in the middle of the night, and he routed Matthew speedily. "Let us build a

lonad ó Sárana, 7 do cóirigh 7 do gléar ré rlióigeadó láirir: bí a gcuidir ó tuair i n-airdear mar do buairead Seághan leo 'ra n-ait náe raib coinne leir, baimead ré geit arda, baimead ré ge arda, 7 óiruidead ré leir go dán, miocúibeard.

Bailig Matú bream de'n treib, mar do lean cuir aca fá na brat-ran, 7 do gluar ré cum cabruar leir na Gallair, aet d'éaluis Seághan 'na treib i lár na h-oirde 7 do cir ré ar Matú go tapair. "Deanpam daingean i mbéairfeirde cum a rmaetuisge," aoir an ruidre William brabaron. Buir Seághan irteac orca inr an dún neam-éiriochnuige úo 7 do mill ré a bbrimóir. Buir ré ar an gcuma gceadna irteac ar bream eile do luét conganra brabaron coir Doire 7 do rgar ré iad. Nior d'iongnad gur éainis eagla ar na Sáranaair 7 gur rgeinneadair leo ar n-air go baile-ata-cliaet.

Leigead do ar fearó ceitire mbliadán 'na diaró rúo (1554-8), aet ní raib don fonn ruaimnir ar Seághan an Diomair. Cúimnig ré gur le n-a finnpair cúige Ulaó. Bior an lám láirir i n-uacóair, aoir ré leir féin. Béal ré rmaetanac ar na taoirig eile géillead do. Tá mbéal ré cóm glie le n-aoó Ó Néill do deanpad ré ceangal 7 capadair leir na taoiréadair borba úo i n-ionad do cir d'riacair orca géillead do.

Dubairt O Riagallair, iarla nuad breim, leir náe géillead ré féin i n-aon cor do, aet léim an fear teinntead éiró, 7 do b'éigean do mac Uí Riagallair beir umal do fearda. Nior mar rin de Ó Dómnail i rTir Conail. Ní mó 'na géill an Clann Dómnail ó Albainn d'aitig na gleannta coir fairrige i n-Aontuim, aet tug Seághan aaró orca go léir ioir Saedil 7 Gaill. Nior eirig leir go mar inr an iarpact do gnó ré cum clanna cruada Tir Conail do tabairt fá na ruagail, mar breab Calbac Ó Dómnail i san fíor air 'na cában ir oirde ag Baile-aaró-caoin 7 ba beag náir mill ré Seághan. Do tuit a lán d'a cuir fear inr an ruagad obann úo, 7 do cáill ré airn 7 capail, 7 'na mearg a eac cioróub féin. Do b'é an t-eac cogair úo an capall ba breagda i n-éirinn. Mac-an-fíolair do tugtaoir uirte. Ruair Seághan ar n-air air i. Nior cuir an bac úo corg adpad leir an breair gcumapac ndán.

Do tuit Matú i ngrárgar éigin le cuir de muintir Seághan inr an mbliadán 1558, 7 do gnó na Sáranaig iarpact ar an gcuir do cir i leir Seághan féin aet dubairt ré náe raib don baint aige le bár Matú 7 go gcairfir beir fára leir an breagna roin. Ruair Conn Ó Néill bár ar an mbliadán do bí cúgairn. "Ta an bócar réir do Seághan anoir," aoir an treib; "ní beir iarla mar ceann orainn a tuitlead."

stronghold in Belfast to keep him in order," said the Knight, Sir William Brabazon. Shane broke in upon them in the unfinished fort, and destroyed most of them. He broke in, in the same way, upon another body of Brabazon's party near Derry, and scattered them. It was no wonder that fear fell upon the English, and that they fled back to Dublin.

They let him alone for four years after that (1554-8), but Shane the Proud had no desire for peace. He remembered that Ulster had belonged to his ancestors. Let the strong hand be uppermost, said he to himself. It would be necessary for the other chiefs to submit to him. If he had been as clever as Hugh O'Neill, he would have made bonds and friendship with those haughty chiefs instead of forcing them to yield to him.

O'Reilly, the new Earl of Breffny, said to him that *he* would not submit to him in any case; but the fiery man leaped through him (*i.e.*, through his forces), and O'Reilly was obliged to be humble towards him for the future. It was not so with O'Donnell in Tir-Conaill, nor did the Clan Donal from Scotland yield, who inhabited the glens by the sea in Antrim; but Shane turned his face against them all, both Gaels and foreigners. He did not succeed very well in the attempt he made to bring the sturdy children of Tir-Conaill under his rule, for Calvach O'Donnell sprang upon him secretly in his tent at night at Balleegan (on Loch Swilly), and he nearly destroyed Shane. A great many of his men fell in that sudden rout, and he lost arms and horses, and among them his own coal-black steed. That charger was the finest horse in Ireland. They called him the Son of the Eagle. Shane got him back again. That check did not long hinder so powerful and intrepid a man.

Matthew fell in some brawl with a few of Shane's people in the year 1558, and the English tried to attribute the crime to Shane himself; but he said he had nothing to do with Matthew's death, and that they would have to be satisfied with that answer. Conn O'Neill died the following year (1559).

"The road is clear for Shane now," said the clan; "we will have no earl for a head over us any more."

CHAPTER V.

O'NEILL OF ULSTER.

Out with you to the top of Tullahogue, Shane the Proud! The royal flagstone is there, waiting for you to plant your right foot upon it, as your ancestors the Kings did before you! And

Cait. 5.

Ó Néill uladh:

Amac leat ar bárr Tulaigóis, a Seághan an Diomair! Tá an leac níos áda ann ag feiceam leat leo' coir veir do bualadh uirte mar gnídeadh do fínnreap níste rómat! Agus do fearaim Seághan Ó Néill ar Tulaicós, agus do ríneadh ríac bán díneadh cuige mar cómartha coirpaim cirt o'd tneib; buaileadh clóca gnéartha ar a fínnneánab cumarada 7 caibidí ar a ceann. Caiteadh ríupéir a coire ríap tar a gualainn. Capadh míle claidheamh ór cionn ceann 7 dúirígeadh mac alla na gceanntar le fuaim-glór míle rígnac—"Ó Néill abú! Go maímh ar bflait a toga!" Do tairnim an grian ar ceannaisíte dactamail, luirneamail Uí Néill, 7 do cuir coin móra ar iallaib amharthaic arda ré mar eualadar ualparthaic an mactíre 'ra coill 7 géim na h-eilite ar an gcnoc.

"Do b'ónóiríge liom beir am' 'Ó Néill Ulad' 'na am' ní ar Spáinn," arpa doo tír eóghain tamall maic 'na díar rú. "Ír mó le h-Últaic an ainm 'Ó Néill' 'na 'Caerap' le Rómánais," ar an rígnoróir Mountjoy.

Cait. 6:

"DEARBRAICAIR TAIDIS DÓMHAIL."

Caillead Máire, bainríogain Sárana fá'n am ro, 7 bí Eir 'na h-ionad. Do b' i an bean mí-banamail reo an éiríde clóide 7 na rígnarada práir an bean ba mó inntleact le n-a linn. Do éiríom ní féin 7 a rígnaltar láirneadh ar cuir írteadh ar Seághan: Sydney do b'ainm o'd fear-ionad i n-Éirinn. Gluair ré ó tuaidh go Dúnbhailegain 7 cuir rósra cum Seághan teact 'na gáor. Níor leis Seághan air gúir eualaró ré an rósra aet cuir ré cuineadh cum Sydney teact cum a tíge 7 beir 'na aclair baictíde o'd mac ós. Níor díultaic an fear-ionad oó 7 do fearaim ré leir an mac. "Táim-re am' Ó Néill i n-Ulad le toil na tneib reo," arpa Seághan. "Ní tearduigean uaim cómrac le Sárana má leigtear dom, aet má cuirtear orm, bíod opraib féin." Bí Sydney páirta leir rin 7 bí ríotéain ar feadh tamail i n-Ulad

Shane O'Neill stood on Tullahogue, and a straight, white wand was handed to him as a symbol of his true balance of justice to his clan; an embroidered cloak was put over his powerful shoulders, and a helmet on his head. His shoe was thrown behind him over his shoulder. A thousand swords were waved overhead, and the echoes of the whole district were awakened with the sound of voices from a thousand throats—"O'Neill for ever! May our Prince live to enjoy his election!" The sun shone on the handsome, bright features of O'Neill, and the great hounds in their leashes bayed as if they heard the howl of the wolf in the forest and the cry of the fawn on the hill.

"I would think it a greater honour to be 'O'Neill of Ulster' than to be King of Spain," said Hugh of Tir-Eoghain a good while after. "The name 'O'Neill' is greater in the eyes of Ulstermen than 'Cæsar' was to the Romans," said the exterminator Mountjoy.

CHAPTER VI.

"DONAL IS BROTHER TO TADHG."

Mary, Queen of England, died about this time, and Elizabeth was Queen in her stead. This unwomanly woman, with the heart of stone and the bowels of brass, was the cleverest woman of her time. She and her Government began at once to interfere with Shane. Sydney was the name of her Deputy in Ireland. He proceeded northwards to Dundalk, and sent notice to Shane to come to him. Shane did not pretend to have heard the notice, but he sent an invitation to Sydney to come to his house and be godfather to his infant son. The Deputy did not refuse him, and he stood for his son. "I am O'Neill of Ulster by the will of this clan," said Shane. "I do not want any fighting with England if I am let alone, but if they provoke me, let them take the consequences." Sydney was satisfied with that, and there was peace in Ulster for awhile, until Sussex came as Deputy to Ireland. "I shall have no peace," said he, "till O'Neill is overthrown," and he prepared and fitted out an army for the purpose. This Sussex was a false, cruel, cunning man, but he was not so clear-headed as Sydney. Calvach O'Donnell assisted him, and also the Scottish O'Donnells in Antrim. Shane the Proud complained that they were annoying him without cause. His province was prospering in wealth and well-doing. Let a messenger come from Elizabeth and he would see. Elizabeth took no

sur táinig Sussex 'na fear-ionad go h-Éirinn: "ní b'éad am' fuaimneap," aoir ré, "go mberó Ó Néill fá coir," 7 'do gléar 7 'do cóirig pluas le h-aíaró an ghnóta. Fear feallta, boirb, glúic, 'do b'éad Sussex ro áct ní raib ré cóim géar-inntinead le Sydney. 'Do cabruig Calbaó Ó Dómnail leir, 7 map an gcéadna clann Dómnail na hAibann, i ndonruim. 'Do gearán Seághan-an-Diomair go rabtar as cur air gan cúir. 'Bí a cúige as dul cum cinn i maoin 7 i maítear. Tagad teactaire Elire 7 féacáó ré. Níor cúir Elir ruim 'na cúir cainte áct leis rí 'd'a fear-ionad gluairead ó tuair go h-Árto-Maca inr an mbliadain 1561.

Pread Seághan go h-obann irtead go Tír Conaill rui a raib coinne leir 7 'do rgiob ré leir rean Calbaó Ó Dómnail 7 a bean ós, an bean úo 'd'fás an rmal ar a ainm. 'Do cúir an cleap cogair obann roin meapbtall ar na Tír Conaillig 7 'do tocúir Sussex a ceann le canscar. Cap Seághan ó deap fá map 'do b'éad ré ar tí iarraict 'do tabairt fá Baile-ata-Cliaé. 'Bí Mac-an-Íolair fá 7 níor b'ionntaóib Seághan ar muin an eic rin ar ceann oreama oirginead 'd' ultaóib. Níor tuig Sussex caó é an fuadap 'do bí fá Seághan. Fá deirpad 'do filió ré go raib Seághan 'na glaise aise 7 'do beapruig ré innit 'dó. 'Do dpuio ré mile fear irtead go Tír Eógan as creaca 7 as corzairt, 7 'd' fan ré féin coir Áirto-Maca as peiteam le Seághan. Baile an mile fear na céadta ba dúbá, na caoirig bána, 7 na capail, 7 'do gluaireadap ar n-air go buacac. "féac Mac-an-Íolair," arpa duine éigin, "tá Seághan an 'Diomair cúsáib!" Ní raib le Seághan ar an láir úo áct céad 7 píde mapac 7 'd'a céad coirócte, áct gairgíóig blorgbéimeaca 'do b'éad iad. 'Bí cinn 7 cora 'na gcápnánaib ar an macaire úo fá ceann uaire an élois, 7 an fuigleac beas creacáda, rtoilita, as rgeinnead go h-Árto-Maca, na biaib fáobraca 'd'a n-gearpad 7 'd'a n-éirleac, 7 an gáir-cata uamnac úo—"Lám deapig abú!" 'na gcluaraid: innreann Sussex féin le cpád cpóide an raon-maóma 'do cuirpad air—"Ní raib ré i mirneac don Éireannais ruam fóir fearam am' aáiró-pe, áct féac inoiu Ó Néill reo 7 gan aise áct a leat n-oirpad fear liom, as brúctad irtead ar mo arim breáig ar macaire réir leatan. 'Do gúirpinn cum 'd'e faili 'd'fásail air 'na leitéro 'd'ait gan coill i ngiorraet trí mile 'dó le ríat 'do tabairt 'd'a cúir fear. Mo náire é, 'd'fóbaip ná fáspad ré aicir 'dom' arim beó i n-uair an élois, 7 ir beas náir rcpac ré me féin 7 an cúir eile amac leir ar daingean Áirto-Maca."

Ní cpompad Sussex ar Tír Eógan 'do creacáó go fóil arir. Cúir an bupleac úo rgannpad oirta i lúntuin 7 'd'iarri Elir ar

notice of what he said, but she allowed her Deputy to go north to Armagh in the year 1561.

Shane rushed suddenly into Tir-Conaill before they expected him, and he carried off old Calvach O'Donnell and his young wife—that woman who left the stain on his name. This sudden feat of arms dismayed the Tir-Conaill men, and Sussex scratched his head with vexation. Shane turned southward, as if he were about to make an attack on Dublin. The “Son of the Eagle” was under him, and Shane was not to be trusted on the back of that horse at the head of an active body of Ulstermen. Sussex did not know how great was the energetic force of Shane. At last he thought he had Shane in his grip, and he laid a trap for him. He sent a thousand men into Tir-Eoghain to plunder and ravage, and he himself remained near Armagh waiting for Shane. The thousand men collected hundreds of black cows, of white sheep, and horses, and they were returning, much elated. “See the ‘Son of the Eagle’!” said one of them; “Shane the Proud is upon us!” Shane had only a hundred and twenty horsemen and two hundred foot in the place, but they were warriors who dealt loud-resounding blows. Heads and feet were in heaps upon that field at the end of an hour, and the little remnant, wounded and torn, were flying to Armagh, the keen-edged axes cutting and slaughtering them, and that terrifying war-cry, “*Uáin dearg abú!*” in their ears. Sussex himself tells with sorrow of heart the utter rout that was inflicted on him*:—“No Irishman ever before had the courage to stand against me; but see this O'Neill to-day, and he having only half as many men as I, bursting in upon my fine army on a smooth, wide plain. I would pray to God to get a chance at him in such a place, without a wood within three miles of him to give shelter to his men. My shame! He was like not to have left a creature of my army alive in one hour, and it wanted little but he would have dragged me and the rest out of the fortress of Armagh.”

Sussex would not attempt to plunder Tir-Eoghain again for awhile. That defeat terrified them in London, and Elizabeth asked the Earl of Kildare, a relative of Shane the Proud, to make peace. She sent a message of pardon to Shane, and an invitation to come to London to speak with her. “I will not stir a foot,” said Shane, “till the English army takes the road out of Ulster.” “Be it so,” said Elizabeth.

* In all cases where quotations from English writers have been translated into Irish by Conán macot, such quotations have been re-translated into English, and therefore differ slightly in form, though not in sense, from the English originals.--Ed.

lárta Cilleodara, b'rádair Seáḡain an 'Díomair, píotéáin 'do 'deánað. Cuip rí teacetaipeacét maiteamndair cum Seáḡain 7 cuipeað cuise teacét 'so lúnduin le labairt léi. "Ní corprócað cor," a'Veir Seáḡan, "so 'tugaid arn Sárana a mbótar oréa ar Ulað." "Bíod map rin," a'dubairt Elip:

Nuair 'do meát Sussex ceap ré a éleap feill 'do cup i b'feróm: Tá a r'gríobinn féin cum Elípe map f'iaðnaire ar an b'feall. 1 mí na Lúgnara 1561, r'gríobann ré cum na bainpíogha rin sup tairis ré luac céad mapc 'ra mbliadain 'de talaín 'do Niall liat, maortíge Uí Néill, ar coing'eall 'so muirbeócað ré an flait rin. "Do múineap 'do cionnur 'd'éalócað ré leir tap éir na bearta," a'Veir ré. Ní fíor 'dúinn an raib Niall liat 'dáirírib, acét 'sibé r'géal é ní éloirteap sup 'ḡnib ré, iarracét ar Seáḡan 'do 'dúnnaribugað.

Caib: 7:

SEÁḠAN-AN-DÍOMAIS 1 LÚNDUIN:

Rinne lárta Cilleodara píotéáin i'oir Ó Néill 7 Sárana; map ba móir le h-Ó Néill é, 7 'do feola'var arson anonn 'so lúnduin, 1 n'Veir'eað na bliadna, 7 'ḡar'va 'ḡallóglac i n-éir'feacét leo.

Dubairtar le Seáḡan náð b'fill'feað ré ar air 'so 'deó, coir'ḡ 'so raib an tuas 7 an ceap 'na cómair ag Elip, acét 'bí muin'ḡin aise'rean ar a 'teang'a liom'ta 7 'bí 'dóic aise nári meát ré riam 1 n-aon cúmangac.

Dean uallac 'do b'eað Elip: 'Bí rí 'daca'mail, 'ḡruais r'uað uir'te, 7 r'ula 'ḡlara aici, an t-éa'oað ba b'reaḡ'oa 7 ba 'd'aoir'e le r'áḡail uir'te, 7 an ioma'v 'de aici le h-i féin 'do córúḡað 'so minic 'ra ió. Péacós 'do b'eað i le péacaint uir'te, acét 'bí c'roir'be an beata'oaig a'lit'a, 'ḡan t'ruas, 'ḡan t'ruas'méil aici, 7 inntin 7 aigne tap m'ndáib an 'domain. "An labair'tair 'Dea'rla cúici?" ar'ra 'duine éisín le Seáḡan. "Ní labó'rað 'so 'deimín," ar reirean, "map león'pað an teang'a 'duair'e 'ḡránna roin mo corpráin." 'Bí f'raincir 7 Spáinir 7 lair'eann ag Seáḡan 1 'd'eannta a 'teang'a 'binn blar'va féin. Dean teang'aca 'do b'eað Elip leir, 7 dubairtar sup f'áruis Seáḡan 'ra b'f'raincir i 7 sup eic'ḡ rí cómr'páð leir 'ra teang'a roin:

When Sussex had failed, he thought he would put his cunning in treachery to account. His own letter to Elizabeth exists as a witness to the treachery. In the month of August, 1561, he writes to that Queen that he had offered land to the value of a hundred marks a year to Grey Niall, O'Neill's house-steward, on condition that he should kill that prince. "I showed him how he should escape after the act," said he. We do not know whether Grey Niall was in earnest, but in any case we do not hear that he made any attempt to murder Shane.

CHAPTER VII.

SHANE THE PROUD IN LONDON.

The Earl of Kildare made peace between O'Neill and England, for O'Neill had a great regard for him, and they both traveled over to London at the end of the year, taking a guard of gallowglasses with them.

It was said to Shane that he would never come back, because Elizabeth had the axe and the block in readiness for him; but he had confidence in his own keen and ready tongue, and he thought that he had never failed in any difficulty.

Elizabeth was a vain woman. She was handsome; she had red hair and gray eyes, and she wore the most beautiful and the most expensive clothes, and she had more than enough of them to decorate herself many times in the day. She was like a peacock to look at; but she had the heart of a wild beast, without pity or compassion, and more intellect and mind than any other woman in the world. "Will you speak English to her," said somebody to Shane. "Indeed I will not," said he; "for that rugged, ugly language would sprain my jaw." Shane had French and Spanish and Latin as well as his own sweet musical tongue. Elizabeth was a linguist too, and it is said that Shane outdid her in French, and that she refused to converse with him in that language.

On Little Christmas Day, in the year 1562, he walked into the royal room of Elizabeth. There were valiant men of six feet and more around her, especially young Herbert; but it was seen at once that they were but insignificant men beside Shane the Proud. English history gives an account of his visit and of his appearance. "He had a yellowish-red mantle of fine material flowing down behind him to the ground, and light red hair, crisp and curly, falling over his shoulders to the middle of his back; he had wild gray eyes that looked out at you as

Lá nochtas beas inr an mbliadain 1562 do buail ré irteac
 go reómra nioḡacda Elir: B'i f'ir calma ré troigste 7 níor mó
 na cuideacta, go móir móir Herbert ós, aet connacatar
 láirteac náe raiḃ ionnta aet r'ppearáin i n-aice Seághain-an-
 Diomair: Tugann r'táir na Sapanac cúntur ar a éuairt 7 ar a
 éruit: "B'i falluigḡ buirde-dearḡ do déanmúr d'aoir ar r'ilead
 r'iar r'ior go talam leir, 7 sruais fionn-rusḡ go c'irpineac, cam-
 arpac tar a r'linneánaiḃ r'ior go lár a d'roma, rúla glara r'iaḡaine
 aige d'féac amac oir cóm lonnrae le ḡat ḡréine; corp
 fuinnta lútmair aige 7 ceann-aigste d'an." B'i na céarta as
 iarrair r'iaḡairc d'féasail air féin 7 ar a ḡallóglaca: Deir a
 tuairpḡs go r'ababair ro ceann-lomnocta, foilt fionna oirta,
 léinteacda lúirḡ ó muneál go ḡlún oirta, c'roiceann mactipe
 tar ḡuailmḡ ḡac r'ir aca, 7 ḡearr-tuag cata i láim ḡac don aca:
 Níor b' ionntaoid fearḡ do cur ar a leirteoid r'iu. Ir deall-
 raetac go r'ababair i mbruirḡin ártomaca: "Úmaluigḡ!" arpa
 Seághan de ḡut ḡlórac 7 ní raiḃ an focal ar a béal nuair do
 b'i na ḡallóglaiḡ ar a leat-ḡlún: Stao ré i ḡcómḡar do'n
 cátaoir nioḡacda mar a raiḃ Elir, asur i éaduirḡte ar nór
 péacóige, do érom ré a ceann, do érom ré a ḡlún, 7 do fearaim
 ré annroin cóm uiréac le ḡáinne: D' féac ré féin 7 Elir ioir
 an dá rúil ar a céile: Labair r'i i lairveann leir 7 d' f'p'egair
 reiréan i go binn-b'riatrac. Do mól ré a móirdeact 7 dubairt
 ré sup d'ail a r'ḡéim 7 a éruit é, mar ba m'in i a ceangla le
 mnáib. Níor luig rúil Elir r'iam ar a leirteoid d' fear 7 ba d'inn
 léi é beir 'ḡá b'p'egad. Do teapbáin r'i d'ó i n-ainveóin a
 cómairleóirí sup cáitn ré léi, ḡiḡ go raiḃ na cómairleóirí rin
 ar tí a cur fola do d'óirac: Dubrabad leó féin go raiḃ
 ḡreim aca anoir nó r'iam air, 7 ḡiḡ sup t'ugadar na coingil d'ó
 ná bainr'ide leir ar a turur, meapadar, mar ba ḡnátac, an ḡlar
 do bualaḡ air: "Tátaoi ar tí an coingil do b'iréad," ar
 Seághan go d'an: "Leigfear ar n-air tú uair éigin," ar Cecil
 leir, "aet ní fuil don am áirigste ceapuirḡte 'ra coing'eall
 roin!" "Meallaḡ mé," arpa Seághan leir féin, 7 do buail ré
 irteac go látair Elire 7 d'iar r'í coimirc uirte: "Ní leómtar
 don b'áptainn do d'éanad duit," adair r'i leir, "aet cairfir
 fanamaint asáinn go fóil." Ní r'ior cionnur do meall Seághan
 i: Ba mait léi le n-a h-air é, 7 meartar go raiḃ raḡar ḡráid
 ainm'ide aici d'ó, 7 ir é ionḡnad ḡac leigsteópa sup r'ḡaoil r'i
 uairte é fá d'iréad ar ḡeall go mbéad ré úmal d'i féin amáin 7
 san baint 'ḡá fear-ionad i n-éirinn leir: Deirtear go raiḃ
 eagla uirte leir d'á ḡcuir'ide i ḡcuir'p'ac é go n'déanp'ad
 Muirtir Néill r'iait de Toirdealb'ac Luineac ó Néill 'na ionad

bright as sunbeams; a well-knit, active frame, and haughty features." There were hundreds of people trying to get a sight of himself and of his gallowglasses. This account says that these latter were bare-headed, with fair heads of hair, wearing shirts of mail from the neck to the knee, each man having a wolf-skin across his shoulders and a sharp battle-axe in his hand. One would not trust the consequences of provoking the like of those fellows. It is probable that they were in the fight at Armagh. "Make your obeisance!" said Shane in a sonorous voice, and the word was not out of his mouth when the gallowglasses were on one knee. He stood close to the throne where Elizabeth sat, dressed like a peacock; he bent his head, he bent his knee, and then he stood up as straight as a rod. He and Elizabeth looked at each other between the eyes. She spoke to him in Latin, and he answered her in sweet-sounding words. He praised her greatness, and he said that her beauty and her form dazzled him, for he had a smooth tongue with women. Elizabeth's eye had never rested on a man like him, and she liked to hear him flattering her. She showed him, in spite of her advisers, that he pleased her, though those same advisers were ready to shed his blood. They said to themselves that they had a grip of him now or never; and although they had agreed to the condition that no one should molest him on his journey, they thought, as was their custom, to close the lock upon him. "Ye intend to break the conditions," said Shane boldly. "You will be allowed to go back some time," said Cecil to him; "but there is no particular time decided upon in that agreement." "They have deceived me," said Shane to himself, and he walked into the presence of Elizabeth and demanded her protection. "They will not dare to do you any injury," said she to him; "but you will have to remain with us for a while." There is no knowing how Shane persuaded her. She liked him to be about her, and it is supposed that she had a kind of animal affection for him, and every reader is surprised that she let him go away from her at last on his promising that he would obey herself alone, and that her Deputy in Ireland should have nothing to do with him. It is said that she was afraid also that if he were put in fetters the O'Neills would make Turlough Luineach O'Neill prince in his stead, and she preferred Shane to *him*. Sussex was gnawing his tongue with rage because they had not taken Shane's head from his body in London, and he sent word to Elizabeth that it was spread abroad through Ireland that Shane had deceived her, great as was her intelligence, and that she had made him

7 do b'annra léi Seághan 'na eiréan. Bí Sussex a's cogaint a teangan le buile toirg ná'n baineas an ceann de colainn Seághan i lúnduin, 7 cuir ré rgeala cum Elíre go raib ré leatá ar fuo Éireann sup meall Seághan i o'a feabap i a h-inntleact 7 sup gníó rí rí ar Ulaó de. O'iaip ré ceao uirte é meallaó go Baile-áta-Cliat i gcóir sneama o'págal air, aet bí Seághan ró-amapapac 7 níor fáb ré i ngeor do Baile-áta-Cliat, gíó sup geall Sussex a deirbriúr map mnaoi oó aet teact o'a feicpint:

Carb. 8:

nim 7 fuil:

Inp an mbliadain 'na oiaio rúo (.i. 1563) do érom Sussex ar cur irteac ar Seághan 7 ar uirge pá talam do déanaó toir é féin 7 Elíre. Do cábruis fean-námaide Seághan, na Tír-Conaillig 7 Albanaig Montpium, le Sussex, 7 do gluar reiréan ó tuao go h-Ulaó inp an abpán 1563, aet má gluar do gníó Seághan liatpóir coir de féin 7 o'a fluas, 7 bí Sussex an-buiréac go raib ré 'na cumap teiceas le n'anam. Sgriob Elíre cum Sussex ríotcáin do déanaó le Seághan, map náe raib aon maic oó beic leir.

Do gníó Sussex fuo ar Elíre, 7 ar an am gcéadna cuir pé réipín ríotcána cum Seághan—ualac ríona mearguigte le nim: O'ól Seághan 7 a linn-tige cur de'n fíon 7 o'fóbaip go mbéas pé 'na pleipt. Bí ré a's cómpac leir an mbár ar feas o'a lá, 7 nuair do táinig pé cuige féin níor b'iongnas go raib ré ar deapg-lapao le reirg 7 sup gléar pé a buiréan cum cogair. Leig Elíre uirte go raib rí ar buile i otaos an feill-beap úo 7 do geall rí go otabappas rí ceap oó aet a fuaimneap do glacaó. Do glaoóair pé abail ar Sussex. Leig rí uirte sup map páram do Seághan é, aet do b'é an cúir do bí aici ar Sussex sup meas ré. Do fnaíom rí ríotcáin 7 capasap map o'ead le Seághan aip, 7 bí ré 'na ríge oáipíur ar Ulaó anoir 7 leigead oó. Aet map rin féin bí a fuat do'n fíall cóim géar 7 bí pé riam. O'a cómapta roin cum pé caiplean ar bpuac loca n-ecac. Feap tagapta do b'ead é 7 ceap ré sup beas ar na Sapanais padapic an caiplean rin 7 do baip ré air "Fuat na n-fíall." Deirteap sup ceap ré an uair reo ríogact na h-Éireann do

King over Ulster. He asked her permission to decoy Shane to Dublin in order to get a grip of him; but Shane was too suspicious, and he did not go near Dublin, although Sussex promised him his sister for a wife if he only went to see her.

CHAPTER VIII.

POISON AND BLOOD.

In the year after that (1563) Sussex began to interfere with Shane, and to make mischief between him and Elizabeth. Shane's old enemies, the Tir-Conaill men and the Scots of Antrim, assisted Sussex, and the latter went north to Ulster in the April of 1563; but if he did go, Shane made a football of himself and his army, and Sussex was very thankful that he was able to fly with his life. Elizabeth wrote to Sussex to make peace with Shane, for it was no use for him to be attacking him.

Sussex did as Elizabeth bade him, and at the same time he sent a gift of peace to Shane—a cargo of wine mixed with poison. Shane and his household drank some of the wine, and he was like to have become a corpse. He was fighting with death for two days, and when he recovered it was not surprising that he was in a red flame of rage, and that he prepared his troop for war. Elizabeth pretended that she was furious about this act of treachery, and she promised that she would give him satisfaction if he would only keep quiet. She recalled Sussex. She pretended it was to satisfy Shane, but the cause of complaint that she had against Sussex was that he had failed. She tied the bonds of (pretended) peace and friendship with Shane again, and he was really King over Ulster now, and they let him alone. But for all that his hatred of the stranger was as keen as ever. As a sign of it he built a castle on the shore of Lough Neagh. He was a wittily-spoken man, and he thought that the English would not enjoy the sight of that castle, and he christened it "The Hate of the Strangers." It is said that he thought at that time of taking to himself the kingdom of Ireland, and of clearing the English out of it. But the Irish did not help him. He wrote to the King of France to ask help from him. "If you lend me six thousand men," he said, "I will drive the English out of this country into the sea." He could have got ten times as many as that in Ireland itself if they had been willing to rise with him, but they did not stir a foot.

gabháil éiríse féin, 7 na Sapanais do glanaó amac airtí: áct níor cábruis na h-Éireannais leir. Do ríob ré cum rí na fíain e a5 iarras congnaím ari. “Má túsann tu dom ré míle fear ar iaracht,” ar reirean, “tiomáinfead na Sapanais ar an tóir reo irteac ‘ra bparirge.” Do geobad ré a deic n-oiréad roin i n-Éirinn féin o’a mb’áil leó eirge leir, áct níor corruigeadar cor.

Caib: 9:

Lám Dearg Abú!

Muna gcábruisiú Éire linn, mar rin féin caíream dul ar a5aí: Bí an Clann Domnáil reo i ndontuim ó uair go h-uair a5 cábrusad leir na Sapanais. Amáranna do b’eod na fíri calma úo. Tángadar ó Albain ar éiríead Cuinn Uí Néill 7 a átar, 7 do éiríeadar fúta i n-dontuim 7 i n-dalrúda. Ní raib Seághan fáirta ‘na aighe rad do bíodar ‘ra tír. Do géill-eadar do 7 do cábruisgeadar leir don uair amáin, áct ní raib don ionntaíob aighe arda. Dubradar leir náe raib don rmaet aighe oirta, 7 náe raib ré maetanac oirta cábrusad leir, áct le n-a oíoil féin. Do gíorair bairríogain Elír iad i san fíor. “Sead má’r ead,” aóeir Seághan leo, “gíeadar lib abáile. Ní fuil don gno a5ampa oib fearda.” áct do éuir na h-Albanais colg oirta féin 7 dubradar leir go bparfauir mar a raib aca san rpleadacar do roin: “Do buadmar ar o’áair-re éana 7 ar Sussex ‘na éannta,” aóeir na h-Albanais oána.

Do leat Seághan-an-Diomair a éora ar Mac-an-íolair, baíis ré a fluaighe timceall ari 7 do búr ré irteac go h-dontuim ar nóir tuinne fairirge. Buail na h-Albanais leir i n-éleantair ‘na n-óreamaib noirgíreaca 7 do fearrao cat fuilteac eastoirta. Tá rean-bótar dia tuar de’n baile rin bun-abann Duinne, i gcontae dontuim, 7 do éuir Seághan-an-Diomair a eac ciorúob, Mac-an-íolair, ar éor-in-áiríe tar éorpaib Albanac ann, 7 fá méadon laé bí Clann Domnáil ‘na rraatib rinte timceall ari. Do marbuisgead annrúo donsur Mac Domnáil 7 react gcéad o’a éuir fear, do gabad 7 do zónad Séamur Mac Domnáil, 7 do tós Seághan leir Somairle buirde, an taoiríeac eile bí oirta. Do b’fáirí oóib o’a oíogfauir a

CHAPTER IX.

Lám deap̃s abú !

If Ireland will not help us, still we must go forward. These MacDonnells in Antrim were helping the English from time to time. These brave men were mercenary soldiers. They came from Scotland on the invitation of Conn O'Neill and of his father, and they settled in Antrim and in Dalriada (the present counties Antrim and Down). Shane was not easy in his mind as long as they were in the country. They submitted to him and assisted him once, but he had no confidence in them. They told him he had no control over them, and that there was no necessity for them to help him except by their own free will. Queen Elizabeth used covertly to encourage them. "Very well so," said Shane to them. "Get ye away home. I have no further business of ye." But the Scotsmen assumed a threatening attitude, and they said to him that they would stay where they were without dependence on *him*. "We got the better of your father before, and of Sussex besides," said the bold Scots.

Shane the Proud threw his leg over his horse Mac-an-Fhiolar, gathered his hosts around him, and broke in upon Antrim like a wave of the sea. The Scots met him in Glenshesk, in fierce bands, and a bloody battle was waged between them. There is an old road behind the village of Cushendun, in County Antrim, and Shane the Proud galloped his coal-black horse Mac-an-Fhiolar over the bodies of Scotsmen in it, and by the middle of the day the MacDonnells were stretched in rows around him. Angus MacDonnell and seven hundred of his men were killed, James MacDonnell was wounded and taken prisoner, and Shane also took Somerled the Sallow (or Sorley Boy), the other chief over them. It would have been better for them if they had taken his advice and gone off out of his way, and it would have been better for himself too, for it was the remnant of that company who treacherously killed him two years later.

At this time he was only thirty-eight years of age, and there was no man in Ireland of greater reputation and power than he. The English pretended to be great friends with him. They were very glad at first that he had routed the Clan Donnell of Scotland, and they rejoiced with him. Shane understood them right well. Not without reason was that proverb made: "An Englishman's laugh is a dog's grin"

cómaire 7 spreadóir leo ar a flíse, 7 do b'féidir do roin leir é, mar do b'iad fuigileac na buirne úd do máir le feall é féin dá bliadain 'na diaró rúo:

Ni raib ré an uair reo aet oet mbliadna déas ar fícto d'aoir, 7 ní raib don fear i n-Éirinn ba mó cáil 7 cúmaet 'na é. leis na Sapanais orda go rabadar go mór leir. Bí átar orda ar otúir sup mill ré Clann Dómnail ó Albain 7 do gáireadar leir: Tuig Seághan go dian maic iad: Ní gan fáct do cúmad an rean-focal úd—"orantán maora gáire Sapanais." "Ir maic an rúo," ar riadoran, "Clann Dómnail do beic claoirde mar níor b'fior dúinn cá h-am do éabhrócaoir leir na n-Éireannais, aet mar rin féin beic O Néill ró-láirir ar fad anoir."

Ir trias ná'r gúir ré capadar le taoireadai Éireann an uair reo. I n' ionad roin érom ré ar a cúir d'fiadai orda géillead do sibé olc maic leo é. "Caitir taoirig Conaet a gcáin bliadantamail do tabairt domra mar ba gnátae leo do iugtib Ulaó," ar reirean. D'eitig na Conaetais é 7 phead ré go h-obann i láirir tigeirna Cloinn Riocáir, an fear ba tneire i gConaet, 7 mill ré é gan puinn duair. Do éread ré Tír Conaill inr an mbliadain gcéona (1566), 7 táinig rganndar ar Sapan. Do gúiraró Elir iarlá fearn Muineac, Maguirir le h-eirge 'na aghar, aet do meilead an Maguirir fá mar do meilread b'ró muilinn doinnán coirce.

Do b'é Sydney bí 'na Arduirtir arir ar Éirinn an uair úd i n-ionad Sussex, 7 bí aicne maic aige ar Seághan: Cuir ré teactaire maigaltair d'ar b'ainm Stukeley cuige le h-áiteam air beic réir: "Ná h-eirig amac i na garó na Sapanac 7 geobair sibé nio do tearduigean uair," ar Stukeley. "Déanpar iarlá Tír Eogain oiot má'r maic leat é." Cuir Seághan rriann ar 7 labair ré go neamatae. "Upéagan ir leat an iarlact roin," ar reirean. "Do gnídeabair iarlá de mac Cáirtais i gcúige Mumán, 7 tá buadaili aimpire 7 rin capall aghamra acá com maic d'fear leir rin. Do meapabair mé érocaó nuair do bí greim aghar óim. Ní fuil don muinigin agham ar buir ngeallamha. Níor iarrar rioctáin ar an mbainrogaín aet d'iarrir pite oimra i 7 ir ribre féin do buir i: Do tiomáinear na Sapanais ar an lúbar 7 ar Dúndroma 7 ní leigread doib teact ar n-air go deo. Ní leomparó Ó Domnail beic 'na flait arir ar Tír Conaill mar ir liomra an áit rin fearra. Ná bioó don meapbaili oir sup liomra cuige Ulaó. Bí mo fínnreap romam 'na iugtib uirce. Do buadar i lem' claióeam 7 lem' claióeam do coingbeócaó i."

[i.e., a preparation for biting]. "It is a good thing," said they, "that the Clan Donnell are defeated, for we never knew when they might help the Irish; but, for all that, O'Neill will be too strong altogether now."

It is a pity he did not make friends with the chieftains of Ireland at this time. Instead of that he began to force them to submit to him, whether they liked it or not. "The princes of Connacht must give me their yearly tribute, as they used to give it to the Kings of Ulster," said he. The Connachtmen refused, and he rushed suddenly upon the lord of Clan Rickard, the strongest man in Connacht, and despoiled him without much trouble. He plundered Tir-Conaill in the same year (1566), and fear fell upon England. Elizabeth incited Maguire, Earl of Fermanagh, to rise against him; but the Maguire was crushed as a millstone would crush a handful of oats.

Sydney was Lord Justice (or Deputy) of Ireland again at this time in place of Sussex, and he knew Shane well. He sent a Government envoy, named Stukely, to him to urge upon him that he should keep quiet. "Do not rise out against the English, and you shall get whatever you want," said Stukely. "They will make you Earl of Tir-Eoghain, if you would like that." Shane snorted, and he spoke defiantly. "That earldom is a toy," said he. "Ye made an earl of MacCarthy in Munster, and I have serving-boys and stable-men that are as good men as he. Ye thought to hang me when ye had a grip of me. I have no trust in your promises. I did not ask peace of the Queen, but *she* asked it of *me*, and it is ye yourselves that have broken it. I drove the English out of Newry and out of Dundrum, and I will never let them come back. O'Donnell will not dare to be prince again in Tir-Conaill, for that place is mine henceforward. Let there be no doubt upon you that Ulster is mine. My ancestors before me were kings over it. I won it with my sword, and with my sword I will keep it."

Though Sydney was a very brave, courageous man, his heart was in his mouth when Stukely told him this conversation. "If we do not make a great effort Ireland will be gone out of our hand. O'Neill owns the whole of Ulster, and he must be checked," said Sydney to Elizabeth. "Attack him at once," said she. She sent a troop of English over, and Sydney collected men from every quarter of Ireland, English and Irish, for there was many a chief who assisted him. Some of them were sufficiently disinclined for the business; but they had to

make themselves ready for the assistance of England, as they do at this day.

They are coming against you, Shane the Proud, horseman of the sharp sword! Get ready Mac-an-Fhiolar, and arrange your little band of heroes. Ye have nothing but the strength of your own arms, for there is no help nor succor for ye from anyone outside.

The English districts about Dublin were called the Pale. Into the Pale Shane leaped like a thunderstorm. He ravaged and plundered it to the walls of Dublin. He made an attempt upon the English in Dundalk, and he had a fight with Sydney near that town. They were too much for Shane that time, and with some difficulty they repulsed him; but he made havoc among Sydney's troops before he moved off. Sydney continued to press on. He went through Tir-Eoghain, and from that to Tir-Conaill, in spite of Shane; but the latter followed him every inch of the way, and little rest he gave him during the journey. Never did he show better skill in tactics than at that time. Sydney and his numerous army were harassed and wearied by Shane's sudden attacks. He moved close up to them near Derry and gave them battle. A tough fight it was, for many men fell on both sides, and Shane thought the victory was with him; but beware! See this company coming from the West upon him—the stern Tir-Conaill men under O'Donnell, who was always against him—and Shane was defeated at last.

He fell back to the passes of Tir-Eoghain, growling at Sydney. He was so fearless and so confident in himself, that the foreigners were afraid to come near him, and they betook themselves to Dublin again, having got very little by their journey. "I will put the mark of my hand on them yet," said Shane. "Not a creature of them would have gone back if it were not for those villains in Tir-Conaill. There is a swarm of bees there that are worrying and stinging me this long while; but cut the ear off me but I will smoke them out very soon."

CHAPTER X.

CLOUDS AND DEATH.

Shane was preparing himself secretly, and the English were not asleep. They were secretly aiding O'Donnell, and spurring him on against Shane. Hugh was the name of the O'Donnell who was now in Tir-Conaill, for Calvach had lately died. This

Cait: 10:

SĜAMAILL AĜUS BĀS:

Bí Seághan go foluigtheac 'sá ullamúgadh féin 7 ní raib na Sapanais 'na scoola. Bíodan aĝ cabrúgadh le h-Ó Dómnail 1 san fíor, 7 'sá ĝríoradh 1 ĝcoinnib Seághain. Aod do b'ainm de'n Ó Dómnail do bí anoir ar Tír Conaill, mar caillead Calbac le déirdeannaige. Níor b'fuláir do'n triat nuadh ro éact éigin do déanadh 1 uoradh a ruagla, mar ba ĝnádac le ĝac flait an uair úd. Buir aod irthead go Tír Eóghain ar órvúgadh na Sapanac 7 do éread ré an taob tair tuair di. Do duib 7 do deaĝ aĝ Seághan-an-Díomuir. Dar claidéam ĝairĝe Néill naoi nĝiallaig, díolfaid Ó Dómnail ar an ĝcorĝairt reo!

Do éirid troigthead 7 marcaig aĝ triall ar ĝac áirid fá déin tige móir beinnboirid roim eirĝe ĝréine 1 uoradh na bealtaine inr an mbliadhain 1567. Érom na coin móra ar uail le teardac ar teact na ruag, 7 aĝ lútdail 7 aĝ crothead a n-eapball, mar do fileadon go mbiaid reilĝ aca mar ba ĝnádac. Rit an fiaid ruadh 7 an mactíre 1 b'rolac inr na coilltib móir-otimdeall mar fileadon roin leir le tuigrint an ainmíde go iabtar ar a uóir.

Ní raib dúil 1 reatĝ aĝ Ó Néill an cor ro, mar bí deaðad air cum Ó Dómnail do triacadh, 7 do buail ré féin 7 a flóigeadh tri míle fear riar ó tuair. Déaradh daoine pírreodaca go raib na cáĝa aĝ rĝréacais ór cionn tige Seághain-an-Díomair an maidean ro, 7 náir cuaidid ré ceól na cuaidé na píobairthead an loin duib inriu:

“ náe dān iad na Tír Conaillig reo, 7 náe móir an triuag dóir beit 'sá ĝcur a flíge a marbta,” ar reiréan, nuair do connaic ré Ó Dómnail 7 a buirdean beaĝ ruidte ar áirid an ĝáire ar an otaob tuair d'inbeair Súilĝ 1 n'óán na nĝail:

Bí an taoide triáigte ar an inbeair 7 do filid Ó Néill ĝur ĝainm tirm do bí ann 1 ĝcómnuide. Níor mar rin do Ó Dómnail: Bí aicne maic aigerean ar an áit úd, 7 do toĝair ré i 1 ĝcómair é féin 7 a éurid fear do coraint ar Ó Néill, mar eirĝeann an taoide go tiuĝ 7 go h-obann annrúo:

Aĝur féac 1 n-áirann le céile an rliocht do táinig ó beirt mac Néill naoi nĝiallaig—na Tír Conaillig ó Conall Sulban 7 na Tír Eóghainig ó Eóghan, é ruid do buir a croide le b'ón 1 nriair Conaill nuair do marbuidgeadh an curadh roin.

Deirtear náe raib aon fonn b'ruighe ar Ó Néill nuair do

new prince must needs do some act of valor at the beginning of his reign, as was the custom with every prince at that time. Hugh broke into Tir-Eoghain by order of the English, and plundered the north-western part of. Shane the Proud turned black and red with anger. By the champion-sword of Niall of the Nine Hostages, O'Donnell shall pay for this raid!

You would see foot and horsemen traveling from every quarter towards the great house of Benburb before sunrise, in the beginning of May, in the year 1567. The great hounds began to bay with excitement at the approach of the troops, and to jump about and wag their tails, for they thought they were to have a hunt, as usual. The red deer and the wolf ran to hide themselves in the woods all around, for *they* too thought, with the animal's instinct, that they were going to be pursued.

O'Neill had no desire for hunting this time, for he was in a hurry to subdue O'Donnell, and he and his host of three thousand men struck out to the north-west. Superstitious people would say that the jackdaws were screaming over the house of Shane the Proud this morning, and that he did not hear the music of the cuckoo nor the piping of the blackbird to-day.

"Are they not bold, these Tir-Conaill fellows, and is it not a great pity for them to be putting themselves in the way of their death?" said he, when he saw O'Donnell and his little band posted upon Ardingary, on the north side of Lough Swilly, in Donegal.

The tide had ebbed out of the estuary, and O'Neill thought that the sand in it was always dry. Not so with O'Donnell. *He* knew that place well, and he chose it in order to protect himself and his men from O'Neill, for the tide rises strongly and suddenly there.

And see, struggling together, the race that came from the two sons of Niall of the Nine Hostages—the Tir-Conaill men from Conall Gulban, and the Tir-Eoghain men from Eoghen, the man who broke his heart with sorrow after Conall when that warrior was killed!

It is said that O'Neill had no wish to fight when he saw the small army that O'Donnell had against him, and that he would rather that they would have surrendered; but for all that he arranged his men carefully, and he ordered them in companies and troops across the inlet of the sea. O'Donnell made a furious attack on the first party that got across and broke them up. If they had not many men, they were all like wild cats. He did

connaic ré an fluaḡ beas do bi aḡ Ó Dómnaili 'na coinnib, 7 sup b'feárr leir dá nḡeillfíoir, aét mar rin féin do dheartuis ré a cuio fear go cruinn 7 do rtiúraib ré 'na nḡreamaib 7 'na nḡiormaib tairrna an cuair fairrige iad. Tug Ó Dómnaili foḡa fearḡaé fá'n ḡcéad cuio do fíoié anonn 7 do búr ré iad. Muna faib móráin fear aige, caic fadaig do b'ead iad go léir. Rinne ré mar an ḡcéadna leir an darna cipe calma. "Caic-fear iad do cup ar roin," arfa Ó Néill, 7 do buail ré é féin ar ceann cóir capall, aét do pḡeab marcaig Uí Dómnaili amac ar los air 'nór ḡála ḡaoite, 7 d'á feabhar é Seághan-an-Dìomair 7 ar éigin do bi ré 'na cumar corḡ do cup leó. D'féac ré timceall air. B'i cuio d'á dḡreamaib mearḡta tré n-a céile 7 a tuillead aca fḡarḡa ó n-a céile. Níor tuis Seághan fáé an mearbḡtaili go bḡeacair ré an taoide aḡ eirḡe 7 rḡeoin aḡ teacé ar a cuio fear, 7 Ó Dómnaili le n-a buidean laóé aḡ cup orḡa go dian. Níor meac cḡoide Seághan inḡ an amḡar úo, 7 do órom ré ar éirleac le n-a marcaig go fiaḡain, 7 aḡ buil ar coranáirde annro 7 annruo aḡ ḡlaodac ar a cinnḡeodna a ḡcuio fear do cóiriuḡad. Do ḡníó ré féin iarracé ar an fluaḡ do bailiuḡad leir i n-eaḡar cóir, aét ní faib rliḡe cum caraó aca, 7 b'i cuio aca go ḡlúnaib i n-uirḡe 7 an taoide aḡ ríómar timceall orḡa. Fíir ó lár tuata do b'ead a bḡurmóir. Táinig rḡeóin níor mó orḡa 7 bḡire dár:

Bátaó 7 marbúigeaó trí céad d'éas fear aca: Do b'é cat deiréannac Seághan-an-Dìomair é aḡur an tubairte ba mó do tárluig iuan d'ó. An méio a cuair dḡearna rlan tar inḡear miltéac Súilig do teiceadair leo, aḡur do rḡeinn a bḡlaic ruar coir na habann aḡ cuarodac áca, aḡur doirn marcaé leir. Do tēarbáin Tír Conailac d'ár b'ainm ḡailacabair ac 'ran abainn d'ó d'á míle ó páirc an builaó aḡur do tug Seághan Ó Néill a cúl ar Tír Conail, allur air, a tēangā aḡur a capbaili cóim te, tirm, le rḡeapóio teine, aḡur cnar na rḡóirnaig le buairiḡt aigne.

B'i Ó Dómnaili 7 a fáir-fíir go meirdeac, 7 a dteinnce cnám aca d'éir an buair, aét ní faib fíor aca go rabadair aḡ dēanaó oibre na Sapanac, obair do tēir ar na ḡail rin ar fead cúig bliadna d'éas roime rin, ḡiú sup cáilleadair na miltē fear 7 dá milliún púnt cuige.

Cao do dēanfaíó Ó Néill Ulaó anoir? Deir leabair na Ceirḡe Ollamain go faib ré éadrom 'na ceann dár éir bḡuigne áirio an ḡáir, aét ní fuil 'ra méio rin aét cor cainte. B'i an cupad úo ró-aigeanḡamail 7 ró-láirir i ḡcḡoide 7 a ḡcḡor cum cḡomad ar plubaiḡeal aḡur ar cneadaiḡ i dcaó bḡiread don bḡuigne amáin. Ní faib ré dá fícead bliadān d'aoir fíir 7 b'i mḡrēac an leómain i ḡcomnuide aige: D'iarri cuio d'á

the same to the second brave file. "We must put them out of that," said O'Neill, and he thrust himself at the head of a detachment of horse; but O'Donnell's horsemen rushed out on him from a hollow like a gale of wind, and great as was Shane the Proud it was with difficulty that he was able to check him. He looked around him. Some of his companies were mixed up together, and some of them were separated from each other. Shane did not understand the reason of the confusion till he saw the tide rising and terror coming upon his men, and O'Donnell with his band of heroes pressing upon them severely. Shane's heart did not fail in that moment of distress, and he, with his horsemen, began slaughtering savagely, and galloping to and fro, calling upon his captains to put their men in order. He tried to gather the army together himself in proper order, but they had not room to turn, and some of them were up to the knees in water and the tide flowing up all round them. Most of them were inland men. A fresh panic fell on them and they broke away.

Thirteen hundred of them were drowned or killed. It was Shane the Proud's last battle, and the greatest disaster that ever happened to him. As many as crossed the terrible estuary of the Swilly in safety fled away, and their prince rushed up the side of the river to look for a ford, with a few horsemen. A Tir-Conaill man of the name of Gallagher showed him a ford in the river two miles from the battle-field, and Shane O'Neill turned his back on Tir-Conaill, sweating, his tongue and his palate as hot and dry as a coal of fire, and a lump in his throat from trouble of mind.

O'Donnell and his good men were right merry, and they had bonfires after the battle; but they did not know that they were doing the work of the English—work which it had failed those foreigners to do for fifteen years before that, though they had lost thousands of men and two millions of money in the attempt.

What will O'Neill of Ulster do now? The Book of the Four Masters says that he was light in his head after the fight at Ardingary, but that is only a turn of expression. That hero was too high-minded and too strong of heart and of limb to fall to blubbering and to groaning over the loss of one battle. He was not forty years of age yet, and he always had the courage of a lion. Some of his military officers begged him to yield to the English, but that was not Shane's intention at all. He released Somerled the Sallow (Sorley Boy), whom he had had in captivity as a prisoner of war for two years, and sent him

oiríseada coisair air géilleadh do Sárana aet níor b'é rin intinn Seághan i n-aon cor. Sgaol pé Somairle buirde do bí mar cime aise le dá bliadhain, 7 cuir mar teactaire go Cloinn Dómnail i n-Albain é as iarraidh congantha oirca. Do ghealladar do í, 7 gnió pé féin 7 gáirde marcad ionad coinne leo i mBunabann Duinne, i nAontuim. 'O' ámluigeadar go talam do 7 gléasadar pé roa i gcábán fairsing do. Táinig fear eile ar an láthair leir, 'o'ar b'ainm Pierce, brataodóir ó Elise do eualaidh cad do bí ar riubel as Seághan. Ní fuil aon rsiubinn le págail do dearbhuigean sup tug an captaen Pierce úo díol rola do na hAlbanais, aet tá mpar gáir as gac úgdar air.

A Seághan-an-Diomair, tá do gno deanta.

Deir do námarde féin amain, go raib do lám láidri mar ríat i gcómnuidé as an bfeair las, 7 nác raib gáidre ná fear mí-riagalta id' ceanntaraib leod' linn. Deir ríad, leir, sup b'é do gnat san ruidé cum bíd go mbiaid a ráit de'n feoil do b'feair, mar deirtead, as boet id' Cúroir, do cruinnigeadh ar do táirrig: Aet tá deirtead leod' féileact 7 leod' gáirge láitnead, mar tá na hAlbanais go cíocrae as cogarnaig le Captain Pierce inr an gcábán. Ní cloirfir uail de conairt asur ní lean-fair an ríad ruad tpe coilltib enó na Trúca go deó arir. Ní cloirfir pluagte tpe eógan do gáircaid níor mó, mar tá ríde Albanac ar do cúl a san fíor duit 7 Pietee 'o'á nsgioadh sup marbuisir a n-aiteada i mbruigín Gleanna taire. Phead id' ruidé ó'n mbóir roin a Seághan-an-Diomair 7 féad dia tíar díot mar tá an tpleag i nsgiorraet órlaig deo' dhom leatan.

Asur liúgan an coirpliún amuic ar Spuic na Maoile, 7 bpuiréann na tonna bána ar an tpeidig le fuaim coir Bunabann Duinne, 7 tearbánnann na daoine annruo caru cló i los mar a bfuil Seághan-an-Diomair 'na cóula le bpuir asur tpe déat bliadhain.

“Sead mbliadhna Searccatt cúic céo
Mile bliadhain ir ní bpecc,
Co báir tSeadán mic mic Cuinn
Ó toirdeet Cúroir hi ccolainn.”

Tóg Pierce leir an ceann do b'áilne i nEirinn 7 baineadh an t-éadac daor de coirp díceannta úi Néill: fuair Pierce a míle púnt mar díol ar an gceann ó'n mbainneogain, 7 buaileadh an ceann caithreac úo ar bíoir ar an rínn do b'áirde ar cairleán Baile-áta-Cliaic:

PART OF A PROCLAMATION CONCERNING
SHANE THE PROUD

Photographic facsimile from the original

as an envoy to the Clan Donal in Scotland, to ask aid of them. They promised it to him, and he and a guard of horsemen appointed a place of meeting with them at Cushendun, in Antrim. They bowed to the ground before him, and prepared a feast for him in a large tent. Another man came to the place also, whose name was Pierce, a spy from Elizabeth, who had heard what Shane was doing. There is no written evidence to be found which proves that this Captain Pierce gave blood-money to the Scots, but every author has a strong suspicion of it.

Shane the Proud, your business is done.

Your very enemies say that your strong hand was ever as a shield to the weak, and that there was not a robber nor an unruly man in your territories during your time. They say, too, that it was your custom not to sit down to your food until, as you would say, Christ's poor, who gathered on your threshold, had had their fill of the best meat. But there is an end to your generosity and to your valiant deeds now, for the Scots are eagerly whispering with Captain Pierce in the tent. You will never again hear the baying of the pack, nor follow the red deer through the nut-woods of the cantred for evermore. The hosts of Tir-Eoghain will hear your battle-cry no more, for there are twenty Scots behind you unknown to you, and Pierce is nagging at them that you killed their fathers in the battle of Glenshesk. Spring to your feet from that table, Shane the Proud, and look behind you, for the spear is within an inch of your broad back.

And the curlew cries away out on the Moyle Water, and the white waves break soundingly on the strand near Cushendun, and the people there show a cairn of stones in a hollow, where Shane the Proud sleeps these three hundred years and more.

“Seven years, sixty, five hundred
(And) a thousand years, it is no lie,
To the death of Shane the grandson of Conn
From the coming of Christ in the Body.”

Pierce took away with him the most beautiful head in Ireland, and they took the rich clothing from the headless body of O'Neill. Pierce received his thousand pounds from the Queen in payment for the head, and that beloved and lovely head was stuck upon a spike on the highest battlement of Dublin Castle.

(b) CAILÍN NA MBRÁDTE:

Séamur ua Dubháil:

Bí cailín fadó ó i dtí na mbráidte agus ní bíod don teópa leir an méio oibre bíod rí a cupi poimpi le déanamh.

Ir cuma cad a beaó gan déanamh agus b'féidir go mbeaó ré gan déanamh ar feaó ráite, nuair déarfaió leir an scailín é déanamh, 'ré an fíeasra bíod aici i gcóinníre: "Ó bíor cum é rin a déanamh mé féin." Ceap na bráidte ar dtúir go raib cailín anaóiceallac aca, agus ir minic a bíoir ag molaó an cailín agus ag maoidéam airtí le bráidte eile.

Don lá amáin a táinig rean-bráidair éuca ó mainirtir eile, agus, nuair a éuala ré an t-ápo-molaó ar cailín na mbráidte, "Beiró fíor agam-ra," ar reirean, "an bfuil rí com maic agus veirtéar liom i beic."

"Cosar," ar reirean le ceann de na bráidte, "abair leir an scailín teacó irteac i feómra na leabair agus, nuair a beiró rí irteig ann, abair léi sup ceart ói na leabair a nige."

"Agus cad cuige go scuirpinn obair óinrige mar rin poimpi? Beaó fearis uirtí agus b'féidir go bfaófaó rí rinn. Ní fuirir cailín mar i 'fagáil seallaim duit."

"Déan puo oim," ar' an rean-bráidair:

Do glaoóuis ré ar an scailín agus ní raib rí i bfaó ag teacó, agus, nuair a táinig rí, dubairt an rean-bráidair léi go bog réio: "Cloirim sup anaóailín tú. Ir mói an t-iongnao liom, a bfuigro, na leabair reo beic gan nige agat fóir."

"Bíor díreac cun é rin a déanamh, mé féin, a ádair."

"Ó ní fábaó duit é, a bfuigro," ar' an bráidair eile go fearó: Ó 'n lá rain go dtí an lá indiu tá Cailín na mbráidte mar ainm ar éinne a bíonn "cun é rin déanamh" i n-ionao é beic déanta:

(f) AN GAO MARA

nó

AR LORG AN BÉARLA:

Séamur ua Dubháil:

Tamall maic ó foim anoir bí daoine 'na gcóinníre i n-oileán beas i n-íoctar na héireann agus ní raib aca acó an fáedilg: Mar seall air go mbíod daoine raibóire ag teacó ar cuairt ar

THE FRIARS' SERVANT MAID.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

THERE was a servant long ago at the friary, and there were no bounds to the amount of work she used to be about doing.

It did not matter what was left undone, and perhaps it would be without doing for a quarter, when the servant would be asked to do it the answer she always had was, "I was going to do that myself." The friars at first thought they had a very diligent servant, and often they used to be praising the girl, and boasting of her to other friars.

One day an old brother came to them from another monastery, and when he heard the great praises of the friars' servant, he said, "I'll find out if she is as good as she is said to be."

"Whisper," said he to one of the brothers; "tell the girl to come into the library, and when she is inside there, tell her she ought to wash the books."

"And why should I set her such a fool's job? She would be angry, and perhaps she would leave us. It is not easy to get a servant like her, I assure you."

"Do as I tell you," said the old friar.

He called the girl; she was not long coming, and when she came the old friar said to her, soft and smooth, "I am told you are a great girl. I wonder very much, Brigid, that you have those books so long without washing."

"I was just now going to do that myself, father."

"Oh you need not, Brigid," said the other brother, sharply.

From that day to this "the friars' servant girl" is applied to any one who is always going to do the thing instead of having it done.

THE GAD MARA, OR IN SEARCH OF ENGLISH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

A GOOD while ago now there lived people in a little island in a remote part of Ireland and they had no language but Irish. Because wealthy people used to visit the island now and again, the poor people imagined that all they wanted was to have

an oileán anoir agus arís éap na daoine bocta ná raib uata áct an Deanta d'fógluim agus go mbeidís raibbhí go deo. Leanann an Salan céanna móran daoine a ceapann níor mó céille beir aca 'ná bí ag muintir an oileáin:

"Áct cá raib an Béarla le fágáil?" B'in i an ceirt anoir.

Bí 'fíor aca go raib Béarla i n-Éirinn, áct eualadar go raib an Béarla dob' fearr 'ra domán i mBaile Áta Cliat.

Tar éir móran cainte agus comráid focruitheadar ar duine aca a cur go Baile Áta Cliat ar lorg an Béarla.

An lá bí an fear ag imteacht bað dóig leat gur go hAimeirice a bí ré ag dul. Bí an lá 'na lá raoinne ar an oileán. Táinig muintir an oileáin go léir, ós agus epionna, go dtí port na héireann agus cuiread an fear anonn ar an dtír móir ar an mbáð ba mó ar an oileán.

D'fás teachtairne an Béarla plán aca agus d'imtís ar go Baile Áta Cliat. Tar éir a beir tamall 'ra catair bí Béarla aige, dá focal, "Good-morrow," agus éap ré go raib ré i n'am aige filltead a baile. Bí ré cuiread go leor ó beir ag coirp-deacht, agus nuair a táinig ré go dtí féit an Clotaig i n-aice na fairrige, fuir ré fíor.

Bí na focail go cruinn farta aige, 7 le heagla go mbead riad cailte aige, bíod ré ag ráð mar páirín "Good-morrow," "good-morrow," "good-morrow."

Bí an ainmíur fliuc agus bí féit an Clotaig bog. Go deimhin, bí rí 'na tóim ar bogad, agus, nuair a bí an fear boct ag dul trarna, euid ré ar lár agus d'fóbaíir do beir bárdte. Carr-aing ré é féin amad i gcuma éicint agus bain ré amad an talam tirim. Áct, mo éreac ir mo éar! bí an Béarla cailte aige.

Nuair a táinig ré a baile agus nuair d'innir ré a fgeal do muintir an oileáin, bíodar buairdearta go leor, agus 'ré dubairt gad duine aca leir féin gur mór an truaas nac é féin a cuiread go Baile-Áta-Cliat.

Áct cad a bí le déanam anoir? Bí an Béarla cailte i bféit an Clotaig agus b'féidir go mbead ré le fágáil fíor.

Do gluair reirreir de muintir an oileáin anonn ar báð go dtí an dtír móir agus fear an Béarla le n-a goir. Cearbáin ré dóib éar cail ré an Béarla i lár na féite.

Éromadar go léir ar an áit a tóbac agus a taorad agus níor b'fada dóib ag fábáil do'n obair reo nuair do buail saothar leó.

"Sin é an focal," "Sin é an focal," arateachtairne an Béarla, "saothar," "saothar."

English and that they would be rich for ever. The same ailment follows a good many who think they have much more sense than had the people of the island.

But where was the English to be had; that was now the question. They knew there was English in Ireland, but they had heard the best English in the world was in Dublin.

After much talk and discussion they fixed on one of themselves to be sent to Dublin in search of English.

The day the man was leaving you would think it was to America he was going. The day was a holiday on the island. The whole population of the island, young and old, came down to Port Erinn, and the man was put across on the mainland in the biggest boat on the island.

The English delegate bade them farewell, and proceeded on his way to Dublin. After being a short time in the city he had English, "Good morrow," two words, and he thought it was time for him to be returning home. He was tired enough from walking, and when he came as far as "the Left-handed Man's swamp," close to the sea, he sat down. He had the words correctly, and lest he should lose them, he used to be repeating them like a prayer—"Good morrow, good morrow."

The weather was wet and the swamp soft. Indeed it was a regular quagmire; and when the poor man was crossing he went bogging, and was near being drowned. He pulled himself out some way and got to dry land. But, sorrow and distraction, he had lost the English.

When he reached home, and when he told his tale to the people of the island, they were troubled enough, and it is what each said to himself, that it was a pity that it was not he himself that was sent to Dublin.

But what was to be done now. The English was lost in the swamp of the Left-handed Man, and maybe it would be found yet.

Six of the islanders went over in a boat to the mainland, and the "English" man with them. He showed them where he lost the English in the middle of the swamp. They all set to work to dig and shovel the place, and they were not long at the work when they came upon a gad mara, or sea rod.

"That's the word, that's the word," said the messenger, "Gad mara, gad mara."

ṚAÍṬ-SṢÉAL:

ní naḁaíṛ mīre ṡo bṛáṫ ar ṡcúil
 ma'ṛ éiṡm beít úmal ṡaíṛb 'ṛ móṛ mo leun,
 muna ṡṡiṡ liom riúbal, muna ṡṡiṡ liom riúbal,
 muna ṡṡiṡ liom riúbal ar mo páiṛe-pe féin.

Ṭáinṡ an ṡṛaṫnóna ṡeít, 7 ṛín mé riár ar ṡanca bṛeáṡ féin, ar
 ṡaíṛb an bṡṡaṛ, aṡur níṛ b'ṛaṡa ṡur ṡuit mo ṡṡṡlaṡ ṡṛm.
 Aṡur im' ṡṡṡlaṡ ṡonnaṛe mé aṛlingṡ.

'Ṭo bí mé aṡ riúbal, maṛ ṛaíṛ mé im' aṛlingṡ, 1 ṡṡṛ anaiṡnīṛ
 naṡ ṛaíṛ mé aṛiam ṛoime ṛeṡ 1 n-aon ṡṛ ṡṡṛmúil léi, bí ṛí ṡṡm
 bṛeáṡ ṛín. Bí bṡṡṛe ṡaíṛa ṡṡ-ṛiúbalṡa aṡ ṡul ṡṛíṡ an ṡṛ
 áluinn ṛeṡ, aṡur ṡo bí páiṛeanna ṡlaṛa aṡur ṛeár bṡṡ uaiṡne,
 aṡur h-uile ṛṡṛ ṡlaṡ ṡ'á ṡṛaṡaíṛ ṛúil aṛiam, aṡ ṛár ar ṡaṡ aon
 ṡaíṛb ṡe'n bṡṡaṛ. áṡṡ ṡo bí an bṡṡaṛ féin cam ṡṡṛaṡ ṡṡṡaṡ,
 aṡur bí ṛṛṛúilleaṡ aṡ ṛeíṡeaṡ aṛ, ṡo loit aṡur ṡo ṡall ṛúile
 na ṛṡaíṛe ṡo bí aṡ riúbal ann.

Aṡur níṛ bṛaṡa ṡo ṡṛaṡaíṛ mé ṛeár ṡṡ lúṡmaṛ láíṛiṛ amaṡ
 ṛṡṡam, aṡ ṡaṡáil an bṡṡaṛ maṛ ṡo bí mé féin. Aṡur ṡonnaic
 mé an ṡ-ṡṡánaṡ ṛo aṡ ṛeáraṡ ṡo minic cum an ṛáṡaṛ ṡṛm ṡo
 hí ṡ'á ṛeíṡeaṡ ar an mbṡṡaṛ ṡo cūimilṡ ṡ'á ṛúilíṡ. Aṡur ṡo
 bí an bṡṡaṛ ṡṡm h-aíṡṛeíṛ aṡur ṡṡ ṡṡṡaṡ ṛín ṡur ṡuit ṛé
 aṛoíṛ aṡur aṛíṛ maṛ bí ṛé aṡ riúbal. Aṡur an uaiṛ ṡeíṛeannaṡ
 ṡo ṡuit ṛé níṛ ṛeáṡ ṛé éiṛiṡe no ṡo ṡṡáinṡ mīre ṡṡm ṛaṡa
 leíṛ, aṡur ṡuṡar mo láṡ ṡṡ ṡur ṡṡṡ mé ar a ṡá ṡoíṛ aṛíṛ é,
 aṡur ṡuṡaṛe mé leíṛ ṡo ṛaíṛ ṛúil aṡam naṡ ṛaíṛ ṛé ṡṡṡuṡiṡṡe.
 Ṭ'ṛṛeaaṡaṛ ṛeíṛean ṡe ṡṛiaṡṛaíṛ binne ṡlaṛṡa naṡ ṛaíṛ ṛé ṡṡṡuṡiṡṡe
 ṡo móṛ, áṡṡ ṡo ṛaíṛ ṛaíṡṡoíṛ aṛ naṡ ṡṡuṡeṛaṡ ṛé ṡo
 ṡeíṛeaṡ a aṛṡṛiṛ an lá ṛín, maṛ ṡo bí an bṡṡaṛ ṡṡm ṡaṛb aṡur
 ṡṡm ṡṛaíṛ ṛín. Aṡur ṡ'ṛiaṛṛuṡ mīre ṡé an ṛaṡa ṡo bí le ṡul
 aṡe. Ṭuṡaṛe ṛeíṛean náṛ bṛaṡa, áṡṡ ṡur mian leíṛ ṡul ṡo
 baile-móṛ ṡo bí cúṡ mile amaṡ uainn, ṛul ṡáinṡ an oíṡṡe aṛ,
 ṡṛ buṡ mian leíṛ ṛuṡ le n'íṡe, aṡur leaṡuṛ, ṛáṡaíṛ, aṡur ṡan
 an oíṡṡe ṡo ṡaíṡeám amuṡ aṛ an mbṡṡaṛ ṛiaṡain ṛín.

Aṡur nuaiṛ cūalaíṛ mé ṛín ṡo bí ionṡantaṛ ṡṛm, ṡṛ bí ṡá
 uaiṛ ṡe'n lá aṡainn ṛṡṛ, ṛoim lúṛe na ṡṛéine, aṡur b'ṛṡuṛ ṡo
 ṡuine ar bíṡ ṡo bí ṡṡm lúṡmaṛ láíṛiṛ leíṛ an ṡṡánaṡ ṛín cúṡ
 míle ṡo ṛiúbal in ṛan am ṛín, ṡá ṛṛáṡṛaṡ ṛé an ṡṛṡṡṡṡaṛ aṡur
 ṡá ṛiúbalṛaṡ ṛé ar an maṡaṛe b, eáṡ ṛeíṛ ṡo bí le n-a ṡaíṛb;
 aṡur ṡuṡaṛe mé ṛín leíṛ.

“ná bíṡ ionṡantaṛ ṡṛ ṛúm-ṛa,” a ṡeíṛ ṛé, “ṡṛ ní ṛeíṛiṛ
 le ṡuine ar bíṡ in ṛan ṡṛ ṛeṡ an bṡṡaṛ ṛáṡṡáil. ṡṡm ṡṡṡaṡ
 enaṛaṡ ṡṡṛaṡ aṡur áṡa an bṡṡaṛ, ṡaíṡṛíṛ ṡuine ṛanaṡmianṡ aṛ.

AN ALLEGORY.

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

(Translated by NORMA BORTHWICK.)

THE evening became hot, and I stretched back on a fine grassy bank at the side of the road, and it was not long till I fell asleep. And in my sleep I saw a vision.

I was walking, as I thought in my dream, in an unknown country, such that I was never before in any country like it, it was so fine. There were narrow roads, very bad for walking, running through this beautiful country, and there were green fields and soft green grass, and every sort of flower that the eye ever saw, growing on each side of the road. But the road itself was crooked and uneven and stony, and there was a dusty wind blowing on it that hurt and blinded the eyes of the people that were walking in it.

And it was not long till I saw a young, active, strong man out before me, going the same road as I was myself. And I saw this young fellow standing often to rub out of his eyes the dry dust that was being blown on the road. And the road was so uneven and so stony that he fell now and again as he was walking. And the last time that he fell he could not rise until I came up to him, and I gave him my hand till I raised him up on his feet again, and I said to him that I hoped he was not hurt. He answered in sweet, pleasant-sounding words that he was not much hurt, but that he was afraid he would not come to the end of his journey that day, as the road was so rough and so hard. And I asked him if he had far to go. He said he had not far, but that he wished to go to a big town, that was five miles out from us, before night came on him, for he wanted to get something to eat and a bed, and not to spend the night outside on that wild road.

And when I heard that there was wonder on me, for we had two hours of the day yet before sunset, and it would be easy for anybody who was so active and strong as that young man to walk five miles in that time if he left the bad road, and if he walked on the fine, smooth plain that was beside it; and I said that to him.

"Do not be surprised at me," says he, "for it is impossible for any person in this country to leave the road. As stony and knotty and rugged as the road is, a person must stay on it. If he leaves the road to walk on the fine, smooth plain,

má fágann ré an bótar le riúbal ar an macaire breágh réir, iocfaid ré ar go géar. Tá luét gárda ar an mbótar ro agus ar h-uile bótar in ran tír reo, faigsiúnaid móra duba. I r iad na faigsiúnaid reo do rinne gac don bótar ann ran tír reo agus i r oic do rinneadar iad, aet má fágann duine tuirpreac an bótar le riúbal ar an macaire, leantair é leir an ngárda dub ro, agus beirid air, agus tiomáinir nómpa é, go gcuirfid ar an mbótar ari r é, gan buideacac ro.”

“Aet,” ar ra mire leir an rcrainreac, “ni réirir go bfuil an oircaid rin de faigsiúnaid duba ar gac don bótar in ran tír le luét riúbailta na mbótar do rmaetugaib agus do fáruagaib mar rin. Nac mbionn luét-riúbailta na mbótar níor iomadaimla ná an gárda dub ro, agus nac breacraib ríad an lám uactair fágaib oirra, agus bhuircaib arcaib, in a n-aimdeoin, ar an macaire min áluinn rin, agus gan fanamaint ar an mbótar ghlanna púdaicac poll-lionmar ro?”

“O’breacraib rin déanam go cinnte,” ar ran rcrainreac, “oir bíonn ríde fear láirir ar an mbótar i n-agaib an don gárda amáin, aet atá ríor breacraib rgarca as an ngárda dub, ann ran rreir or cionn na mbótar, agus i r díg leir an luét-riúbail nac bfuil don neart aca na bóirre o’fágaib, agus tar éir gac oic agus doirair agus dílaib o’a otagann oirra ann rna rligtib millteaca malluighe reo, ní an oirre ná an corairre aca iad o’fágaib, agus i r díg gur ab é rin mar gail ar an breacraib do rgar na daoine duba. Aet i r é an ruo i r iongantaghe aca uile, nac bfuil in ran scu o i r mó de na faigsiúnaid reo aet cormúneacac faigsiúnaid; i r rgaibre gan buig gan rubrtaint iad, aet i r díg le luét-riúbailta na mbótar gur fuil agus reoib iad, agus go loirir ríad an duine fágar an bótar le n-a scuio arim.”

Do riublamair ar ar n-agaib le céile ann rin, 7 níor breacraib go rabamair com fáruighe rin gur b’éigin dúinn ríre ríor ar an mbótar, agus do goill an tarac agus an tuirre oirrainn go móir. Dubairt mé ann rin leir an ógánac, “Ni beinn com dona ro dá mbeir deoc uirge agam.”

“Tá tobair breágh ríor-uirge,” adubairt ré, “fá bun crainn breágh úbail, ceacranna míle amac nóiminn, aet tá ré ar an taob arci g de’n élaire, in ran macaire, agus ní díreannac é dul com fáda leir.”

Aet do goill an tarac oim com móir rin go ndubairt mé, “Caíre mé ól ar, dá marbócaire ar an móimio mé. Treoirig mé go oic an tobair ro.” Táinig raicéir ar an ógánac, agus dubairt ré, “I r i mo cómaire duit gan dul ann, aet má i r éigean duit, ni bacraib mé tu. Fágaib mé do cuideacac nuair

he will pay for it severely. There are guards on this road and on every road in this country—great black soldiers. It was these soldiers who made every single road in this country, and 'tis bady they made them; but if a weary person leaves the road to walk on the plain, they follow him with this black guard, and they catch him and drive him before them till they put him on the road again in spite of him."

"But," said I to the stranger, "there cannot be so many black soldiers on every road in the country as to repress and overcome the people who walk the roads like that. Are not the people who walk the roads more numerous than this black guard, and could not they get the upper hand of them, and break in, in spite of them, upon that smooth, beautiful plain, and not stay on this ugly, dusty road, full of holes?"

"They could do that certainly," said the stranger, "for there are twenty strong men on the road against the one guardsman, but the black guard have scattered a sort of enchantment in the air over the roads, and the travelers think they are not able to leave the roads, and after all the want and trouble and misery that comes on them in these awful, accursed roads, they have not the heart nor the courage to leave them, and probably that is on account of the enchantment that the black fellows have scattered. But the most extraordinary of all these things is that most of these soldiers are only imitation soldiers; they are shadows without force or substance, but the people who walk the roads think that they are flesh and blood, and that they would wound anybody who would leave the road with their weapons."

We walked forward together then, and it was not long till we were so tired that we had to sit down on the road, and thirst and fatigue oppressed us greatly. I said then to the young man, "I would not be so bad if I had a drink of water."

"There is a fine well of spring-water," said he, "at the foot of a beautiful apple-tree, a quarter of a mile out before us, but it is on the inner side of the ditch, in the plain, and it is not lawful to go as far as it."

But the thirst troubled me so much that I said, "I must drink out of it, if I were to be killed on the instant. Lead me to this well." Fear came upon the young man, and he said, "'Tis my advice to you not to go there, but if you must, I will not hinder you. I will leave your company when I come as far as the well. Kill yourself, if you wish; but you shall not kill me."

We rose then, and we walked together till we saw a great,

tiucpar mé com fáda leir an tobair. Maib tu féin, má' r mian leat; aet ni maibbócaró tu mipe."

D'éirigeamar ann rin, agus siublamar le céile, go b'acamar crann móir áluinn as éirige ar an macaire, timcioll ríde péirre arcead ó'n mbótar. Cuair mé ruar ar bárr an clairde do bí ar taoib an bótar, agus connaic mé tobair glan glé-geal fíor-uirge d'a rgeitead amac fá bun an érainn áro áluinn, agus connaic mé bláta bána agus úbla beasa agus úbla leat-apuir agus úbla móra deargá lán-apuir, as fáir le céile ar an gcraon rin. Aet do bí an oiréad rin de rmacet agus de r'ganhrad ar daoimib na tíre rin náir bainead oiréad agus don uball aca, agus ba léir dam, ar an b'éar fáda fáramail do bí éar timcioll an tobair éom-áluinn rin, nac tóainis don ruine i n-aice leir le h-ól. Aet nuair connaic mipe an méad rin do geit mo éiride i láir mo éleib, agus dubairt mé 's or-áro, " Bainfir mé cuir de na h-ublaib rin agus ólparó mé mo d'ótain de'n tobair rin, má 'ré an báir atá i ndán dam."

Agus leir rin d'éirig mé de léim áro éadrom aéiac de bárr an clairde-teóran agus arcead ar an macaire mín áluinn. Agus nuair connaic an t-óganac an nio rin, do leis ré orna ar, óir ba d'ois leir gur b'é mo báir do bí mé d'a tóruigeaet.

Agus nuair éainis mipe leat-bealaig ioir an glairde agus an tobair, d'éirig raióuir ouh, mar beir arpac árobéal úr-ghánna, ruar, ar an b'éar fáda, agus do tós ré clairdeam móir le mo éann do r'olcaó, mar faoil mé. Agus do éualaró mé ar mo eúl an r'péad do cuir an t-óganac ar an mbótar ar, le teann-raicóir. Nio lúga 'ná rin an raicóir do bí orin féin, óir ni raib arin ar bit asam le mo éoraint. Aet do érom mé ar éloic maic móir do bí fá mo éoir, com móir le mo d'oirin féin, agus eus mé toga uiréar de'n éloic rin leir an raióuir árobéal. Do buail an éloc é, mar faoil mé, i gceart-láir a éadain, agus cuair rí amac ríro a éann, amail agus nac raib ann aet r'áile. Agus ar an móimio nioir léir dam cruic ná cuma an raióuir, aet do bí ruo gan cruic ann amail plám de'n éeo, agus do leas an ceó rin, agus do r'gar ré ann ran r'éir, agus ni raib d'adair éadain-re agus an tobair. Tuig mé ann rin nac raióuir ná fear cogair do bí ann, aet ruo b'éasac 7 r'áile do rinnead le r'adairéaet, cum na ndaoine do r'ganhrad ó'n tobair. Cuair mé go r'ci an t-uirge agus nioir bac ruo ar bit eile mé. Éromar ar an uirge agus d'ólar mo fáit dé, agus dar liom-ra go raib ré com maic le fion. Bain mé uball móir dearg de'n érainn ann rin agus d'itear é, agus do bí ré com milir im' beal le mil. Nuair connaic mé rin, glao mé ar an óganac agus dubairt mé leir " teact arcead eusam, óir nac raib d'adair

beautiful tree rising out of the plain, about twenty perches in from the road. I went up on the top of the ditch that was at the side of the road, and I saw a pure, bright-looking well of spring-water gushing out under the foot of the beautiful high tree, and I saw white blossoms and little apples and half-ripe apples and large, red, fully-ripe apples growing together on that tree. But there was so much repression and terror on the people of that country that nobody gathered as much as one apple of them, and it was clear to me, by the long-growing grass that was round about that lovely well, that no person came near it to drink. But when I saw that much, my heart leaped within my breast, and I said aloud, "I will gather some of those apples, and I will drink my fill of that well, if it is death that is in store for me."

And with that I rose in a high, light, active jump from the top of the boundary ditch and in upon the smooth, beautiful plain. And when the young fellow saw that, he gave a sigh, for he thought it was my death I was seeking.

And when I came half-way between the ditch and the well, a black soldier arose, like a great, hideous monster, up out of the long grass, and he took up a great sword to split my head, as I thought. And I heard behind me the scream that the young man on the road put out of him, with intense fear. No less than that was the fear that was on myself, for I had no weapon at all to defend myself. But I stooped for a good big stone that was under my foot, as big as my own fist, and I gave a choice throw of that stone at the terrible soldier. The stone hit him, as I thought, in the very middle of his forehead, and it went out through his head, as if he were nothing but a shadow. And on the instant the appearance and shape of the soldier were dim to me, but there was a shapeless thing there like a wreath of mist, and that mist melted, and it dispersed into the air, and there was nothing between myself and the well. Then I knew that he was not a soldier nor a warrior, but an unreal thing and a shadow, made by magic to frighten the people from the well. I went to the water, and no other thing hindered me. I bent down to the water and I drank my fill of it, and in my opinion it was as good as wine. I pulled a big red apple from the tree then and ate it, and it was as sweet in my mouth as honey. When I saw that, I called to the young man, and said to him "to come in to me, for there was nothing to prevent him." As soon as he perceived that, he came in over the ditch himself, and he in great fear, and he made for the well. He drank his fill out of it, and he ate

le n-a bacadh.” Com luath agus tug ré rin fá dheara, táinig ré féin ardeac tar an gclaidhe, agus é fá eagla móir, agus rinne ré ar an tobair. “Ól ré a fáit ar, agus o’it ré a fáit de na h-úblaib, agus fineamair riap le céile ar an bfeair bheáas bog, agus coruigeamair as caint. Agus o’fiarraig mé de ainm na tíre rin, “óir” ar fá mire leir; “ir i an tír ir iongantaisge o’a bfuil ar an doiman i.”

Corais ré ann rin as innirint rgeula na tíre rin dam, agus dúbairt ré, “Tá an tír reo ’na h-oileán, agus do crutais Dia i amuis ann ran aigéin móir ar an taoib riap de’n doiman, an áit a shabann an shian cum a leaptan ann ran oirde. Agus ir i an tír ir áille agus ir glaire agus ir úire i o’a bfuil fá’n ngréin. Agus deir tura sur tír iongantac i, áit ni tuigeann tu leat a h-iongantair go fóill. Agus tá trí ainmneaca uiriu, banba agus fódla agus éire.”

Nuair eualair mé rin, do tug mé léim, agus buail mé mo ceann le géagán de’n crann, mar faoil mé,—agus dúirig mé:

Agus ar bforrait mo fáile dam, riú mé mo luidhe ar an gclaidhe ar taoib an bótar, ioir bail-at-cliaic agus bótar-na-bhuighe, agus mo cara Diarmuid bán ’s am’ fátao i m’eapna-caib le maire. “’S miéir duit beir dul a-baile,” aoir ré:

“Óra a Diarmuid,” ar fá mire, “ná bain liom: Ni fácair mac mátar ariam a leirde o’ ailing agus connaic mire.” Agus leir rin o’innir mé mo bhionglóir do, ó tús go deiread.

“Mairead! mo shráo tu,” ar fá Diarmuid, nuair bí mé réir, “agus b’ fíor do bhionglóir. Fáir agus fále tu,” aoir ré.

“Cionnur rin?” ar fá mire, “míng dam é.”

“Ir ar éalam na h-éireann do bí tu gan don amair,” ar fá Diarmuid, “áit do bí tu as riúbal, mar tá na h-éireannaig uile as riúbal, ar na bóirib do rinne na Sacpanaig le n-a gcuid olisge agus le n-a gcuid fáiríun féin, agus rin bóirde nac féoir le Gaedhal riúbal oirra gan tuirliugaó agus gan tuicim, gan dochar agus gan dólár: Áit má tréigeann riad bótar an tSacpanaicair agus an Déarlaicair, agus iad do dul ardeac ar a macaire bheásh feurmar féin ni beir riad as riúbal go cruaid ar fead an lae iomláin, mar an t-éireannac boct rin do connaic tura, le leabuir agus le ruipéar o’fágail ran oirde; áit do fácair fá do níor fáire, i leat an ama. Agus an tobair fíoruirge rin do connaic tu, an tobair nac leigfead na sháirde dúbá rin do na doimib o’ol ar, nac d’uirgeann tu sur tobair na glan-shaerleige é rin, agus cia bé éireannac oirfar deoc ar, bionn ré mar fíon in a béal, o’a neapruagaó agus o’a fionnfuaiaó. Agus an raigóir dúb rin o’uirig ioir tura agus crann na n-úball, b’ é rin an fáiríun Sacpana, agus nuair buail tu

his fill of the apples, and we stretched back on the fine, soft grass together, and began to talk. And I asked him the name of that country; "for," said I to him, "it is the most extraordinary country of all there are in the world."

He began then to tell me the history of that country, and he said, "This country is an island, and God created it out in the great ocean on the western side of the world, the place where the sun goes to his bed in the night. And it is the most beautiful and the greenest and the freshest country of all under the sun. And you say it is an extraordinary country, but you do not know half its wonderfulness yet. And there are three names on it—Banba and Fodhla and Ireland."

When I heard that I gave a jump, and I struck my head against a branch of the tree, as I thought—and I awoke.

And when I opened my eyes, there I was lying on the ditch at the side of the road, between Dublin and Boharnabreena, and my friend Dermot "Bán" was poking me in the ribs with a stick.

"'Tis time for you to be going home," says he.

"Oro, Dermot," said I, "let me alone. No mother's son ever saw the like of such a vision as I have seen." And with that I told him my dream from beginning to end.

"Musha, man dear!" said Dermot, when I was done, "and your dream was true. A prophet and a poet you are," says he.

"How so?" said I. "Explain it to me."

"'Tis on the soil of Ireland you were without any doubt," said Dermot, "but you were walking, as all Irishmen are walking, on the roads which the English made with their own laws and with their own fashions, and those are roads that a Gael cannot walk on without stumbling and falling, without trouble and distress. But if they leave the road of Anglicisation and of English-speaking, and go in on their own fine, grassy plain, they will not be walking hard all day long like that poor Irishman you saw, to get a bed and a supper at night, but they would go twice as far in half the time. And that well of spring water that you saw, the well that those black sentries would not let the people drink from, don't you understand that that is the well of pure Irish, and whatever Irishman drinks a drink out of it, it is as wine in his mouth, strengthening him and cooling him. And that black sentry that got up between you and the apple-tree, that was the English Fashion, and when you struck him he went out of sight, like a mist, for fashions come like mist, and if a person defends himself from them they

é o'íméig ré ar amarc mar ceó, óir tigeann na fáiríúin mar ceó; agus má corann duine é féin o'pá iméigean riad mar ceó arís: Agus na bláta bána, agus na h-úbla, do connaic tu ar an gcann aró aluinn, rin é an toparó atá as fáir ar macaire na Šaebaltaeta, agus má fágann na Šaebail na bóitpe ir ar cuir na Sacpanais iad le dul arceac ar a dtalam féin ara, na h-úbla rin nári blar riad le dá céad bliadan bainpí riadparir go tiug iad. Agus as rin duit anoir, a Šraoibin, mar míni gim re o'airling," ar ré.

"M' anam a Dia, a Diarmuid," ar ra mire, "níl do famail de míništeoir ar talam na h-Éireann; agus an céad airling eile beirdear agam ir eugao-ra tiucpar me. Ir fearr 'na Daniel tu. Dhorcuig ort anoir agus beirimid as dul a-baile."

TADŪS ŠABAI

CAIBIDIL I.

Bí TadŪs ua b'poin 'na šabá, agus bí a ceapóca ar éadib an bótar i n-aice le D'roicead na Šeadaige, beic míle i dtaduib tiam do Cill Áirne:

Ceapdaige maic do b'ead TadŪs. Ní riab 'na parpóirde féin, ná b'féoir i gCiarrarde, fearr do b'fearr a cuirfead crúó fá capall ná clár ar céacda: Aet mar rin féin, ní riab TadŪs gan a loódaib féin. Ir dóca nári éainis riad lá donais ná maršair ná reirpíde TadŪs ar riad Cill Áirne, agus ir ró-annam a bí ré as teact abailte tráctóna gan beic rúgac go leor, nó b'féoir ar meirge. Dá n'óearpá don'ne le TadŪs ar maidin lae an donais, "An bfuilir as dul go Cill Áirne inoiu, a Šairš?" ré an f'eadra a šeobad ré, "Ní feodar," nó "b'féoir dom"—'ran am céadna as duality buille dá éarúr ar an iarrann nó ar an inneoin, com maic ir dá mbéad ré as riad, "Ir móir atá fíor uait."

Nuair a bí lá an maršair ann bí 'fir as šac uile duine goe riab šnó aige ar an gceapócair go mb'foearr do fuissead ra bail dá mbad maic leir a šnó beic déanta i gceap. Ir iomda ršéal špeannmar a bí ar fuair na parpóirde timceall Šairš agus a curó oibne maidin lae donais, mar ar cuir ré cairnge i mbeo, lá, i gcapall šeagáin léit, agus mar ar póil ré ar móir dtuatal clár a bí aige dá cur ar céacda le Domnall ua b'púirín:

go away like mist again. And the white blossoms and the apples that you saw on the beautiful tall tree, that is the fruit that is growing on the Plain of Gaeldom, and if the Gaels leave the roads on which the English put them, to go back on their own land again—those apples which they did not taste for two hundred years they shall gather them again plentifully. And there is for you now, *Δ Γραοιβίν*, how *I* interpret your dream,” said he.

“My soul to God, Dermot,” said I, “there isn’t your like of an interpreter on the soil of Ireland, and the next dream I have, ’tis to you I will come. You are better than Daniel. Hurry now, and we will be going home.”

TIM THE SMITH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

TIM O’BYRNE was a smith, and his forge was on the side of the road close to Giddagh Bridge, ten miles west of Killarney.

Tim was a good tradesman. There was not in his own parish, nor maybe in Kerry, a man who could better shoe a horse or put a board in a plow. But, for all that, Tim was not without his own faults. It is probable that there never came a fair or market day that Tim was not seen in the streets of Killarney, and it was very seldom he came home in the evening without being pretty merry, or perhaps drunk. If any one would ask Tim on the morning of a fair, “Are you going to Killarney to-day, Tim?” the answer he would get would be, “I don’t know,” or “Maybe I would”—at the same time striking a blow of his hammer on the iron or on the anvil, as much as if he were to say, “It is much you want knowledge” (How inquisitive you are).

When the fair day came, everyone who had business at the forge knew that he had better stay at home if he wanted a job done well. Many curious stories were through the parish about Tim and his work on a fair morning: how he had put a nail in the quick in a horse of Jack Liah, and how he bored altogether wrong a board he was putting in a plow for Daniel Breen.

Bí feirmeoir beag 'na comhairde i mbéal na Seandaise Darb ainm do Miceál Críon, áit níos tusaó riam ari áit Miceál na gCear. Tá mbéad don gno ag Miceál na gCear ar an gcearócain ní fárdóad don lá do dul ann áit lá an donais nó an lá go raib 'fior aise go raib Taois ag dul go Cill Áirne nó go Cill Orlan.

San am ro bíod maraó Cill Áirne ar an Satairn agus bíod donac ann an céad luan do'n mí, mar atá anois.

Mairin lae donais bí Miceál ag an gcearócain cun ríoiníní 'fáidil dá muca, agus connaic ré ná raib puinn le déanam ag Taois.

"Ír doca, Taois," irra Miceál, "go mbéid tú ar an donac."

"B'féidir dom," arra Taois. "Bí Séamur Táillúra ag rád liom inbéis go mbéad ré ag sa áil roir timceall an t-aon uair véas, 7 dá mbaó maic liom dul leir go bfaiginn marcairdeáit uair."

"Má'r mar rin atá an rgeal," arra Miceál, "ní'l don maic dom mo céad a bheir anuair cun é 'cup i d'peo."

"Ní'l, go veimín; táim san sual, agus caicir m dul a d'iarrair beagán suail agus ádbair iarrainn."

Nuair a bí Miceál na gCear ag dul a baile do car ré irteac cun tige Pilib Óis, feirmeoir beag eile bí 'na comhairde i n-aice le Miceál féin.

"Cá raibair, a mhicil?" arra Pilib:

"Bíod ag an gcearócain ag féadaint an mbéad an Gabá ullam i mbápac cun pionnaí 'cup im' b'paca. Bí Taois ag tatant oim é 'cup eise inoiu mar ná raib móran le déanam aise."

"Nac bfuil ré ag dul go Cill Áirne?"

"Cuala é ag rád go mbéad iadall ari an t-aral a cup go Cill Orlan a d'iarrair beagán suail."

"Ír maic liom gur Gabáir irteac eugam. Bíod ag caint le Taois áirugaó inbéis, agus 'ré dubairt ré liom ná béad am aise don ní a déanam lem' céad a go dtí Dia Céad aoin peo eugaimn. Tá an ainm ag r'eamnuagad uaim agus san puinn déanta eugam. 'Sé ír féidir dom a déanam mo cé ad a bheir eise anois ó tá caoi ag an ngaba. Ní béid don'ne ag teac eise inoiu."

Do beag Miceál a píopa, agus d'imicis ré ari a baile.

Nuair d'fás Miceál an ceapóca, agus ó ná raib don ní eile le déanam ag Taois euid ré irteac cun é féin a beairad 7 a glanaó i gcomair an donais. Ní raib ré áit leat-beairca nuair do cup Pilib a ceann irteac an doirar ag rád, "Baile ó Dia annro."

"Dia 'r Muiré duit," arra Taois, áit ní ó n-a éiríde, mar bí

There was a little farmer living close to the Giddagh whose name was Michael Crone, but he was never called any other than Mick of the Tricks. If Tricky Mick had any job at the forge no day would satisfy him to go there but a fair day, or a day on which he knew Tim would be going to Killarney or Killorglin.

At this time the Killarney market was on a Saturday, and there used to be a fair the first Monday of the month, as now.

One fair morning Mick was at the forge to get nose rings for his pigs, and he saw that Tim had not much to do. "I suppose, Tim," says Mick, "you'll be at the fair?"

"Maybe I would," says Tim. "James Tailor was telling me he would be passing (east) about 11 o'clock, and if I liked to go with him I might have a lift from him."

"If that is the case," says Mick, "it is no use for me to bring down my plow to put it in order."

"No, indeed; I am without coal, and I must go for a little coal and some iron."

When Tricky Mick was going home he turned into the house of Phil Oge, a little farmer who lived close to Mick himself.

"Where were you, Mick?" says Phil.

"I was at the forge to see if the smith would be ready to-morrow to put pins in my harrow. Tim was pressing me to send to him to-day, as he had but little to do."

"Is he not going to Killarney?"

"I heard him say that he should send the donkey to Killorglin for a little coal."

"I am glad you came in to me. I was speaking to Tim yesterday, and he told me he could not do anything to my plow until next Wednesday. The time is slipping from me, and with little done. I had better take my plow to him now, as the smith has leisure. No one will be coming to him to-day."

Mick lit his pipe and went on home. When Mick left the forge, and since he had nothing else to do, Tim went in to shave and clean himself for the fair. He was but half-shaved when Phil struck his head in the door, saying, "God bless all here."

"God and Mary bless you," says Tim, but not from his heart, as he had a notion that Phil did not come without business. "I suppose you're going to town."

"Indeed I am not; I have something else to do besides street-walking," says Phil.

tuairim aige náir éainis Pilib san gnó; “ir dóca go bfuilir 45
 dul ar an ttráir.”

“Nílim, go déimin; tá a malairt de gnó agham ná rriáir-
 eadé,” arsa Pilib.

“Ir iomda lá beir tú ar éairib an teampaill, a Pilib.”

“Má ’reabó féin, ’ré ir ceart dom mo díceall a déanamh an
 fáir acáim ar an raogal ro, 7 anoir ba’ máir liom dá gcuirfeá
 mo céadta i dtreo dam. Cím nac bfuil tú ró-gnótae.”

“Ir trias liom, a Pilib, nac féidir liom don ní a déanamh
 leo’ céadta inoiu—níl don gual agham, agus tá iacall oim dul
 go Cill Áine dá iarrair.”

“Ní gáda’ duit don trioblóid a beir oir mar gheall air rin;
 tá máilín gual ra trucaill agham.”

“Oro-éirí oir féin ir do céadta,” arsa Taois fá n-a fiac-
 laib. “Cao tá le déanamh ar do céadta, a Pilib?”

“Tá clár a cur air, curair a cur ar an roc, 7 é ’cur beagán
 ra b’fó. Teartuigeann beagán curair ó bair an cóitair 7
 caiteir bolta nua a déanamh do’n raga.”

“Ní’l don curair agham acé don rmuicín amáin a gheallar a cur
 ar rann-aicín do Sheagán Séamuir,” arsa an Saba.

“Tá lán mo dócain curair agham-ra ra baile,” arsa Pilib:
 “Bí-re ag baint an tpean-cláir do’n céadta; bea-ra ar n-air
 leir an gcurair san moill.”

“Buó máir liom, dá mb’féidir liom é, do gnó a déanamh inoiu,
 acé do rgoil cor m’úir n’de nuair a bíor ag cur iarrann ar roé
 le Sheagán b’pae, agus beir iacall oim cor nua cur ann. Bíor
 cun cor a b’pae abail liom inoiu ó’n donae.”

Fear beag canncarac do b’ea’ Pilib óg. Connaic ré go maí
 gur a d’iarrair leir-rgeíl do déanamh do bí Taois Saba, agus
 bí a coel ag éirge.

“Sé mo tuairim, a Taois,” ar rairan ra deirad, “nac
 bfuil don ronn oir m’obair do déanamh. Ba’ cóir go mbéad
 mo cur airgo-re cóim maí le hairgead mícil na gclear, acé
 cím nac mar rin acá an rgeal, agus ó tá mo cor ar an mbótar
 tá gairne eile ’ra páiróir-de cóim maí leat-ra.”

“Déan do roga iuo; nílim-re a’ b’pae ar do cur airgo, a
 r’gannóir! Beir leat do r’ean-céadta pé air ir maí leat,
 ar’ an Saba:

“Ir maí é mo buideacar, a Taois; acé ir dóis liom go
 mb’féidir duit rannamaint ’ra baile ná beir ro’ maróirín la’airge
 ar rriáir Cill Áine, ag caiteam do coo’ airgo 7 do r’láinte.”

“Ir cuma duit-re, i n-ainm an diaibail! Ní hé do cur airgo-
 re a bím ag caiteam, a r’puánlóirín. B’féidir nac é gac don
 Saba bea’ cóim bog leat ir bíor-ra ag déanamh curair-de doo’

"You'll be many a day beside the church, Phil."

"Even so, I ought to do my best while in this world; and now I would like you to put my plow in order for me. I see you are not very busy."

"I am sorry, Phil; I cannot do anything to your plow to-day. I have no coal, and I am obliged to go to Killarney for it."

"You need not trouble about that, I have a bag of coal in the cart."

"Bad luck to you and your plow," says Tim, under his teeth. "What has to be done to your plow, Phil?"

"It wants a board, to steel the sock, and to put it a little in the sod. The point of the coulter wants a little steel, and you must make a new bolt for the rack."

"I have no steel but one little scrap I promised to to put on a furze spade for Jack James," says the smith.

"I have plenty of steel at home," says Phil. "You be taking the old board off the plow and I'll be back with the steel without delay."

"I would like if I could to do your job to-day, but the handle of my sledge split yesterday when I was putting tires on a wheel for Jack Brack, and I must put a new handle on it. I was going to bring home a handle from the fair."

Phil Oge was a cantankerous little man. He saw clearly that it was trying to make excuses Tim the Smith was, and his choler was rising.

"It is my opinion, Tim," says he at last, "that you have no intention of doing my work. One would think my money would be as good as Tricky Mick's; but I see that is not how the case stands, and as my foot is on the road, there are other smiths in the parish besides you."

"Do as you like; I'm not depending on your money, you fright. Take your old plow to where you please," said the smith.

"How well I am thanked, Tim, but I do think it would be better for you to stay at home than to be puddle-trotting on the streets of Killarney, spending your money and your health."

"You need not care a damn. It is not your money I am spending, you mean little creature. Maybe 'tis not every smith would be as easy with you as I have been, making shoes for your 'crock' out of your gathering of old iron. Be off now, and maybe you would pick up an old horseshoe on the road," and with that Tim shut the door.

fean-ghruga ar do bailiúghaó fean-iarrainn: imtigh leat anoir; agus b'féidir go fagá fean-éirí capall ar a' mbótar," agus leir rin do dhán Tadhg an doiar.

Bí Pilib ag cur de gur bain ré amac ceapóca Árd-a'-Cluigin: b'é an gaba bí i n-Árd-a'-Cluigin fear ós a bí tamall maít ó foin 'n-a príntíreac as Tadhg Saba: Ó d'fás ré Tadhg bí ré tamall dá ainm i gCorcaigh 7 bliadhain nó dó i nAibain. Duacail ciallmair do bí ann 7 ceapóirde maít. Eoğan Ua Laocháire do b'ainm dó: Ní raib móran páilte aige roim Pilib nuair do connaic ré é as teac, agus ní mó 'ná rin bí aige roimhir nuair d'innir Pilib do ar an gearmhir do bí roir é féin 7 an fean-gaba.

Dubairt an gaba ós le Pilib go raib eagla air ná béad caoi aige ar don ní do déanam le n-a céacda go dtí deiread na reachtmaine. Níor maít leir Pilib d'eiteac, acé bí páil aige ná béad Pilib páirta le feiteam com fada rin agus go mbéad ré as bheit a céacda leir ar n-air go dtí Tadhg nó go dtí gaba éigin eile, acé ní raib don maít dó ann:

"Fáspad-ra annro mo céacda," arfa Pilib, "dá mb'éigean dom fuireac leir go ceann coisctoir ó 'nriu, 7 tar éir an doirde beil a fuirrear ó Tadhg Saba an lá ro ní baogal dó go b'ad arir pinginn uaim-re."

"Anoir, a Pilib," arfa Eoğan, "tá a fíor agat go maít naé b'ruil Tadhg ró-buirdeac díom-ra i rtaoib teac annro, agus ní'lim a pád acé an fírinne nuair a deirim go mb'feair liom go móir ná fáspá-ra ceapóca Tadhg cun teac cun mo ceapócan-ra."

"Ar an fírinne ir córa raé a beir," arfa Pilib, "acé deirim leat muna mbéad don gaba eile ar ro go catair Corcaige ná faigead Tadhg Ua Bhoim don ní le déanam uaim-re."

Bí a réarún féin as Eoğan Ua Laocháire: Ní raib do clainn as Tadhg Saba acé don ingean amáin. Ní raib rí acé 'n-a gearr-cailte as dul ar rgoil nuair do bí Eoğan 'n-a príntíreac as a haair: Bí rí ana-ceanamail ar Eoğan, agus níor b'ad iongnad é. Duacail gpadmair rubáilceac do bí ann; níor b'feair leir beir 'measg duacaili eile mar é féin 'ná beir i láir rgaata páirví agus gleó ada do cuirfead allairí opt: Mar gail air feo ní raib leand 'ra baile gan beir ceanamail ar an ngaba ós, agus bíodar go léir go han-uaigneac nuair d'fás ré Tadhg Ua Bhoim. Da mó an t-uaignear do bí ar Neillí bis a' gaba 'ná ar don'ne eile nuair d'imtigh Eoğan, agus éadoin rí go fuigead 'na diaib.

D'fár Neillí ruar 'n-a cailín deap gparctamail: Do caillead a máair nuair bí rí reacé mbliadhna déas d'aoir, agus ó b'ar a máair rí Neillí bí mar bean-tige as Tadhg, agus ní mirde a pád go raib rí 'n-a mnaoi-tige maít. Ní raib ar pobal na Tuaithe

Phil continued on his way till he came to the forge of Ard-a-Clugeen. The smith at Ard-a-Clugeen was a young man who had been a good while ago an apprentice with Tim the Smith. Since he left Tim he spent part of his time in Cork, and a year or two in Scotland. A sensible young man was he, and a good tradesman. Owen O'Leary was his name. He had not much welcome for Phil when he saw him coming, and he had less for him when Phil told him of the row between himself and the old smith. The young smith told Phil that he was afraid he would have no time to do anything to his plow until the end of the week. He did not like to refuse Phil, but he was hoping that Phil would not be satisfied to wait so long, and that he would be taking his plow back to Tim, or to some other smith, but it was all in vain.

"I'll leave my plow here," says Phil, "if I had to wait for it till this day fortnight; and after the abusive language I got to-day from Tim the Smith, from this day forward there is no chance of his ever again receiving a penny from me."

"Now, Phil," says Owen, "you know very well Tim is not too thankful to me for coming here, and I am but telling the truth when I say that I would much rather you did not leave Tim's forge to come to mine."

"It is the truth which should thrive ('Tis in the truth the luck ought to be)," says Phil; "but I tell you, that if there was not another smith from this to the city of Cork, Tim O'Byrne would get nothing to do from me."

Owen O'Leary had his own reasons. The only family Tim the Smith had was a daughter. She was but a little girl going to school when Owen was an apprentice with her father. She was very fond of Owen, and little wonder. He was an affectionate, soft-natured boy. He would as soon be in the midst of a pack of children, who would deafen you with their noise, as with other lads like himself. On this account there was not a child in the village who was not fond of the young smith, and they were all very lonesome when he left Tim O'Byrne. The smith's little Nelly was more lonely than anyone else when Owen went away, and she cried bitterly after him.

Nelly grew up to be a pretty, graceful girl. Her mother died when she was seventeen years of age, and from the death of her mother Nelly was housekeeper to Tim, and it is not amiss to say that she was a good housewife. There was not a man in the Tuogh flock who had a prettier stocking than Nelly's

feair ba deire rtocha 'nád aísir Neilli, agus ar fon go raib Taois 'n-a Gabá, agus san cpoiceann nio-geal air, ní raib léine an trág-airt féin nior síle 'nád a léine ar maidin Dia Domnaig.

Ir beas an t-iongnad nuair táinig Eoghan Ua Laoisair abairle go noubairt ré leir féin go mbéad Neilli ós mar mnaoi aige, agus ir dóig liom go raib ríre ar an aignead céadna, aet nior mar rin do'n tpean-Gabá. Ní raib don deabhad air cun cleamhnair do déanamh dá ingin, mar bí a fíor aige go maic go mbéad ré an-leatlámae san Neilli, aet i n-a aignead féin bað maic leir, dá mbéad fonn póirta uirri, go mbéad Séamur Táilliúra mar cliamain aige.

Bí feirm beas talman as Séamur, aet ba minice é Séamur as an gcearócain, a fíor 'n-a béal aige agus é as réirdead na mbuilg do'n Gabá, nó a' bualad do nuair do bí Taois as cur cruaid ar mainn nó as déanamh cruad do éarail, 7, ar nór Taois féin, bí an-dúil aige i rráirdeact. Bí trí pabailíní bó aige agus cúpla colpac, 7 iad go léir ar cógail ar teact na Máirta. Ní raib filib i bpaó tar éir imteacta nuair do bí Séamur Táilliúra agus a érucail as doirar an Gabá:

“Bfuil tú ullam, a Taois?” arfa Séamur:

“Táim i ngiorraet dó,” arfa Taois; “níl agam le déanamh aet mo bróga do cur orm: bpoituis ort, a Neilli; tá an brós rin maic go leór anoir. Cá bfuil mo éarabac? Ná bac leir a' rsgátán. Anoir, a Séamur, táim ullam.”

“Nac bfuil túra a' teact linn, a Neilli?”

“Nílím, a Séamur, go fóill; b'féirir ar bail go pasáinn féin le coir máire Chróin, agus béir a' t-aral agáinn.”

“Ir feárr duit teact linn-ne. Dá cleap mo éarail, ir feárr é 'nád arailín máire.”

“Go raib maic agat, a Séamur: do geallar do máire fuireac léi. Béam i n-am go leór i gCill Áirne; níl puinn le déanamh agam-ra ar an donac.”

“Deata duine a toil,” arfa Séamur, agus ar riúbal leó:

Nuair a biodar tamall beas ar a' mbótar dubairt Taois le Séamur, “Ar buail filib ós umac?”

“Nior buail; cao 'n-a taob?”

“Bí ré annro tamall beas ó foim le n-a céadna: do geallar do, tá reactmain ó foim, go mbéinn ullam Dia Céadaoin; aet ní béad ré páirta san teact eugam ar maidin, agus mé tar éir mícil na gCear do leigint abairle mar geall ar ná raib don gual agam. Bí gac re read agáinn le 'n-a céile go pabamair araon feargac. D'áiruis filib a céadna leir, agus ir dóca ná béir rtaó leir go mbuailfead ré ceapóca Eogáinín Uí Laoisair.”

“Raib Miceál na gCear as an gcearócain ar maidin inoiu?”

father, and though Tim was a smith, and without a very white skin, still the priest's alb on Sunday morning was no whiter than his Sunday shirt.

It is little wonder that when Owen O'Leary came home he said to himself that he would have young Nelly for a wife; and I think she was of the same mind; but such was not the case with the old smith. He was in no hurry to make a match for his daughter, for he knew very well he would be badly off without Nelly; but in his own mind he wished, if she had a notion of marrying, that he would have James Tailor for a son-in-law.

James had a little farm of land; but James was oftener at the forge, his pipe in his mouth, and he blowing the bellows for the smith, or sledging for him when Tim would be steeling a spade, or making shoes for horses, and like Tim himself he was very fond of street-walking. He had three little tatters of cows, and a couple of heifers that were lifting (ready to fall with hunger) on the coming of March.

Phil had not long gone when James Tailor and his cart were at the smith's door.

"Are you ready, Tim?" said James.

"I'm near it," says Tim. "I have but to put on my shoes. Hurry on, Nelly. That shoe is all right now. Where is my cravat? Never mind the looking-glass. Now, James, I am ready."

"Are you not coming, Nelly?"

"I am not, James, yet awhile. Maybe by and by I would go with Mary Crone, and we shall have the ass."

"You had better come with us. Bad as my horse is, he is better than Mary's little donkey."

"Thank you, James. I promised Mary to wait for her. We shall have time enough in Killarney. I have not much to do at the fair."

"Have your own way," says James, and away with them.

When they were a short time on the road Tim said to James, "Did you meet Phil Oge?"

"No. Why?"

"He was here awhile ago with his plow. I promised him a week ago that I should be ready on Wednesday, but he would not be content without coming to me this morning, and I after letting Tricky Mick home because I had no coal. We had every second word with each other until we were both angry,

“Nac bfuilinn, tar éir a ráð leat go raib cun ruo éigin do d’éanam le ’n-a céadtha.”

“Bíodh seall,” arsa Séamur “suanab é Miceál do cuir i gceann pílíbe teacht eugat.”

“Ar m’anam 7 san dhoic-ní ar m’anam, go mb’féidir go bfuil an ceart agat, agus má’r mar rin atá an rgeat nára fada go bpaíad Miceál torad a deas-oibneada. Dubairt le Miceál féin na raib don gual agam, agus eus pílíbe máilín suail ’n-a tpucaill leir. San ampar ’ré Miceál bun a’ tubairte.”

“Ní cuirfinn tairir é.”

“I’r dóig liom féin ná beadh ré páirta san béit ag d’éanam miorfair imearag comarran,” arsa Tadh.

“I’r fíor duit rin. Ar eualaidir cad do dein ré ar Dómnall Ruad? Bí Dómnall ag dul le roc go dtí ceapóca na Ceapaise nuair táinig Miceál na gCear ruar leir, agus é ag dul a d’iarrad-í pílíbe móna ó’n bpoirtac.”

“Cá bfuil tú ag dul?” arsa Miceál:

“Táim ag dul leir seo go dtí an ceapóca cun é cuir bláirpe beas ’ra bpoit. Támaoio ag tpeabab páirceín na gCloc, 7 i’r ana-deacair i tpeabab le roc atá beagán ar a bpoit.”

“Cait do roc ’ra tpucaill agus tar irteac tú féin: I’r móir an ní anró na marcaideacta.”

“Go raib maic agat, a Míicil; agus b’féidir ó táim leat-lámae go bpáspá an roc ag an gceapócaín; abair le Tomár é cur fíor-beagán ’ra bpoit.”

“D’éanad é rin agus páilte,” arsa Miceál, agus d’iompuig Dómnall Ruad abaille. Act cad do dein an cleapáide act a ráð leir a’ ngaba roc Dómnall do cuir beagan eile ar an bpoit, i rligíó go raib a céadtha go móir níor meara ná bí ré.

“Lá eile bí Miceál a d’iarrad rleagáin eall ar an nGort mbuioe. Car ré irteac i ndorag Séamuir Maol. Bí Séamur ’n-a fuioe ar ríol ar aghad an dorair irteac ag cur taobín ar a bpoit. Ó bí an lá go han-bpoitallac, agus Séamur ag cur allair de, do bain ré de féin a peirbic agus éroc ré ar érucá é i rtaoib éiar do’n dorag. Do deasg Miceál a píor agus bí ré ag gabáil dá cuio bpeartaidacta, mar ba gnatáe leir. Táir éir leat-uair nó mar rin do dpuio ré fíor i n-áice an dorair. D’fan ré ag an dorag tamall beas agus a lám ar an leat-dorag. D’féac ré ar an gscrúca, ag leigint air go raib náirpe air. “S amháid,” ar reirean, “do cuir Máirpe anonn mé féacaint a bpaigáinn iapaet na ruo rin (an peirbic) cun ceapic do cuir ag gort ann.”

“Bí Séamur Maol ar deasg-buile, agus léim ré ’n-a fuioe, act má léim bí Miceál imighe. Do cait Séamur a capúr leir,

and I suppose he will not stop now until he reaches Owney O'Leary's forge."

"Was Tricky Mick at the forge this morning?"

"Am I not after telling you that he was, to get something done to his plow?"

"I'll bet," says James, "that it is Mick put it into Phil's head to come to you?"

"On my soul, and not putting anything bad on my soul, I believe you are right, and if such is the case, I hope it won't be long until Mick gets the reward of his good works. I told Mick himself I had no coal, and Phil had a little bag of coal in the cart with him. Without doubt Mick is the root of the mischief."

"I would not put it past him."

"I think myself he would not be happy if he were not making mischief between neighbors," says Tim.

"'Tis true for you. Did you hear what he did to Daniel Roe? Daniel was going with a sock to the Cappagh forge, when Tricky Mick overtook him as he was going for a rail of turf to the bog."

"'Where are you going,' says Mick.

"'I am going with this to the forge, to put it a little bit 'in the sod.' We are plowing the little stony field, and it is very hard to plow it with a sock a little out of the sod.'

"'Pitch the sock into the cart and come in yourself. It is a good thing to get the lift.'

"'Thank you, Mick; and maybe, as I am very short of hands, you would leave the sock at the forge. Tell Tom to put it just a little in the sod.'

"'I will do that and welcome,' says Mick, and Daniel turned home. But what did the trickster do, but tell the smith to put Daniel's sock a little more out of the sod, so that his plow was far worse than before.

"Another day Mick was looking for a slaan over at Fortbee. He turned into the house of James the Bald. James was sitting on a stool opposite the door putting a patch on his shoe. As the day was sultry and James sweating, he took off his wig and hung it on a hook behind the door. Mick lit his pipe, and he was, as usual, going on with his pranks. After half an hour or so he moved down near the door. He stayed at the door a little while, with his hand on the half-door. He looked at the hook, pretending that he was ashamed. 'It is how,' says he, 'Mary sent me over to see if I could get the

áct, i n-ionad Míicil do bualað leir an ſcarúr, o'aimriſ ré corcán móri ví ar iapaet aſ a mnaoi cun ollan do batuſað. Bpuił eóſan ua laogairne 'na ceapraige maít ?”

“Cá b'pior dam-ra roin,” arpa Tarſ, 7 ní ſo ró-mílir; “áct ní doíſ liom ſupab é peabap a ceápraídeáct' acá aſ taprac na noaoine cúige; 'ré a cúio blaðair meallann iao. Ví an teanga ſo pleamain niam aige. Bað cuma liom dá ſcuirpeað ré ruar do féin aſ Opoíceao na leamna nó tíor ar a Mianur, áct ip doíſ liom-ra ſup móri an náirne do teáct 7 ceapraða do cúir ruar cóm atcumair dam aſur cá ré 'noir.”

CABIBOIL 11:

CAPTAR na daoine ar a céile,
áct ní captar na cnuc ná na pléibte.

Nuair do buail an beirt Cill Áirne b'éigean doib deoc beít aca i otiſ Séamuir Uí Bpuíſin 'ra Spáio Nuair, aſur níor b'faða doib ſo paib bpaon eile aca i Spáio na ſCeapc nuair capað orpa beirt nó trípúr eile aſur tapc orpa. Ní paib leat an lae caíte nuair ví an ſaba rúſac ſo leór.

Ní paib Neillí i bpað ar a' rpaio ſup connaic rí a haðair aſur é ar leat-meirſe. Ir ſaipio do ví rí féin aſur an cailin eile aſ déanam a nſhóða. Nuair do bíoðar ullam cun teáct abáile do ðein Neillí a díceall a haðair do meallað léi, áct ní paib maítear oi beít a tatant air; o'pan ré féin aſur Séamuir ar an rpaio ſo oti tuitim na hoirdce aſur ſo paðaðar apaoon ar meirſe nó i nſiorpaet do.

Ví capailin beaſ chearta aſ Séamur Táilliúra: Ví an bóðar réir aſur an oirdce ſeal, 7 dá mbéað an beirt pártá leir an méir do ví ólta aca nuair páſaðar rpaio Cill Áirne béað an rſeal ſo maít aca, áct ní paðaðar. Nuair tángaðar ſo Opoíceao na leamna ví deoc le beít aca, 7 nuair ví an ſaba aſ teáct amac ar an o'pucail tuit ré ar flearſ a bpaoma ar an mbóðar, aſur 'pan am céaona do cúir puo éiſin an capall ar riúðal: Cuiar an poð tpearna láime Tarſ. Do rſpeao an fear boct cóm ſeap rin ſup pu na daoine amac cúige, aſur nuair connacaðar é rinte ar an mbóðar paioileaðar ſo paib a lám bpirte, áct ní paib.

Ba móri an ní ſo paib an doctúir 'n-a cómnaide ar taoib an bóðar aſ Opoicóin na Spioóige; ví ré aſ baile. Tap éir réacaint ar lám an ſaba 'ré buðairt an doctúir, “Ní'l aon énam bpirte, áct beir ré tamall ſo mbéir ſpeirðm aſat ar capúr, a Tarſ.” Do b'pior oópan; ví an ſaba páite ſan aon níð do déanam map ſeall ar a lám:

loan of that thing (the wig) to set a hen hatching in it.' James the Bald was mad; he jumped up, but if he did Mick was gone. James threw the hammer after him, but instead of hitting Mick with the hammer, he struck a big pot which his wife had borrowed to dye wool in. Is Owen O'Leary a good tradesman?"

"How do I know?" says Tim, and not sweetly; "but I don't think it is the excellence of his workmanship that is drawing the people to him; his blarney, that coaxes. He has always the slipping tongue. I would not mind had he set up at Laune Bridge, or below at Meanus, but I do think it is a shame for him to come and set up his forge so near to me as it is now."

CHAPTER II.

"People meet, but hills and mountains don't."

When the two reached Killarney they must have a drink in James Breen's house in the new street, and it was not long until they had another drop in Hen-street, where they meet three others with a thirst on them. Half the day was not spent when the smith was tipsy enough.

Nelly was not long in town when she saw her father, and he half-drunk. Herself and the other girl were but a short time doing their business. When they were ready to come home Nelly did her best to coax her father with her, but it was useless trying to persuade him. Himself and James stayed in town till nightfall, and until they were both drunk, or near it.

James Tailor had a gentle little horse. The road was good and the night bright, and had the pair been satisfied with what they had drunk when they left the town of Killarney things would have been well with them, but they were not satisfied. When they came to Laune Bridge they were to have a drink, and when the smith was coming out of the cart he fell on the flat of his back on the road, while at the same time something caused the horse to move. The wheel passed over Tim's hand. The poor man screamed so bitterly that the people ran out to him, and when they saw him stretched on the road they thought his hand was broken, but it was not. It was a great matter (it was fortunate) that the doctor was living close to

Λά'η na βάρὰς τὰρ εἶρ λαε ἀν δοναίς, ἀγυρ ὠδοίηε ἀς τεὰὲτ ῥο
 ὠτί ἀεάροῦα ῥαῖος βί πέ βυαῶαρῖα ῥο λεόρ. Ὀυῖρ πέ ῤῥέαλα ὀυν
 ῥάβα na ἀεαράίς βί ἀν-μῦντεαῖρῶα λεῖρ ἰ ῥοῶμναῖρῶε, ἀς ῤῥεά-
 αῖντ ἀν ῥοῦῖρῥεαῶ πέ α ἡαὸς ὀυῖς ἀρ ῥεαῶ ῥεαῶτῡαῖηε ὀυν ῥο
 μβέαῶ ἀμ αῖς ἀρ ῥεαρ εἷςῖν εἰλε ὠο ῥολάτῡρ.

ῤῥε ἀν ῥρεαῖῤῥα ῥυαῖρ ἀν τεαῶταῖρῶε ῥο ῥαῶαῶαρ ῥῶ-λεαῶ-λῡαῡαὸς
 ἀρ ἀν ῥαεαράίς, ἀῶτ β'ῤῥεῶῖρ ἰ ἡῶεῖρῥεαῶ na ῥεαῶτῡαῖηε ῥο μβέαῶ
 ἀν ῥεαρ ὅς ἀβαλτα ἀρ ὠυλ ἀρ ῥεαῶ λαε ἡῶ ὠῶ ὀυν ἀβῤῥυῥαῶ ἡε
 Ταῶς.

“ἀν ῥῥεαλλῡαῖῖν ῥυῥαίς,” ἀῖῤῥα Ταῶς, ἡυαῖρ α ὀυαλα πέ ἀῶ
 ὠυβαῖρῡ α ὠυῖηε μῡντεαῖρῶα, “τῶ ῥῖορ ἀῥαμ-ῤῥα ῥο μαῖτ ἀῶ τῶ
 ῥῡ-α ὀεανῡ; ἀῶτ βεῖρῶ ἀν ῤῥέαλ ῥο ὀῤῥυαῖρ ὀῤῡ-ῤῥα ἡῶ ῥαῖῶῶαῶ-ῤῥα
 ῥῡ. ἡυαῖρ ὀυαλα ἡοῥαν ὠα λαοῥαῖρῶε ἀῶ ὠο ὀυῖτ ἀμαῶ ἀρ ἀῶαῖρ
 ἡεῡῡῡ ἡῖορ β'ῤῥαῶ ῥο ῥαῖβ πέ ἀς ὠοῤῥα τῖς ἀν ῥάβα. ἡῖ ῥαῖβ
 μῶῤῥῡῡ ῥῡῡῡτε ἀς Ταῶς ῥῖοῡῖρ, ἀῶτ ῥαῖρ ἀρ ῥῶς πέ ἀν τεῖντεῶῡ
 βῖ ταῶβ εἰλε ἀρ α' ῤῥέαλ.

“ἰῤ ῡῤυαῥ ἡῖομ,” ἀῖῤῥα ἡοῥαν, “ῡῤῥα βεῖτ μαῖ ῥαῖ, ἡ ῥαν
 ἀῶῡῡῡ ἀῥατ ἀῶτ ὀῡ ῥεῖν. ἀν ῥεῖῡῖρ ἡῖομ-ῤῥα ἀῶῡ ἡῖῶ ὠο ὠεανῡῡ
 ὠυῖτ ?”

“ἡῖ ῥεαῶαρ,” ἀῖῤῥα Ταῶς; “ἰῤ ὠῶῶα ῥο βῤῥῡῡ ὠο ὠῶῶαῖῡ ἡε
 ὠεανῡῡ ἀῥατ ῥεῖν, ἀῥυῤ βεῖρῶ ἡῖορ μῶ ἀῥατ ἀῡῖρ ὀ τῡῡῡ-ῤε μαῖ
 α βῤῥῡῡῡ.

‘ἀν τέ βῖῖοῡῡ ῥῖορ βυαῡῡτεαῖρ ὀῤ ἀῖρ,
 ἀῥυῤ ἀν τέ βῖῖοῡῡ ῥυαῖ ὀῡτῡῡ ὠεῶ ἀῖρ.’”

“ἡῖ βεῖρ ἰ βῤῥῶ ῥῖορ, ἡε ὀῡῥῡῡῡῡ ὠεῖ; ἀῥυῤ μῶ ἡῡῡ ἰῤ ῡ'ῤῥῥαῡ
 ὠυῖτ ἡῶς βῤῥῡῡ ἀῶῡ ῡῤαῡῡῡ ὀῤῡ-ῤα ὀβαῖρ α βῤεῖτ ὠαῡ-ῤε. μαῖ
 α βῤῥῡῡ ἀῶῡ ῥάβα εἰλε ἀῥατ ῥῶῤ ὀυῖρῥεαῶ-ῤα ῡῡ ῥῤῡῡῡῡῤεαῶ
 ὀῡῥατ ῥαν ῡῖῡῡῡῡ.”

“ῥο ῥαῖβ μαῖτ ἀῥατ,” ἀῖῤῥα Ταῶς, ἀς ὀυῖρ ἡῡῡῡῡ ῥῡῡῡ ἀμαῶ
 ἀῥυῤ ἀς βῤεῖτ ῥῤεῡῡ ὠαῡῡῡῡῡ ἀρ ἡῡῡ ἡοῥαῖῡ.

ἡυαῖρ βῖ ἀν ῥάβα ὅς ἀς ἡῡτεαῶτ ῤῡς ἡεῡῡῡ ἀρ ἡῡῡ ἀῖρ ἀῥυῤ
 ἀὠυβαῖρῡ “ῡῖῡῡ βεανῡῡῡ ὀῤ. βῖοῤ α' ὀυῡῡῡῡῡ ὀῤ; βῖ ῤῡῡ
 ἀῥαμ ἡεατ, ἀῶτ βῖ εαῥῡῡ ὀῤῡ ὠῶ ὠῡῖῥῥῥῥῥ ῥεῖῡῡ ῥο μβέαῶ ῡ'ῡῡῡῡ
 ῥῶ-ῥῖοῤῥεαῶ ἡεατ, μαῖρ βῖ ῥῖορ ἀῥαμ ῥο μαῖτ ἡῶ ῥαῖβ πέ ῥῶ-
 βῤῖῡεαῶ ὠῖῡῡ.”

“ἡῖ μῶῤ ἰῤ ῥεῖῡῖρ ἡῖομ α ὠεανῡῡ, ἀῶτ ὠεανῤῥῶ ῡῡ ὠῖῥεαῡῡ;
 ἀῥυῤ τῶ ῤ'ῤ ἀῥατ-ῤα, α ἡεῡῡῡ, ῥο ἡῡεανῤῡῡῡ ῡῶῤῡῡ ἀρ ὠο
 ῥῡῡ-ῤα.”

“τῡῡῡ ῥο ἡῡῡ-βῤῖῡεαῶ ὠῖῡῡ, α ἡοῥαῖῡ,” ἀῖῤῥα ἡεῡῡῡ, ἡ ἡῡῤῡῡ
 ῡῡ-α ὀῖῡῡῡῡῡῡῡ.

ὀυαῖρῶ ἀν ῥάβα ὅς ἀβαῖλε ῤ'ῤ ἡῖορ β'ῤῥῶα τὰρ εἶρ ἡῡτεαῶτ' ὠῶ
 ῥο ὠῡῡῡῡ ῤεαμῤῡ τῡῡῡῡῡῡ ἰῤτεαῶ. βῖ ἡεῡῡῡ ἀς ἀν ὠοῤῥα.

“Cannor τῶ ῡ'ῡῡῡῡ, α ἡεῡῡῡ ?”

little Spiddogue Bridge. He was at home. After looking at the smith's hand the doctor said "there was no bone broken, but it will be a while before you can handle a hammer, Tim." 'Twas true for him. The smith was three months without doing anything, owing to his hand.

Next morning after the fair, and people coming to Tim's forge, he was troubled enough. He sent a messenger to the Cappagh smith, who was always very friendly with him, to see if he would send his son to him for a week, until he had time to provide some other man.

The answer the messenger got was that they were very busy at Cappagh, but perhaps at the end of the week the young man might be able to go for a day or two to help Tim. "The little sooty sweep," says Tim, when he heard what his friend said, "I know what is in his head, but it will go hard with me or I'll be even with him."

When Owen O'Leary heard what had happened to Nelly's father it was not long until he was at the smith's door. Tim had not much welcome for him, but before he left the hearth there was another side to the story. "I am sorry," says Owen, "to see you as you are, with no one but yourself. Can I do anything for you?"

"I don't know," says Tim. "I suppose you have plenty to do yourself, and you will have more now since I am as I am."

"He that is down is trampled;
He that is up is toasted."

"You won't be long down, please God, and my hand and word to you, I do not covet the taking of your work from you. If you have no other smith yet, I will send my apprentice to you without delay."

"Thank you," says Tim, putting out his sound hand and firmly grasping the hand of Owen.

When the young smith was leaving Nelly caught him by the hand, saying, "A thousand blessings on you. I was thinking of you, but I feared that even if you did come my father would be too surly with you, for I know very well he was not too thankful to you."

"It is not much I can do, but I'll do my best, and you know, Nelly, I would do much for your sake."

"I am very grateful to you, Owen," says Nelly, and a blush on her countenance.

“Tá ’r aḡat go maít cannoḡ tá ré, a Séamur. Tá ré ’na luige ar a leabair aḡur tá eagla oim go mbéir ré ann go fóill. Buail ruar cuige; táim-re aḡ dul a d’iaḡair aḡ cana uirge ó’n abainn.”

“D’fán Séamur tamall maít aḡur nuair bí ré imtúiste do ḡlaorú aḡ Taois ar Neillí cun deoḡ uirge ruair do tabairt dó. “Suir ar a’ ḡcaḡaoir go fóill, a Neillí, a curo; tá ruo éigim aḡam le ráo leat.”

Do fuir Neillí ar an ḡcaḡaoir aḡ taoib na leabḡa, aḡt ḡan cuinne aici cao do bí ’n-a ceann.

“Tá eagla oim go mbéar im’ maírtíneac, a Neillí, i n-eapball mo faoḡail; aḡt baḡ cuma liom dá bfeicfinn tur a aḡur do teinteán féin aḡat. Ir doḡa dá mbéar go faiginn-re cuinne uair ann.”

“Táim rára mar a bfuilim,” arfa Neillí; “aḡur ’do taoib tur a beir id’ maírtíneac, ní mar rin a beir an rḡeal aḡat, le congnaí de.”

“D’féoir rin, a ḡráo; aḡt mar rin féin baḡ maít liom dá bfeicinn tú póra.”

“Ní’l don fonn póra oim-ra, a aḡair, aḡur dá mbéar féin ní anoir an t-am cun beir aḡ cuimneam aḡ.”

“Táim-re dul i n-aoir, aḡt baḡ móir an ráram aigir oim é dá mbéitea-ra i d’ait big féin. Tá feirim beaḡ deaḡ aḡ Séamur Táillúra, ní’l cior trom aḡ, ḡ tá fíor aḡam náḡ bfuil cailín eile ’ra párróir-de do d’feair le Séamur a beir mar mnaoi aḡe ’ná tú féin.”

“Táim an-buirdeac do Séamur. Ní le hearbair mna tige a beir ré aḡ pórao; tugann a máraí aḡe dor na buair aḡur leatann a deirbriúr an t-aoileac ar na prátaí. An bean-treabḡa aḡa uair anoir?”

D’oḡail Taois a fáile. Ní raib don cuinne aḡe ná beaḡ a inḡean rára le Séamur do pórao. Bain a noubairt rí an t-anál de aḡur ní raib’ fíor aḡe cao do d’feair do do ráo aḡt i ḡceann tamall oubairt ré—

“Saoilear, a Neillí, go raair féin aḡur Séamur Táillúra muinteairda go leor le céile.”

“Táimí, ar fon náḡ bfuilim ró-buirdeac de ’do taoib oibhe an lae inḡe.”

“ḡoo é an leigear a bí aḡe aḡ?”

“Dá mbéar ré ’ra baile aḡ tabairt aḡe dá ḡnó féin, ’n-ait ba córa do beir, ciorpa-ra abair liom-ra, aḡur ní beirteá mar aḡaoi inḡiu.”

“Taoi ró-éruair ar Séamur doḡt, a Neillí. Cídeann tú ḡur minic a taḡann ré cun congnaí a tabairt dom-ra nuair a bim

The young smith went home. It was not long after his departure when James Taylor came in. Nelly was at the door.

"How is your father, Nelly?"

"You know very well how he is, James. He is lying in bed. I fear he will be there awhile yet. Go up to him; I am going for a can of water to the river."

James stayed a good while, and when he was gone Tim called Nelly to bring him a drink of cold water. "Sit on the chair awhile, Nelly dear, I have something to say to you."

Nelly sat in the chair beside the bed, but without any notion what was in his head.

"I am afraid I shall be a cripple, Nelly, in the end of my life; but I would not mind if I saw you in possession of your own hearth. I suppose if you had it, I would get a corner from you in it."

"I am content as I am," says Nelly, "and as to your being a cripple, that is not how the case will be with you, with God's help."

"Maybe so, Nelly, my dear; but all the same, I wish I saw you married."

"I have no notion of marrying, father, and, even if I had, this is not the time to be thinking of it."

"I am getting into age, and it would be a great satisfaction to my mind if you were in your own place. James Taylor has a nice little farm, there is not a heavy rent on it, and I know that there is not another girl in the parish he would rather have for a wife than yourself."

"I am very thankful to James. It is not for want of a housekeeper he will marry; his mother minds the cows, and his sister spreads the manure on the potatoes. Is it a plow-woman he wants now?"

Tim opened his eyes. He had no notion that his daughter would not be ready to marry James. What she said took his breath away, and he did not know what he had better say, but after awhile he said—

"I thought, Nelly, that you and James were very friendly with each other."

"We are, though I am not too thankful to him as to the work of yesterday."

"How could he help it?"

as cup iarrainn ar poitib nó nuair a bíonn obair trom mar rin iomr lám' agam."

"B'fearra dó go mór aine a tabairt dá pairte beag talmáin: ná minic ió' beal 'An té bíonn 'n-a dhócfearbiread dó féin, bíonn ré 'na fearbiread máit do na daoine eile."

"Iz beag a faoilead, a Neillí, ná déanfa fuo oim."

"Dad máit liom fuo a déanam oit, a dái; ádt mar a mbé ió ar talam' a' domáin ádt é féin amáin ní béinn mar céile aige Séamur Táilliúra."

Le n-a linn rin o'fás Neillí an reómra, agus do gól rí go fuigead ar fead tamall.

Nuair o'fás Séamur tead an gaba bí ré páirta go leór. Saoil ré ná raib anoir le déanam aige ádt dul agus an "páiréar" do bheit abail leir cun Neillí an gaba do pórad. Bí ré gan tobac agus ear ré itead i riopa Seagáin an leara cun bliúne tobac do ceannad.

"An fíor," arfa Seagáin an leara, "sur bhir an gaba a lám as teadt ó Cill Áinne aréir?"

"Ní'l ré fíor agus ní'l ré b'éasac," arfa Séamur: "Ní'l a lám bhirte, ádt tá rí goirteíte com mór rin go bfuil eagla oim ná héir don máit ann go deó. Tá an fear boet buadartha go leór, ádt 'ré an fuo iz mó tá cup air anoir, gan Neillí beit pórtá."

"B'fearra duit féin i pórad, a Séamur: ní fulair nó tá mírle beag airgid as Caois, agus tá Neillí 'n-a cailín ciallmair."

"B'féirir go b-pórpáinn," arfa Séamur; agus o'iméig ré air abail.

Lá ar na bárad bí ré leatá ar fuo na parróirte go raib cleamnar déanta iomr Séamur 7 ingin an gaba.

Ar fead readtmaine tar éir goirteíte láime Caois do dein Eogan Ua Laozáire agus a p'rintíreac obair an dá ceapócan cun go bfuair Caois gaba ós ó Baile an Mhuilinn. Iz beag laete iut na readtmaine ná raib. Eogan tamall as ceapócan Caois agus tamall beag as caint le Caois féin agus b'féirir le Neillí.

Nuair táinig an gaba eile ó Baile an Mhuilinn o'fáir Caois ar Eogan teadt anoir agus aríur nuair a bead am aige, agus táinig go minic. Nuair bíod an beirt 7 duine aca ar gac taob' do'n teine iz mó fuo do bíod aca as cup tré 'na céile, 7 Neillí i mbun a ngnóta féin timceall na cipóinead: Nuair fuair Eogan r'gála go raib cleamnar roair iomr Neillí agus Séamur Táilliúra bí iongnad air, ádt dábairt ré leir féin má'r mar rin do bí an r'géal ná raib ré ceart dó-pan a beit com minic itead 'r amad i

"If he were at home attending to his own business, where he ought to be, you would have come home with me, and you would not be as you are to-day."

"You are too hard on poor James, Nelly. You see it is often he comes to give me help when I am putting tires on wheels, or when I have other similar heavy work on hands."

"It would be much better for him to mind his little bit of land. Have I not often heard from your own mouth, 'He who is a bad servant for himself is a good one for others'?"

"I little thought, Nelly, that you would not obey me."

"I would like to obey you, father; but if there was but him alone on the face of the earth, I would not be the partner of James Tailor." With that Nelly left the room, and she cried bitterly for awhile.

When James left the smith's house, he was satisfied enough. He thought that he had nothing to do but to go and bring home the lines in order to marry the smith's Nelly. He was without tobacco, and he turned into John of the Lis to buy a bit of tobacco.

"Is it true," said John of the Lis, "that the smith broke his hand coming from Killarney last night?"

"'Tisn't true and 'tisn't lying," said James. "His hand isn't broken, but it is hurt so much that I am afraid it will never be any use. The poor man is troubled enough, and the thing that is troubling him most is Nelly to be unmarried."

"You'd better marry her yourself, James. It isn't possible but Tim has a bit of money, and Nelly is a sensible girl."

"Maybe I would," said James, and went on home.

Next morning it was spread all over the parish that there was a match made between James and the smith's daughter. For a week after the injury to Tim's hand Owen and his apprentice did the work of the two forges until Tim got a young smith from Milltown. There were few days during the week that Owen wasn't at Tim's forge, and a little time talking to Tim himself, and maybe to Nelly.

When the other smith from Milltown came, Tim asked Owen to come now and again when he had time; and he often came, when the pair of them used to be one at each side of the fire. They used to discuss many things while Nelly was about her own business in the house. When Owen heard the news, that a match was settled between Nelly and James Tailor, he was surprised; but he said to himself, if that was the case, it wasn't right for himself to be in and out so often at the forge

ὅτις na ceárhoan: Ὅϊmτῖς lá nó ὁό map peo 7 san tupar as
Eošan ar an sceárhoan: Appa Taús le Neilli:

“Δ βρεαα tú Eošan inoiu nó inóe?”

“Ní feaca,” appa Neilli.

“Tá rúil asam nac bfuil don ní air. Ní raib pe annro ’nir ó
aéruaó ’noé; ní feaóar caó tá á coimeáó.”

“Ní’l fíor asam-ra,” aóubairt ríre, áct bí amíar aici, map
euala rí rgeál an éleamhair:

Ír ὁόca ná raib Eošan ró-farca i n’aigneaó: Bí fonn ír faic-
cear air. Baó maít leir tupar ὁo tabairt anonn so ceárhoan
Taús, áct map rin féin bí beagán náire air géilleaó so raib
buaóairt air. Bí ré as obair so dian, áct ba cuma ὁó beít
ὁíomaoín nó gnótaé, níor b’féidir leir pópaó Neilli ὁo cúp ar
a ceann.

Trátnóna an tapna lá, nuair ὁo bí veíreaó le hobair an lae
asur an ceárhoa dúnta, buail Eošan trearna na páirceanna,
asur bí ré as cúp de so ὁtánis ré amac ar an mbótar i n-aice
tíge na ceárhoan: Bí Neilli as an ὁorap:

“Cannoí tá t’áair, a Neilli?” appa Eošan:

“Tá ré dul i breabap: Tap írteaé. Ní’l ré leat-uair ó bí
ré as caint oírt. Bí iongnaó air so raibair cóm-paó san bualaó
írteaé cuíge.”

“Ní béaó as dul írteaé anoírt, a Neilli. Tá deabaó oírt.”

“N é rin Eošan, a Neilli?” app’ an saba:

“Sé, a áair.”

“Caó ’n-a taob nac bfuil ré teaét írteaé?”

“Deir ré so bfuil deabaó air, a áair.”

“Abair leir teaét írteaé. Tá gnó asam de.”

Ὅo buail Eošan írteaé.

Appa an saba, “Cá raibair le reaétmáin? Bíor cún rgeála
cúp anonn éúgat féacaínt caó a bí oírt.”

“Ó! ní raib píoc oírt, áct so raibar an-gnótaé, asur sur
raoilear so mbéaó ruo éígin eile búp scup tré ’n-a céite ’ná
ríb a beít a cuímeam oírt-ra.”

“Áct so mbéaó mo lám bacac rlan asam arír, asur buíreacáir
le Dia tá rí ὁul cún cinn so maít, ní béaó don ní as cúp buaó-
aríta oírtinn.”

“So veimín, ní cúp buaóaríta an rgeál asair, áct a malairt,
asur so n-éíruíó búp bpópaó lib,” appa Eošan, asur toct ’n-a
cpoíde:

“Arú soó é an pópaó?” appa Taús Saba.

“Nac bfuil Neilli asur Séamur Táilliúra le beít pópta i
noíaró an Capaígr?”

“Fíapraíς ὁo Neilli féin an fíor é nó breas.”

house. A day or two passed in this way without Owen taking a turn to the forge.

Says Tim to Nelly, "Did you see Owen to-day or yesterday?"

"I did not," says Nelly.

"I hope there's nothing wrong with him. He wasn't here since 'ere yesterday. I don't know what's keeping him."

"I don't know," says she; but she had a suspicion, for she heard the tale of the match.

It is likely Owen wasn't very easy in his mind. He was between hope and fear. He would like to take a turn over to Tim's forge; but for all that, he was a little ashamed to admit his trouble of mind. He was working hard, but it was all the same to him whether idle or busy, he could'nt put Nelly's marriage out of his head.

On the evening of the second day, when the day's work was finished and the forge shut up, Owen went over across the fields, and was going ahead until he came out on the road close to the forge house. Nelly was at the door.

"How's your father, Nelly," says Owen.

"He's improving. Come in. It isn't half an hour since he was speaking of you. He was wondering you were so long without dropping in to him."

"I won't be going in now, Nelly, I'm in a hurry."

"Is that Owen, Nelly?" says the smith.

"'Tis, father."

"Why isn't he coming in?"

"He says he is in a hurry, father."

"Tell him to come in. I want him."

Owen walked in.

Says the smith, "Where have you been this week past? I was going to send over a message to see what was wrong with you."

"Oh, there wasn't a bit wrong with me, but that I was very busy, and that I thought you would have other things to bother you than for you to be thinking of me."

"Were my lame hand but better again, and, thank God, it is going on well, there would be nothing troubling me."

"Indeed, your case is not a case of trouble, but the opposite, and I hope the marriage will be prosperous," said Owen, with a load at his heart.

"Why, then, what marriage?" said Tim the Smith.

"Are not Nelly and James Tailor to be married after Lent?"

"Ask Nelly if it is truth or falsehood."

“ Ἀν φίον ἐ, ἃ Νελλιί ? ”

“ Νί’λ, ἄσυρ νί βείρδ σο ‘δεό,” ἀρρα Νελλιί, ἄσυρ ἀμαδ ἂν ‘δορῶν
λέι.

Ἀρ ρεαδὸ τὰμαλλί νίον λαβαίρ δον’νε ‘δο’ν βείρτ ροκαλ’.

“ ‘β’φείρτ, ἃ ἔαίρδ,” ἀρρα ‘Οζᾶν, “ σο ‘σταδάρρᾶ Νελλιί
‘δαν-ρᾶ ? ”

“ ‘Σέ ιρ ρεαρρᾶ ‘δύιτ ἂν ‘είρτ ριν ἃ ‘εὐρ ‘εὐίτ ρέιν.”

Ἄσυρ ‘δο ‘εὐρ, ἄσυρ νί ἑάβδὸ μννριντ ‘αὐὸ ἐ ἂν ρρεαζρᾶ ρυαίρ
ρὲ ὁ Νελλιί. ‘Ὀ ἂν ραρρῳίρ‘οε ἄς μαζαδ ρᾶ Σέαμυρ Ἐάλλιῦρᾶ ;
ἄτ ρυαίρ ρὲ ρτορῳίζιν βεαζ ὁ Σέαnn na ἑCoileac nᾶ ραίρ ρῳ-ὀς
ἄτ σο ραίρ ρίε ρύντ ρρρῑρδ ἄιτ:

Ἐ Ἄ ἑ Ῥ Ἀ :

Ἀλλαρῳίρ—deafness.

Ῥαβαλίνι βῳ—miserable cows.

Ἀρ τῳγάιτ—“ lifting,” not able to lift themselves owing to winter want.

ἑᾶδ ἄρ ἃ ρεαδὸ ὀρ ἑᾶδ ρε ρεαδὸ—every second word, “one word borrowed
another.”

ιρ ἑαίρρῳ = ιρ ἑαίρρῳ = ιρ ἑοίρρῳ—soon, very soon.

Ἀρ μ’ἂnam—by my soul. The m is aspirated.

ραιρῑεᾶρ—dispensation from banns.

μύρρῑε βεαζ ἄρρῑρῳ—a little lump of money.

τοῦτ ‘na ‘ερῳίρῑε—a load at his heart.

Sean-ḡρῑḡᾶ—an old, worthless horse.

"Is it true, Nelly?"

"No, and it never will be," says Nelly, and out the door with her.

For awhile neither of the pair spoke a word.

"Maybe, Tim," says Owen, "you'd give Nelly to me?"

"You'd better put that question to herself."

And he did, and it is needless to tell the answer he got from Nelly.

The parish was laughing at James Tailor; but he got a little stump from Glennagolagh, who wasn't too young, but who had a fortune of twenty pounds.

ΛΙΤΡΙΞΕ ΑΝ ΡΕΑCÚΡΑΙΞ:

Α ΡΙΞ ΤΑ ΑΡ ΝΕΙΜ 'Ρ Α ΕΡΥΤΑΙΞ Δ'ΟΑΗ;
 'S Δ'ΕΥΙΡΕΑΡ CΑΡ Ι ΒΡΕΑCΑΘ ΑΝ ΎΒΑΙΛ;
 ΟΕ! ΡΞΡΕΑCΑΙΜ ΟΡΤ ΑΝΟΙΡ, ΟΡ ΔΡΟ,
 Ο ΙΡ ΛΕ ΔΟ ΞΡΔΡΑ ΤΑ ΜΕ ΔΞ ΡΎΙΛ:

ΤΑ ΜΕ Ι Ν-ΑΟΙΡ, Δ'Ρ ΔΟ ΕΡΊΟΝ ΜΟ ΒΙΔΤ;
 ΙΡ ΙΟΜ'ΘΑ ΛΑ ΜΕ ΔΞ ΔΟΥ ΔΜΎΞ',
 ΔΟ ΤΥΙΤ ΜΕ Ι ΒΡΕΑCΑΘ ΑΝΟΙΡ ΝΑΟΙ ΤΡΑΤ;
 ΔΕΤ ΤΑ ΝΑ ΞΡΔΡΑ ΑΡ ΛΑΙΜ ΑΝ ΎΑΙΝ:

ΝΥΔΙΡ ΒΙ ΜΕ ΟΞ Β'ΟΙC ΙΑΘ ΜΟ ΤΡΕΙΤΕ;
 ΔΥΘ ΜΟΡ ΜΟ ΡΡΕΙΡ Ι ΡCΛΕΙΡ 'Ρ Ι Ν-ΕΑCΡΑΝΝ;
 Β'ΡΕΑΡ ΙΟΜ ΞΟ ΜΟΡ ΔΞ ΙΜΙΡΤ 'Ρ ΔΞ ΟΙ
 ΑΡ ΜΑΙΩΙΝ Δ'ΟΜΝΑΙΞ ΝΑ ΤΡΙΑΙΛ ΕΥΜ ΔΙΡΡΥΝΝ:

ΝΙΟΡ Β'ΡΕΑΡ ΙΟΜ ΡΥΙΘΕ 'Ν ΔΙCΕ CΑΙΛΙΝ ΟΙΞ
 ΝΑ ΛΕ ΜΗΑΟΙ ΡΟΡΤΑ ΔΞ CΕΙΛΙΘΕΑCΤ ΤΑΜΑΙΛ;
 ΔΟ ΜΙΟΝΝΑΙΒ ΜΟΡΑ ΔΟ ΒΙ ΜΕ ΤΑΒΑΡΤΑ
 ΔΞΥΡ ΤΡΎΙΡ ΝΟ ΡΟΙΤΕ ΝΙΟΡ ΛΕΙΞ ΜΕ CΑΡΜ:

ΡΕΑCΑΘ ΑΝ ΎΒΑΙΛ, ΜΟ ΕΡΔ'Ο 'Ρ ΜΟ ΛΕΥΝ!
 ΙΡ Ε ΜΙΛΛ ΑΝ ΡΑΟΞΑΙ ΜΑΡ ΞΕΑΙΛ ΑΡ ΒΕΙΡΤ Ι
 Δ'Ρ Ο'Ρ CΟΙΡ ΑΝ ΕΡΔΟΡ ΔΤΑ ΜΙΡΕ ΡΙΟΡ,
 ΜΥΝΑ ΒΡΟΙΡΡΙΘ ΙΟΡΑ ΑΡ Μ'ΑΝΑΜ ΞΒΟCΤ:

ΙΡ ΟΡΜ, ΡΑΡΑΟΡ! ΤΑ ΝΑ CΟΙΡΕΑCΑ ΜΟΡΑ;
 ΔΕΤ ΤΙΎΙΤΟCΑΘ ΤΟΙΒ ΜΑ ΜΑΙΡΥΜ ΤΑΜΑΙΛ;
 ΞΑC ΝΤΟ ΒΥΑΙΛ ΑΝΥΑΡ ΑΡ ΜΟ CΟΛΑΙΝΝ ΡΟΡ,
 Α ΡΙΞ ΝΑ ΞΙΟΙΡΕ 'ΞΥΡ ΤΑΡΡΕCΑΙΞ Μ'ΑΝΑΜ:

* *Literally*: O King, who art in Heaven and who createdst Adam, and who payest regard to the sin of the apple, I scream to Thee again and aloud, for it is Thy grace that I hope for. I am in age, and my bloom has withered, many a day am I going astray, I have fallen into sin more than nine fathoms (deep), but the graces are in the hands of the Lamb.

When I was young, evil were my accomplishments, great was my

RAFTERY'S REPENTANCE.

[From Douglas Hyde's edition of "Songs ascribed to Raftery," page 356.]

O King of Heaven, who didst create
 The man who ate of that sad tree,
 To Thee I cry, oh turn Thy face,
 Show heavenly grace this day to me.*

Though shed be now our bloom of youth,
 And though in truth our sense be dull,
 Though fallen in sin and shame I am,
 Yet God the Lamb is merciful.

When I was young my ways were evil,
 Caught by the devil I went astray ;
 On sacred mornings I sought not Mass,
 But I sought, alas ! to drink and play.

Married or single, grave or gay,
 Each in her way was loved by me,
 I shunned not the senses' sinful sway,
 I shunned not the body's mastery.

From the sin of the apple, the crime of two,
 Our virtues are few, our lusts run free,
 For my riotous appetite Christ alone
 From His mercy's throne can pardon me.

Ah, many a crime has indeed been mine,
 But grant to me time to repent the whole,
 Still torture my body and bruise it sorely,
 Thou King of Glory, but save the soul.

delight in quarrels and rows. I greatly preferred playing or drinking on a Sunday morning to going to Mass. I did not like better to sit beside a young girl than by a married woman on a rambling-visit awhile. To great oaths (I was) given, and lustfulness and drunkenness, I did not let (pass) me by. The sin of the apple, my destruction and my grief ! it is that which destroyed the world on account of two. Since gluttony is a crime I am down (fallen) unless Jesus shall have mercy on my poor soul.

Ό'εαλαις αν λά α'ρ νιοι τός μέ αν πάλ;
 Νο συρ ιτσαδ' αν βάρη ανν αρ ευρι τ'α'ουιλ,
 Δετ α λ'ιπο-μις αν βειρε, ανοιρ π'ερό μο εάρ;
 Α'ρ λε ρ'ιυε na ηςράρα ρ'ιυε μο ρ'ιυι:

Ιρ λε το ςράρα το ςλαν τ'υ Μ'αιρε,
 Α'ρ ρ'αορ τ'υ Ό'αιβιρό το ρ'ιννε'αν αιτμιζε;
 Το ευς τ'υ Μαοιρε ρ'ιάν ό'η μ'βάτ'αδ,
 'S τ'α εροτ'υζαδ λ'α'οιρ συρ ρ'αορ τ'υ αν ςαουιρε:

Μαρ ιρ πεααε μέ naε η'νδεαρνα ρ'εόρ;
 Νά ρ'ολάρ μορ το Ό'ια ná Μ'αιρε,
 Δετ ρ'ατ μο β'ιόιν τ'α μο εοιρεαεα ρ'όμ'αμ;
 Μαρ ρ'εόιλ μέ αν ρ'εόρ αρ αν μέαρ ιρ ρ'ιυε:

Α Ρις na ς'ιόιρε τ'α λ'αν δε ςράρα,
 'S τ'υ ρ'ιννε β'εόιρ α'ρ ρ'ιον δε'η υιρζε;
 Λε β'εαζ'αν αρ'αίν το ρ'ιαρ τ'υ αν ρ'ιυαζ,
 Οε! ρ'ρεαρ'οαιλ ρ'όιρ αςυρ ρ'ι'αναις μ'ιρε:

Ο α ίορα Ε'ριορτ α ο'ρ'ιυλαινς αν ρ'αίρ;
 Α'ρ το α'υλαεαδ, μαρ το β'ι τ'υ ύ'μ'αλ;
 Ευ'ριμ ευ'ριμ'ιρό* m'αnαμα αρ το ρ'ζατ,
 Α'ρ αρ υαίρ μο β'αίρ na ταβ'αιρ o'αm ε'υι:

Α Ό'αιμ'ιόζ'αιν ρ'άρ'ι'ε'αιρ, μάτ'αιρ α'ρ μαίς'ν'ε'αν;
 ςζατ'άν na ηςράρα, αινγεαλ α'ρ naο'μ,
 Ευ'ριμ εορ'αίντ m'αnαμα αρ το λ'α'ιμ,
 Ο τός μο ρ'άιρτ, 'ρ β'ε'ιρό μέ ρ'αορ:

* "Ευ'ριμ'ιρό" ι ςConnaeτ'αιβ, ι η-άιτ "εομ'αιρε," .7. ο'ίοιονη.

It is on me, alas! that the great crimes are, but I shall reject them if I live for a while (longer), beat down everything upon my body yet, O King of Glory, but save my soul. The day has stolen away, and I have not raised the hedge, until the crop in which Thou delightedst was eaten. But, O High King of the Right, settle my case, and with the flood of graces wet mine eye. It was by Thy graces Thou didst cleanse Mary, and didst save David who made repentance, and Thou broughtest Moses safe from drowning, and, O Merciful Christ, rescue me. For I

The day is now passed, yet the fence not made,
The crop is betrayed, with its guardian by ;
O King of the Right, forgive my case,
With the tears of grace bedew mine eye.

In the flood of Thy grace was Mary laved,
And David was saved upon due repentance,
And Moses was brought through the drowning sea,
—O Christ, upon me pass gracious sentence.

For I am a sinner who set no store
By holy lore, by Christ or Mary ;
I rushed my bark through the wildest sea,
With the sails set free, unwise, unwary.

O King of Glory, O Lord divine,
Who madest wine of the common water,
Who thousands hast fed with a little bread,
Must I be led to the pen of slaughter !

O Jesus Christ—to the Father's will
Submissive still—who wast dead and buried,
I place myself in Thy gracious hands
Ere to unknown lands my soul be ferry'd.

O Queen of Paradise, mother, maiden,
Mirror of graces, angel and saint,
I lay my soul at thy feet, grief-laden,
And I make to Mary my humble plaint.

am a sinner who never made a store, or (gave) great satisfaction to God or to Mary, but, cause of my grief! my crimes are before me, since I sailed my scud (*aliter* score) upon the longest finger (*i.e.*, put things off).

O King of Glory, who art full of grace, it was Thou who madest beoir and wine of the water; with a little bread Thou didst provide for the multitude, oh, attend to, help, and save me. O Jesus Christ, who didst suffer the passion and wast buried, because Thou wast humble, I place the shelter of my soul under Thy protection, and at the hour of my death turn not Thy back upon me.

'Noir tá mé i n-aoir 'r ar bhuac an báir;
 'S ir gearr an rpár go dtéigim i n-uir;
 Acé ir fearr go deireannac ná go bráé,
 Agus fuasraim páirt ar Rís na nÓul:

Ir cuaitle san maic mé i scoinneall páil.*
 No ir corráil le báo mé a cail a rciúr,
 Do bpurfíde ardeac a n-aghaid caprais 'ra 'bhráig†
 'S do bheidead dá bácaó 'rna tonntaib fuar.‡

A Íora Críort a fuair báp Dia n-Doine;
 A d'éirig arís ann do miz san loct,
 Nac tú tug an tligé le aithrise do déanamh,
 'S nac beas an rmuáinead do innear ort!

Do tárla, ar dtúr, míle 'r oét sceud;
 An fice go beacé, i sceann an do-déas,
 Ó'n am tuirling Críort do meub an seataid;
 Go dtí an bliadain a ndearnaid Reacúrais an aithrise:

* Aliter, "ir cuaitle cor mé i n-éadan páil," G.

† = fairsige. Aliter, "ar bhuac na trá."

‡ Aliter, "bheidead 'sá bácaó 'r a cailleac a rnam"; aliter, "reól," aliter, "ríúal"; acé d'árais mé an líne le comfuaim do déanamh."

O Queen of Paradise, mother and maiden, mirror of graces, angel and saint, I place the protection of my soul in thy hand, O Mary, refuse me not, and I shall be saved.

Now I am in age, and on the brink of the death, and short is the time till I go into the ground, but better is late than never, and I appeal for kindness to (or perhaps, "I proclaim that I am on the side of") the King of the elements.

I am a worthless wattle in a corner of a hedge, or I am like a boat

Now since I am come to the brink of death
And my latest breath must soon be drawn,
May heaven, though late, be my aim and mark
From day till dark, and from dark till dawn.

I am left like a stick in a broken gap,
Or a helmless ship on a sunless shore,
Where the ruining billows pursue its track,
While the cliffs of death frown black before.

O Jesus Christ, who hast died for men,
And hast risen again without stain or spot,
Unto those who have sought it Thou showest the way,
Ah, why in my day have I sought it not !

One thousand eight hundred years of the years,
And twenty and twelve, amid joys and fears,
Have passed since Christ burst hell's gates and defences,
To the year when Raftery made this Repentance.

that has lost its rudder, that would be beaten in against a rock in the ocean, and that would be a-drowning in the cold waves. O Jesus Christ, who didst die on a Friday, and didst rise again as a faultless King, was it not Thou who gavest me the way to make repentance, and was it not little that I thought about Thee? There first happened one thousand and eight hundred (years), and twenty exactly, in addition to twelve, from the time that Christ descended, who burst the gates, until the year when Raftery made the "Repentance."

AN CÚIS D'Á PLÉIR:

(Leir an Reachtúrae.)

Éirighíde ruar tá 'n cúrra ag teannað lú,
 Bíod clorídeam a' r pleas aguib i bpaobair geur,
 Ir gearr uaið an Cúis, tá 'n dáta caíte,
 Mar rghíob na hAbroail na naoim 'r an éleir;
 Tá an coinneall le múcað tug lúiteir larta leir,
 Aét téiríð ar buir nglúnaib a' r iarríarí aéuinge,
 Suidíð an tUan 'r béirí an lá ag na Catolcais,
 Tá an Mhuman tre lapað 'r an Chúir d'á pléir:

Tá 'n dá Chúige Múman ar riubal, 'r ni rcaorair
 So leagtar dóib deachmáð a' r cior dá réir, §
 'S dá tucsfairíe dóib congnam a' r Éire [do] fearam
 Unerí' gáiríarí lág a' r gac beanna réir.
 Unerí' Saill ar a g-cúl, a' r gan teact ar air aca,
 Agus 'Orangemen' bhrúigte i gciúmar* gac baile 'Sainn
 Ureiteam a' r Júry† i oteac cúirte ag na Catolcais'
 Sacra na marb, 'r an éróin ar ghaeéal.

* Sghíobta "ingdeoin" 'ran ms. mar labairtear rí-Connactaib é.

† 'S é "coirte" an t-ainm ceart coirdeionn aét veirí an Reachtúrae "Júry" le "coirte," no coir-fuaim, no téanam le "cúl" agus "bhrúigte."

* *Literally*: Rise ye up, the course is drawing near to you, let ye have sword and spear with sharp edge, not-far-off from you in the [mystic number] "Five," the date is expired, as have written the apostles, the saints, and the clergy. The candle is to be quenched which Luther brought lit with him, but go ye on your knees and ask a petition. Pray ye the Lamb and the day shall be won by the Catholics, Munster is on fire, and Cúis dá plé—i.e., the cause is a-pleading.

† This would make it appear that Raftery composed his song in 1833 or 1834, since the tithe war did actually come to a successful issue in 1835, and in the same year Thomas Drummond inaugurated a new régime at Dublin Castle.

‡ Pronounced "Koosh daw play," which means "the cause a-pleading."

§ The two provinces of Munster are afoot, and will not stop till tithes be overthrown by them, and rents according, and if help were given

THE "CUÍS DÁ PLÉ."

(BY RAFFERTY.)

(From "The Religious Songs of Connacht.")

Rise up and come, for the dawn is approaching,*
 With sword, and with spear, and with weapon to slay,
 For the hour foretold by the saints and apostles,
 The time of the "FIVE"† is not far away.
 We'll quench by *degrees* the light of the Lutherns.
 Down on your *knees*, let us pray for the Southern.
 God we shall *please* with the prayers of the Catholics.
 Munster's afire and Cúis dá plé.‡

There's a fire afoot in the Munster provinces;§
 It's "down with the tithes and the rents we pay."||
 When we are behind her, and Munster challenges,
 The guards of England must fall away.
 Though Orangemen grudge our lives, the fanatics,
 We'll make them budge, we accept their challenges;
 We'll have jury and judge in the courts for Catholics,
 And England come down in the Cúis dá plé.

them and [we were] to stand by Ireland the [English] guards would be feeble, and every gap [made] easy. The Galls (*i.e.*, English) will be on their back, without ever returning again, and the Orangemen bruised in the borders of every town, a judge and a jury in the court-house for the Catholics, England dead, and the crown on the Gael.

|| From this verse it appears that some at least of the peasantry, even at that early period, distinctly associated the struggle against tithes with the idea of a possible struggle against rents. Very few appear to have seen this at the time, though Dr. Hamilton, the collection of whose tithes led to the sanguinary affair of Carrickshock, in Kilkenny, where no less than 28 of the police were killed and wounded, said to the spokesman of a deputation of the peasantry who waited on him, "I tell you what it is, you are refusing to pay tithes now; you will refuse to pay rents by and by." To which the spokesman of the peasantry retorted, "There is a great difference, sir, between tithes and rents; we get *some value* for the rents, we get the land anyway for them; but we get no value at all for the tithes." The incredibly bitter feelings engendered by the struggle at Carrickshock, in 1831, found vent in an English ballad, founded on an Irish model, one verse of which I heard from my friend Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, D.C., who was once private secretary to John O'Mahony, and author of the "Life of Meagher," who was himself "raised" in that neighbourhood. This verse struck me as being so revoltingly savage and at the same time so good a specimen of

Béiró aḡainn faoi Chárḡ pléaráca 'r cuirceacta,
 Ói a'r imirce a'r rporce d'á péir,
 Béiró maire 'ḡur bláḡ aḡur fár ar ériannaib;
 Snuaḡ 'ḡur rnar aḡur orúct ar feur:
 Feicfiró riḡ fán a'r neam-áir ar Shacranaig',
 Ár námaro le fán aḡur leaḡaḡ a'r lear (?) orra;
 Teinnteaḡa cnám ann ḡaḡ áirḡ aḡ na Catolcaig',
 'S naḡ rin i ḡan brabac (?) an Chúir d'á pléir:

Ir ionḡa fear bréaḡ faoi an trát ro teilḡce*
 O Chorca ḡo h-innir 'r ḡo Baile Roirce,
 Aḡur buaḡailirḡe bána le fán aḡ mteact
 O fíáirḡ Chille-Chainniḡ ḡo "Dantirí Baé."
 Aḡt ionpócairḡ an cáirḡa 'r béirḡ lám máit aḡainn-ne
 Searrparḡ an máḡ ar élar na h-imirce;
 Dá bfeicfirinn-re an fára o Phoircláirḡe ḡo Dorrpa 'rra
 Sheinnfirinn ḡo deimín an Chúir d'á pléir:

*Labairtear an focal ro mar "tlicce." Ir focal coiticiunn: ḡConnactaib é.
 Ir ionnann "bí pé teilḡce" aḡur "Chuaḡ bheiteamnar na cúirce 'na aḡaḡ."

Irish vowel-rhyming, that it were a pity not to preserve it. It runs thus, as well as I can remember it—

"Oh, who could desire to see better *sporting*,
 Than the peelers *groping* among the *rocks*,
 With skulls all fractured, and eyeballs *broken*,
 Their fine long *noses* and ears cut *off*!
 Their roguish *sergeant* with heart so *hardened*,
 May thank his heels that so nimbly ran,
 But all that's past is but a *token*,
 To what we'll *show them* at Slieve-na-man!"

It is worth mentioning that the Kilkenny peasants who made this desperate attack gave their words of command in Irish, and, no doubt, felt that they were the "Gael" once more attacking the "Gall."

When Easter arrives we'll have mirth and revelry,*

Eating and drinking, and sport, and play,
Beautiful flowers, and trees, and foliage,

Dew on the grass through the live-long day.†
We'll set in amaze the Gall and the Sassenach,
Thronging the ways they will all fly back again,
Our fires shall blaze to the halls of the firmament,
Kindling the chorus of Cúis dá plé.

There are many fine men at this moment a-pining

From Ennis to Cork, and the town of Roscrea,
And many a Whiteboy in terror a-flying

From the streets of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay.
But there's change on the cards and we'll now take a hand again,
Our trumps show large, let us play them manfully,
Boys, when ye charge them from Birr into Waterford,
It is I who shall lilt for you the Cúis dá plé.‡

Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, almost the best of our Anglo-Irish novelists, prophesied of the landlords who looked on quiescent during the tithe war: "Never mind, their time will come; rents will be attacked as tithes are now, with the same machinery and with like success." "His prophecy," says his brother, W. R. Lefanu, "was laughed at." Long after, one who had heard him said to him, "Well, Lefanu, your rent war hasn't come." All he said was, "'Twill come, and soon, too," as it did.

* By Easter we shall have revelry and company, drinking and playing, and sport according; there shall be beauty and blossom and growth on trees, fairness and fineness and dew upon the grass. Ye shall see falling-off and contempt on the Sassenachs, our enemy precipitated, and overthrow and defeat (p) upon them, bonfires in every art, (i.e., point of the compass) for the Catholics, and is not that, and nothing over, the Cúis dá plé.

† The Celtic imagination of this verse, and its "revolt against the despotism of fact," is characteristic in the highest degree of the Irish peasant.

‡ There is many a fine man at this time sentenced, from Cork to Ennis and the town of Roscrea, and White Boys wandering, and departing from the street of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay. But the cards shall turn, and we shall have a good hand; the trump shall stand on the board we play at. If I were to see the race on them [i.e., them driven to fly] from Waterford to Birr, I would sing you indeed the Cúis dá plé.

Éirigíróe ruar; a'r gluaíróe uile;
 Téiríróe ar an gcnoc a'sur glacaí's buí ngleur;
 As Dia tá na grápa a'r béir ré 'n buí scuirdeacta;
 Bíod a'saib meirneac, ir breá's an rseul é:
 Snóctócair rí'b an lá ann sac aipó de Shacpanaí's;
 Buailíró an clár 'r béir na cáirdaíró teact eugaib;
 Ólaíróe ar lám; anoir, rláinte Raipteiríró,
 'S é cuirfead óaíró baili ar an sCúir v'a pléir:

* Rise up and proceed all of you, come upon the hill and take your equipment, God has the graces, and He shall be in your company. Let ye have courage; it is a fine story [I have to tell you], ye shall gain the

Up then and come in the might of your thousands,
Stand on the hills with your weapons to slay ;
God is around us and in our company,
Be not afraid of their might this day.
Our band is victorious, their cards are valueless,
Our victory glorious, we'll smash the Sassenachs,
Now drink ye in chorus, "Long life to Raftery,"
For it's he who could sing you the Cúis dá plé.*

day in every quarter from the Sassenachs. Strike ye the board and the cards will be coming to you. Drink out of hand now a health to Raftery; it is he who would put success for you on the Cúis dá plé.

IS FADA O CUIREAD SÍOS:

(Leir an Reachtúnaí.)

Ir fada ó cuiread ríor go dtiocfaid ré 'fán traoḡal
 Go ndóirctíde fuil 'r go ndéunfaíde pléuḡta;
 'Do péir map rḡríob na naoim l mbliadain an naoi* tá 'n
 baogal

má géillimid 'do'n rḡríochtúir naomta:
 An balla deuntar fuair ni fanann ré a b'ad fuair;
 Sḡríorann ré ó'n 'ríoc—"foundation,"
 Aḡt an áit a ndeádaí an t-aol ni cōrídaí cloc ar cōirḡ,
 Tá an cārraig faoi 'na fuíde naḡ bpleurḡfaíde:

Ir ríorfuíde rean an Chúirt 'do rāoilead tādairt anuar
 Aḡt 'ré meafaim-re sḡr. níḡ naḡ fēirir;
 Tá naoim readar le n-a b'uaḡ aḡur Críort [ro] cēur an rluas
 Á'r congḡdaí ríad na h-uain le cēile;
 Adaltanar 'r 'ríur 'do tōraig an rḡeul ar 'rúir;
 Aḡur hānnraoi an t-Oḡt 'do tḡrēig a cēile;
 Aḡt 'ríogaltar ríḡ á'r rluas ar "Orangemen" go luat
 Naḡ b'uaí rluam an "consecration."

* Ir cōríúil go raib an tḡean-cārraigḡreacḡt reo i ḡ-cuifne aḡ an Reachtúnaí.

nuair cāillḡar an leóman a neart
 'S an rōtanán b'raḡ a b'ríḡ,
 Seinnḡr an élaíreac go binn binn
 'oir a h-oḡt aḡur a naoi.

Ir cōríúil go meafann re an rḡríochtúir aḡur rean-cārraigḡreacḡta le
 cēile! Labairḡar "baogal" map "baogal" ann ro, aḡt "naomta" map
 "naémḡta." 'Dá b'oirḡreacḡt ré 'dā rann deunfaíde ré "baḡgal" 'de "baogal"
 aḡur "naomḡta" 'de "naomḡta"!

* No doubt Raftery is alluding to the old prophecy scarcely yet forgotten, which may be thus translated :—

"When the tawny Lion shall lose its strength,
 And the bracket Thistle begin to pine,
 Sweet, sweet shall the wild Harp sound at length,
 Between the Eight and the Nine."

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SAID ?

(BY ANTHONY RAFFERTY, OF THE Co. MAYO.)

How long has it been said that the world should be bled,
 And blood flow red like a river?
 In the year of the "NINE," when the crimson moon shall shine,
 (It stands written in the Scripture for ever).
 The wall that has been built where no blood-cement is spilt
 Slips forth from its uncertain foundation,
 But where blood has gone and lime, it shall stand through tide
 and time,
 As a bulwark and a rock to the nation.†

Everlasting is the court that they thought to make their sport ;
 But that court can stand wind, rain, and weather?
 St. Peter is on guard, with Christ to watch and ward,
 And to gather all his lambs in, together.
 Adultery and lust began the game at first,
 When Henry the Eighth ruled the nation ;
 But shout and rout pursue that bloody Orange crew,
 Never favored by our Lord's consecration.‡

Literally: "When the Lion shall lose his strength and the speckled thistle his vigor, the harp shall play sweetly, sweetly, between the Eight and the Nine." In another poem of his called the "History of the Bush," he alludes to a prophecy that the "Gaels would score a point in the 29th year."

† *Literally:* It is long since it was set down that it would come into the world that blood should be spilt and slaughter made, according as the saints wrote, in the year of the Nine is the danger, if we submit to the Holy Scripture. The wall which is built cold [*i.e.*, without mortar] it does not stay long up, it slips from the bad foundation, but where the lime went, a stone shall not move out of it forever; the rock is under it settled, which shall not burst.

‡ Everlasting and ancient is the Court that it was thought to bring down, but 'tis what I think, that it is a thing impossible, St. Peter is at its brink (*i.e.*, by its side), and Christ, whom the multitude crucified, and they will keep the lambs together. Adultery and lust began the story first, and Henry VIII. who forsook his consort, but vengeance, running and rout [fall] speedily on the Orangemen, who never got the consecration.

Aḡ éiríge d'aoib 'r aḡ luíde, rnuáinríóid ar an ríḡ,
 'Do éiríde ar fad an cine daonna,
 Iṛ iomda cor 'ran nḡaoit, áct nī līa 'nā 'ran traoḡal;
 'Ḥur iṛ beaḡ an daoi le' bfuigimír píeróteac;
 Iṛebél do faoil an eaḡlaír tadbairt faoi d'liḡe
 Aḡ cur anagaid an beata naomta,
 Tá rí i nḡeibionn fíor a'ṛ lúiteir le n-a taoib;
 'Ḥ íoc ḡo cruaid faoi an "reformation." *

A Dha, nac móir an ríóir an tream do faoil ar n'óḡad
 Ḥo mbuó éigin dóib a b'ota do féunad,
 A'ṛ Uiliam do tionḡain ḡleó a'ṛ do cuir na Ḥaeról d'a
 otreoir
 Nī feicirí fíad níor mó é ḡleurtā:
 Dainḡear cloḡ 'ran Róim, beirí teimnte cnám a'ṛ ceol;
 Ann 'r ḡac beaḡ aḡur [ḡac] móir tré éirinn;
 O ḡáimḡ Seoirre i ḡ-cróin tá Oranḡemen faoi b'rói;
 A'ṛ ḡan neart aca a ríóin do píerlead:

A fíora ceurtā i ḡcrann ná feuc ar lár an tream
 Náir díol an dean d'oil tu ar don cor;
 Áct lúiteir 'r a d'liḡe cam 'r an bunad éirídear ann
 Nac oic an ceart ḡo bfuigíoir ḡéillead:
 Má'ṛ fíor do Oranḡemen ní'l maic do'n éleir i ḡaint
 'Ḥa éroḡuḡad ar rúo le léigead aḡ éirinn
 Ḥur eugcóríonḡail 'r feall aḡur clíreac clainne ḡall
 D'iomparḡ an bíobla anonn 'ran mbéarlā:

* Tá uíil móir aḡ an Reaḡtúra, mar éiríde, ann rna foclaib áro-ḡlóraḡa
 ḡallta do éirídear i n-"aion" (= "éirinn"). Na ceoí píerle de na
 ḡaóalaib do ríóib i mbeurla rḡaḡar na focla do aḡteac ann 'r ḡac rann,
 beaḡ-nac!

* On rising up of you and on your lying down, think ye upon the King
 who created, throughout, the human race; there is many a change in
 the wind, but not more plentiful than are in the world, and it is a little
 way through which we might find rescue. Isabel (*i.e.*, Elizabeth), who
 thought to bring the Church under law, opposing the holy life, she is
 down in chains, and Luther at her side paying dearly for the Reformation.

Whene'er ye rise or lie, think upon God on high,
And practise all his virtues—we need them—
This strange world changes fast, as change both wind and blast ;
From a small thing may arise our freedom.
Elizabeth, who thought Faith might be sold and bought,
And who harassed all the just of the nation,
In chains she now is tied with Luther at her side,
They are paying for their "Reformation."*

Dear God! but this is play! they thought to burn and slay,
But their courage ebbs away down to zero ;
Their William clad in mail, who left in chains the Gael,
They shall never again see that hero.
A bell is rung in Rome, it says our triumph's come,
With bonfires, and music, and cheering,
Since George is on the throne the Orangemen make moan,
They run cold in every bone—they are fearing! †

O Christ for us who died, *we* never sold Thy bride,
Do not see us set aside we beseech Thee ;
But they who sing the praise of Luther's crooked ways,
Shall their impious petitions reach Thee!
The Orangemen assert that our clergy are but dirt,
Insulting us since Luther's arrival ;
May treachery and shame be their lot who bear the blame
Of turning into English the Bible.‡

† Oh, God! is it not great the sport, the lot that thought to burn us, how they had to deny their vote? And William, who began the fight, and who put the Gael out of their way, they shall see him no more prepared [for fight]. A bell shall be struck in Rome, there shall be bonfires and music in every little and in every great [place] throughout Erin. Since George came to the throne the Orangemen are under grief, and without power to blow their nose.

‡ O Jesus crucified on tree, do not see the people put down who never sold the woman who reared thee, on any consideration; but Luther and his crooked way, and the family that believe in him, is it not a bad right that they should get submission. If it is true for the Orangemen, there is no use for the clergy in their talk, and the proof of that, Ireland has to read, that it is injustice, murder and treachery, and the deception (?) of the children of the Galls that turned the Bible over into English.

Chualair mē, munab breus, so tciucfair ré ran traégal
 So s-cuirfirde máigirtir léigin ann sac cúinne,
 ní bfuil 'ran scár aet rseim* as meallad uainn an tpeio
 asur diultaisiú do gñótaigiú lúiteir:
 Creitir do'n éleir 'r ná téirir ar malairt féir,
 No caillir rib Mac Dé 'r a cúmaéta,
 'S an long ro éuair a léis (?) má téirdeann rib ann de léim
 lompócair pí a'r béir rib fúite.

Altaigiú le Dia, tá an t-ádhair bairtliú ríar,
 'S congobócair ré ar na caorócaib gáirda,
 An rhuict i s-cae ná i ngliac nári díol an páir amam
 asur rearfair ré anasair búrcáig a'r dálaig:
 Tá Clanna Gall 'n ár n-iaig mar beirdeat maora alla ar ríad
 bheir' as iarrair an t-uan do goir ó'n mádhair.
 Aet [r] O Ceallais deunrao a briaóac san cú san eac san
 rrian
 le toil a'r cúmaet ríis na n-ghára:

Ní'l fígeadóir láun na bpeirde ná ghéarair anóiaig a laé
 nac mbionn as piocaó breus ar úghair,
 A mbíobla ar bárr a méar, as dearbúgaó 'ran éiteac,
 Aet iocfair ríad i nveirde cúire:
 Fear san maóarc san léigean a míni gear daoib an rgeul,
 Raiteirir do'éirt le ar' duórad,
 '[S] aoir so flaitear Dé nac maóair neac so h-eus
 bheirdear as plé le leadhair lúiteir:

*= An focal béarla "rcheme."

* I heard, unless it be a lie, that it shall come in the world that a master of learning shall be placed in every corner. There is nothing in the case but a scheme deceiving the flock from us, and refuse ye the works of Luther. Believe in the clergy and go not exchanging grass, [*i.e.*, remain on your own pasture] or ye shall lose the Son of God and His power, and this ship that went to ruin (?), if ye go into it of a leap, it will turn and ye shall be underneath it.

I heard, if it be true, a rumor strange and new,
That they mean to plant schools in each corner;
The plan is for our scaith, to steal away our faith,
And to train up the spy and suborner.
Our clergy's word is good, oh seek no other food,
Our church has God's own arm round her;
But if ye will embark on this vessel in the dark,
It shall turn in the sea and founder.*

But thanks be to the Lord, Father Bartley is our sword,
Set fast in our midst as a nail is;
'Tis he shall guard the sheep, his clan was not for sleep,
He will stand against the Burkes and the Dalys.†
The Gall is on our tracks, like wolves that rage in packs,
They seek to tear the lamb from the mother;
But O'Kelly is our hound, and to hunt them he is bound,
Till we see them fall to tear one another.‡

The man who weaves our frieze, the cobbler who tells lies,
They read learned authors now!—cause for laughter—
Their Bible on their lips and at their finger tips!
But they'll pay for it all hereafter.
A blind unlettered man expounds to you his plan,
Raftery, whose heart in him is burning,
Who bids ye all to know that none to heaven can go
On the strength of their Luther's learning.§

* The Dalys of Dunsandle, no doubt.

† Render thanks to God, Father Bartley [*i.e.*, Bartholomew] is in the West, and he will keep guard over the sheep, he is of the race that in battle or conflict never sold the passion [perhaps a mistake for "sold the pass"], and he will stand against Burkes and Dalys. The children of the Gall are after us, as it were wolves upon the mountains, that would be seeking to steal the lamb from the mother; but O'Kelly will hunt them without hound, horse, or bridle, by the will and the power of the King of the Graces.

§ There is not a weaver of lawn or frieze, or a cobbler after his day, that does not be picking lies out of authors, their Bible on the top of their fingers, assuring and perjuring; but they shall pay at the end of the case. A man without sight, without learning [it is] who expounds to you the story, Raftery, who listened to all that was said, and who says that to the heaven of God no one shall ever go who will be pleading with the books of Luther.

malluḡað an bōeir ar saccsanaiḃ:

(leir an "nḡéagán ḡlar.")

Δ Όια ḡur ḡoiruḡ
An uair 'r an lā
Δ ḡfeicfimirḡ sacpana
leagḡa ar lār!

Δ Όια ḡur ḡoiruḡ
An lā 'ḡur an uair;
Δ ḡfeicfimirḡ i
Δ' r a cporḡe-re ḡo fuar,

ḡo fuar Δ' r ḡo ciapḡa;
'S i ciarḡḡe ḡan ḡruḡ;
ḡan cor ann a lāmair
ḡan cor ann a cporḡe:

ḡainpīogain ḡi innti;
ḡainpīogain ḡan ḡrḡn;
Δēt ḡainfimirḡ ḡi-re
ḡo póil a cporḡin.

ḡeir an ḡainpīogain álunn
ḡo ciarḡḡe Δ' r ḡo ḡúbac;
ḡir ḡeḡḡair ḡi cútiugāḡ
An lā rin, Δ' r luac;

Luac na póla
'ḡo ḡóirḡ ḡi 'na ḡruḡ;
ḡuil na ḡfear bán
Δḡur ḡuil na ḡfear ḡub;

Luac na ḡcporḡe rin
'ḡo ḡur ḡi ḡo tiug;
Cporḡḡe ḡi bán
Δḡur cporḡḡe ḡi ḡub;

Luac na ḡcnām
Tā ḡ'á mbánuḡāḡ andriḡ;
Cnāmā na mḡán
Δḡur cnāmā na nḡub;

Luac an ocapair
Cuir ḡi ar bonn,
Luac na ḡfiabpar
ḡḡaol ḡi le ponni

THE CURSE OF THE BOERS ON ENGLAND.

(TRANSLATED BY LADY GREGORY.)

O God, may it come shortly,
 The hour and this day,
 When we shall see England
 Utterly overthrown.

O God, may it shortly come,
 This day and this hour,
 When we shall see her
 And her heart turned cold.

It is she was a Queen,
 A Queen without sorrow ;
 But we will take from her,
 One day her Crown.

That Queen that was beautiful
 Will be tormented and darkened,
 For she will get her reward
 In that day, and her wage.

Her wage for the blood
 She poured out on the streams ;
 Blood of the white man,
 Blood of the black man.

Her wage for those hearts
 That she broke in the end ;
 Hearts of the white man,
 Hearts of the black man.

Her wage for the bones
 That are whitening to-day ;
 Bones of the white man,
 Bones of the black man.

Her wage for the hunger
 That she put on foot ;
 Her wage for the fever,
 That is an old tale with her.

Luac na mbaintreabac
 O'fás rí san rí,
 Luac na ngairgiðeac
 Cuir rí ar bior.

Luac na noilleaceta
 O'fás rí fá cráð,
 Luac na noibhiteac
 Cait rí ar fán.

Luac na n-Iníanac
 (Truaḡ a scár),
 Luac na n-Diřniceac
 Cuir rí cum báir.

Luac na n-Éireannac
 Céar rí ar éoir,
 Luac sac cinn
 O'á ndearnað rí rřuor.

Luac na milliún
 Do lúb rí 'r do bhuir,
 Luac na milliún
 Fá ocuř anoir.

Δ Tigeanna go dtuitir
 Ar mulla Δ cinn
 Mallaet na ndaoine
 Do tuit le n-Δ linn

Mallaet na ruarac
 Δ'r mallaet na mbeas,
 Mallaet na n-andparr,
 Δ'r mallaet na las.

Mi éirteann an Tigeanna
 Le mallaet na mór,
 Aet éirfir Sé coróce
 Le orna faoi deoir.

Éirfir Sé coróce
 Le caoinead na mboet,
 'S tá caointe na miltir
 O'á rřaoilead anocet.

Her wage for the white villages
She has left without men ;
Her wage for the brave men
She has put to the sword.

Her wage for the orphans
She has left under pain ;
Her wage for the exiles
She has spent with wandering.

For the people of India
(Pitiful is their case) ;
For the people of Africa
She has put to death.

For the people of Ireland,
Nailed to the cross ;
Wage for each people
Her hand has destroyed.

Her wage for the thousands
She deceived and she broke ;
Her wage for the thousands
Finding death at this hour.

O Lord, let there fall
Straight down on her head
The curse of the peoples
That have fallen with us.

The curse of the mean,
And the curse of the small,
The curse of the weak
And the curse of the low.

The Lord does not listen
To the curse of the strong,
But He will listen
To sighs and to tears.

He will always listen
To the crying of the poor,
And the crying of thousands
Is abroad to-night.

Éiribéaró na caointe
 go Dia, tá fuar;
 ní fada go rroirfí
 Sác mallacé a éluar.

béiró cúmaét, an lá ru
 as sác uile deóru
 long-cogairó do bácaró
 'S an bfairrige móru.

asur tuitfí, marí mallacé,
 go trom ar an luét
 o'fás aifric 'na fárac
 a'f bóraig go boét.

CÚMA ÉRÍDE CÁILÍN.

Donnéaró na Dagháin o'airíur, 7 taos na Donnéaró do éiru ríor.

A Dómnaití Ois, má téiríur ear fairrige
 beir mé féin leat, ir na déin do dearmad,
 ir béiró asat féirín lá donais ir margaró,
 ir ingean Ríog Sreige máir céile leaptá asat.

má téiríur-fe anonn tá comairéa asam oir;
 tá cúl pionn asur óa fúil glara asat
 óa cócán déas ro' cúl burde bacallac,
 marí béaró béal-na-bó nó rór i ngairraite:

ir déirdeanac aréir do labair an garbar oir;
 do labair an naorac 'ra' éurraicín doimín oir;
 ir tu ro' "éaróirde donair" ar fuo na scoillte;
 'S go rabair gan céile go brát go bfaigir me:

do geallair dam-ra, asur o'innir bréas dam,
 go mbeiréa nomam-ra as oir na georac;
 do leigear fear asur trí éaró glaróac éurac,
 'S ní bfuair ann aét uan a' méiró:

do geallair dam-ra, ní ba deacair duit;
 loingear óir fá éann-reoir aifíro;
 óa baile déas do bailtib margaró;
 ir éirir bréas aolra coir garó na fairrige.

That crying will rise up
To God that is above;
It is not long till every curse
Comes to His ears.

Every single tear
Shall have power in that day,
To whelm a warship
In the great deep.

And they shall fall for a curse
Heavily upon the people
Who have left Africa a waste
And the Boers in poverty.

1901.

THE GRIEF OF A GIRL'S HEART.

O Donall og, if you go across the sea, bring myself with you and do not forget it; and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market days, and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked; I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you, and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast; twelve towns with a market in all of them, and a fine white court by the side of the sea,

'Do g'eallair d'am-ra; ní nár b'féidir;
 'So dtiubhrá laimhinne do éiricean éirí d'am;
 'So dtiubhrá bhróga do éiricean éan d'am;
 I r cularó do'n t-ríoda ba d'aoiré i n-éirínn.

A 'Domhnail óis, b'féarr duit mife astat
 'Ná bean uasal uaidheac iomarcac;
 'Do éirídeann bó astat do-géanainn cuigean duit;
 I r, dá mbaó éruaid é, do buailpinn buille leat.

Oc, ocón, astat ní le hocpar,
 Uiréarba bíó, díge, ná coriata,
 Fá n-dearri d'amra beic tanairde triucaló;
 Aet gráó firi óis i r é breoiró go follur me!

I r moé ar maidin do connac-ra an t-óisféar
 Ar muin éapail astat gabáil an bótar;
 Níor éruir ré liom i r níor éur ré t-ríod oim;
 'S ar mo éaró abairle d'am 'r ead do goilear mo bótarin.

'Nuair téiridim-re féin go Tobair an Uaignir,
 Suróim ríor astat d'éanam buadairé,
 Nuair éim an raogal i r ná feicim mo buacail;
 'So raib ríal an ómar i mbarri a ghuadna.

Siú é an Domnac do tugar gráó duit,
 An Domnac díreac poim Domnac Cárga;
 I r mife ar mo glúinib a' léigead na páire;
 'S ead bí mo dá fúil a ríor-éabairt an gráó' duit.

Ó! adé, a máirín, tabair mé féin do;
 I r tabair a bfuil astat do'n t-raogal go léir do;
 Éirí féin astat iarraid d'éirice,
 Astat ná gab riar ná aniar im' éileam.

Dubairt mo máirín liom gan labairt leat
 Inniu ná i mbairéac ná Dia Domnais;
 I r oic an t-ráé do tús rí roga d'am;
 'S é "dúnaó an bótar é tar éir na foála."

Tá mo éiríde-re com d'ub le háirne,
 Nó le gual d'ub a bead i gceardócin;
 Nó le bonn bhróige bead ar hallaib bána;
 'S gur d'eimr lionn d'ub díom or cionn mó plánte.

Dó bainr poir díom, i r do bainr riar díom;
 'Do bainr poimam, i r do bainr im' d'iaid díom;
 'Do bainr sealaé, i r do bainr grian díom;
 'S i r ró-mór m'eagla gur bainr Dia díom!

You promised me a thing that is not possible, that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish ; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird ; and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

O Donall óg, it is I would be better to you than a high, proud, spendthrift lady : I would milk the cow ; I would bring help to you ; and if you were hard pressed, I would strike a blow for you.

O, ochone, and it's not with hunger or with wanting food, or drink, or sleep, that I am growing thin, and my life is shortened ; but it is the love of a young man has withered me away.

It is early in the morning that I saw him coming, going along the road on the back of a horse ; he did not come to me ; he made nothing of me ; and it is on my way home that I cried my fill.

When I go by myself to the Well of Loneliness, I sit down and I go through my trouble ; when I see the world and do not see my boy, he that has an amber shade in his hair.

It was on that Sunday I gave my love to you ; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion ; and my two eyes giving love to you for ever.

O, aya ! my mother, give myself to him ; and give him all that you have in the world ; get out yourself to ask for alms, and do not come back and forward looking for me.

My mother said to me not to be talking with you to-day, or to-morrow, or on the Sunday ; it was a bad time she took for telling me that ; it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.

My heart is as black as the blackness of the sloe, or as the black coal that is on the smith's forge ; or as the sole of a shoe left in white halls ; it was you put that darkness over my life.

You have taken the east from me ; you have taken the west from me ; you have taken what is before me and what is behind me ; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great that you have taken God from me !

BÁN-ÉNOIC ÉIREANN ÓG:

(Le Donnchad Mac Conmara.)

Beir beannaect óm' éiríde go tír na h-Éireann,
bán-énoic Éireann óg!

Cum a maireann de fíolraí ír a' r' Éirí,
Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.

An áit úd 'nar b'aoibinn binn-íut éan,
Mar fám-éruit éoin ag caoinead' saodai;
'Sé mo cáir a beir míle míle i gcéin,
Ó bán-énoic Éireann óg.

Bídeann barru bog ríim ar éoin-énoic Éireann,
bán-énoic Éireann óg!

'S ír fearra ná 'n tír ro' vit sae ríeibe ann,
bán-énoic Éireann óg!

Dob áro a coillte 'r ba díreac réir;
'S a mbláct mar sol ar máoilinn zeug;
Tá gráí ag mo éiríde i m'íntinn féin
Do bán-énoic Éireann óg:

Tá garra líonmar i dtír na h-Éireann;
bán-énoic Éireann óg!

A' r' fearaóin gíoríde ná claoiríre ad ceurta
Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg!

m' fadóiríre éiríde 'r mo cuimne ríeul;
Iad ag Gallároic ríor fá gríem, mo leun!
'S a mbailte dá roinn fá éirí go daor,
bán-énoic Éireann óg!

Ír fairríng 'r ír móir iad cruada na h-Éireann,
bán-énoic Éireann óg!

A gcuir meala 'sur uactair a' gluaireact 'na ríada,
Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg:

Racáir mé ar cuairt no ír luac mo faogal,
Do'n talam beag fuairc rin ír dual do saodai!
'S go mb'fearra liom 'ná duair dá uairleact é
Beir ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.

* Composed whilst the poet was in exile, on the Continent (at Ham-burg), during the penal régime. The name Eiré (Ireland) is dissyllabic and may be pronounced as "eyrie." The bard was born at Cratloe, Clare County, about 1710, and outlived the century. In spite of the penal laws against education, he succeeded in acquiring, at home and

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE.

(BY DONCATH MAC CONMARA. CIRCA 1736.*)

(Translated by Dr. Sigerson in "Bards of the Gael and Gall.")

Air: "Uileacan Dub O."

Take my heart's blessing over to dear Eiré's strand—
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 To the Remnant that love her—Our Forefathers' Land!
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 How sweet sing the birds, o'er mount there and vale,
 Like soft-sounding chords, that lament for the Gael,—
 And I, o'er the surge, far, far away must wail
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O.

How fair are the flowers on the dear daring peaks,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 Far o'er foreign bowers I love her barest reeks,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 Triumphant her trees, that rise on ev'ry height,
 Bloom-kissed, the breeze comes odorous and bright,
 The love of my heart!—O my very soul's delight!
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Still numerous and noble her sons who survive,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 The true hearts in trouble,—the strong hands to strive—
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 Ah, 'tis this makes my grief, my wounding and my woe
 To think that each chief is now a vassal low,
 And my Country divided amongst the Foreign Foe—
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

In purple they gleam, like our High Kings of yore,
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 With honey and cream are her plains flowing o'er,
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!
 Once more I will come, or very life shall fail,
 To the heart-haunted home of the ever-faithful Gael,
 Than king's boon more welcome the swift swelling sail—
 For the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

on the Continent, a mastery of classic and foreign languages. Besides short poems, he wrote a mock-heroic Æneid, detailing his adventures. In his old age he became blind, and the Irish teachers and pupils in Waterford, with old-time liberality and appreciativeness, laid a tribute on themselves for his maintenance,

Sgairpeann an bpuóc ar gcamar agus féar ann;
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg;
 Agus tagair rin ubla cumha ar feustuibh ann;
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg:
 Biolar agus rama i ngleannuibh ceo
 'S na rriota 'ran tramha a' labhairt ar neoin;
 A' r uirge na Siúire a' bpuóc 'na flóig,
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg:

I r orsailte fáiltéad an áit rin Éire,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 Agus toirad na rliáinte a mbárr na déire;
 A mbán-énoic Éireann óg:
 Ba binne 'nā meura ar téaduibh ceoil,
 Seinn 'gur géimpead a laog 'r a mbó,
 Agus taitneam na gréine orda doirde 'r óg
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg:

The dew-drops sparkle, like diamonds on the corn,

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Where green boughs darkle the bright apples burn

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Behold, in the valley, cress and berries bland,

Where streams love to dally, in that Wondrous Land,

While the great River-voices roll their music grand

Round the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Oh, 'tis welcoming, wide-hearted, that dear land of love!

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

New life unto the martyred is the pure breeze above

The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

More sweet than tune flowing o'er the chords of gold

Comes the kine's soft lowing, from the mountain fold,—

Oh, the Splendor of the Sunshine on them all,—Young and Old.

'Mid the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

SEADHNA:

(Coir na teineadó : pēs, nóra, Sobnuic, Síle beas, Cáit ní bhuaicalla).

Nóra: A pēs, innir rgeul dúinn.

pēs: D'ait liom rin ! Innir féin rgeul:

Sob: Níl don maic innici, a pēs ; d'fearr linn do rgeul-ra:

Síle: Dóin, a pēs ; beirimid ana-focair.

pēs: Nac maic náir fanair focair aréir, 'nuair bí " Maora na n-Oét 5Cor " agam dá innirint !

Síle: Mar rin ní rtaofaó Cáit ní buaicalla ac am' ppiocaó:

Cáit: Thuair d'éiteac ! Ní raðar-ra ad' ppiocaó, a cáit ícín !

Sob: Ná bac í féin, a Cáit ; ní raib doinne' dá ppiocaó ac í dá leigint uirici.

Síle: Do bí, arcóin ; agur muna mbeirdeacó go raib, ní liugfainn:

Nóra: Abair le pēs nac liugfair anoir, a Síle, 7 inneóraió rí rgeul dúinn:

Síle: Ní liugfaó, a pēs, pé fuo imteocairó orin:

pēs: Má'r ead, fuig annro am' aice, i otreo ná feurfaíó doinne' tú ppiocaó san fíor dom:

Cáit: Bideacó geall go bppiocaíó an cat í: A toice bíg, beirdeacó rgeul breas againn, muna mbeirdeacó tú féin 7 do cúio liugraige.

Sob: Éirt, a Cháit, no cuirfir ag sul í, 7 beirimid san rgeul. Má cuirtear fearg ar pēs, ní inneóraió rí don rgeul anoct.

Sead anoir, a pēs, tá gac doinne' ciuin, ag brat ar rgeul uait.

pēs: Bí fear ann faó ó, 7 ir é ainm do bí air, Seadhna ; 7 spreairde b'eacó é ; bí tig beas deap clúctair aige, aig bun cnuic, ar taob na foitine ; bí catair fúgán aige do deim pé féin do féin, 7 ba gnát leir furde innici um tpatnóna, 'nuair bideacó obair an lae cpiocnuigte ; 7 'nuair furdeacó pé innici, bideacó pé ar a fártacó. Bí meabós mine aige, ar cpiocaó i n-aice na teineacó ; 7 anoir 7 arir cuirtear pé a lám innici, 7 tógaó pé lán a dúir de'n mín, 7 bideacó dá cogaint ar a fuaimnear: Bí cpiann uball ag fáir ar an otaob amuic de doirur aige, 7 'nuair bideacó tair air, ó beir ag cogaint na mine, cuirtear pé lám 'ra cpiann ran, 7 tógaó pé ceann de 'rna n-ublaib, 7 d'iteacó pé é—

Síle: O a Thaircair ! a pēs, náir deap é !

pēs: Ciaco, an catair, nó an mín, nó an t-uball, ba deap ?

Síle: An t-uball, san amur !

SEADNA'S THREE WISHES.

FROM SEADNA (SHAYNA), BY FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

(BY THE FIRESIDE—PEG, NORA, GOBNET, LITTLE SHEILA,
KATE BUCKLEY.)

NORA.—Peg, tell us a story.

PEG.—I'd like that. Tell a story yourself.

GOBNET.—She is no good, Peg; we prefer your story.

SHEILA.—Do, Peg; we will be very quiet.

PEG.—How well you did not keep quiet last night, when I was telling "The dog with the eight legs."

SHEILA.—Because Kate Buckley would not stop, but pinching me.

KATE.—You lie! I was not pinching you, you little hag!

GOB.—Don't mind her, Kate. There was no one pinching her, but she pretending it.

SHEILA.—But there was; and only that there was I would not screech.

NORA.—Tell Peg that you won't screech now, and she will tell us a story.

SHEILA.—I won't screech now, Peg, whatever will happen to me.

PEG.—Well, then, sit here near me so that no one can pinch unknown to me.

KATE.—I'll engage the cat will pinch her. You little hussy, we would have a fine story but for yourself and your screeching.

GOB.—Whist! Kafé, or you'll make her cry, and we'll be without a story. If Peg is made angry she will not tell a story to-night. There, now, Peg, everyone is mute, expecting a story from you.

PEG.—There was a man long ago and the name that was on him was Seadhna, and he was a shoemaker. He had a nice well-sheltered little house at the foot of a hill, on the side of the shelter. He had a chair of *soogauns* which he himself made for himself, and it was usual with him to sit in it in the evening when the work of the day used to be completed, and when he sat in it he was quite at his ease. He had a *malvoque* of meal hanging up near the fire, and now and then he used to put his hand into it and take a fist-full of the meal, and be chewing at his leisure. He had an apple-tree growing outside his door, and when he used to be thirsty from chewing the meal, he used to put his hand into that tree and take one of the apples and eat it.

Cáit. B'féarr liom-ra an mín; ní bainfeadh an t-uball an t-ocpar de duine.

Sob. B'féarr liom-ra an cátaoir; 7 cuirfínn peg i n-a ruidé innti, aís inntint na rgeul:

peg. 1r maít eum plámdair tú, a Sobnuic:

Sob. 1r fearr eum na rgeul túra, a pheg. Cionnur d'ímtig le Seadhna?

peg. Lá dá maib ré as déanamh bhrós, agus re pé ndeara ná maib a tuille leatdair aise, ná a tuille rnaíte, ná a tuille céipead. Bí an taoibín déirdeanac fuar, 7 an sgreim déirdeanac curta; 7 níorb fuláir do dul 7 adbair do foláctar ful a bfeudrad ré a tuille bhrós do déanamh:

Do gluar pé ar maidin, 7 bí trí ríllinge 'n-a póca, 7 ní maib ré áct míle ó'n dtig 'nuair buail duine boct uime, aís iarraib déirce. "Tabair dom déirce ar fon an tSlánuigheora, 7 le h-anmannab do mairb, 7 tar ceann do pláinte," ar an duine boct. Thuag Seadhna rílling do, 7 annan ní maib aise áct dá rílling. Dubairt ré leir féin go mbféidir go ndéanrad an dá rílling a ghnó:

Ní maib ré áct míle eile ó baile 'nuair buail bean boct uime, 7 i cor-noctuigte. "Tabair dom congnad éigin," ar riri, "ar fon an tSlánuigheora, 7 le h-anmannab do mairb, 7 tar ceann do pláinte." Do glac truaige bí é, 7 agus pé rílling bí, 7 d'ímtig rí. Do bí don rílling amáin annpoin aise, áct do tiomáin ré leir, a bpaé air go mbuailfeadh rianr éigin uime do cuirfeadh ar a cumur a ghnó a déanamh. Níorb fáda sup carad air leand 7 é as sul le fuad 7 le h-ocpar. "Ar fon an tSlánuigheora," ar an leand, "tabair dom fuo éigin le n-ite." Bí tís órta i ngar dóib, 7 do cuair Seadhna irtead ann, 7 ceannuig pé bhríe aráin 7 agus pé eum an leand é. 'Nuair fuair an leand an t-arán d'árpais a dealb; d'fár pé fuar i n-áirde, 7 do lar polar iongantac 'n-a fúilb 7 'n-a ceanaíab, i dtreo go dtáinig rannrad ar Sheadhna.

Síle. Dia linn! a peg, 1r dóca sup tuic Seadhna boct i luige:

peg. Níorb tuic; áct má'r ead, ba díceall dó. Chom luat asur d'feud ré labairt, dubairt ré: "Cad é an radar duine túra?" asur 1r é rreagha fuair pé: "A Sheadhna, tá Dia buideac díot. Ainseal iread mire. 1r mé an tríomad h-ainseal sup agusair déirce do anoir ar fon an tSlánuigheora, 7 anoir tá trí gairde asat le fagáil ó Dia na glóire. Iarr ar Dia don trí gairde 1r toil leat, 7 seobair iad; áct tá don comairle amáin asampa le tabairt duit,—ná dearmuid an Trócaire."

SHEILA.—Oh, my goodness! Peg, wasn't it nice?

PEG.—Which is it; the chair or the meal or the apple, that was nice.

SHEILA.—The apple, to be sure.

KATE.—I would prefer the meal. The apple would not take the hunger off a person.

GOB.—I would prefer the chair, for I would put Peg sitting in it telling the stories.

PEG.—You are good for flattery, Gobnet.

GOB.—You are better for the stories, Peg. How did it go with Seadhna?

PEG.—One day as he was making shoes he noticed that he had no more leather nor any more thread nor any more wax. He had the last piece on, and the last stitch put, and it was necessary for him to go and provide materials before he could make any more shoes. He set out in the morning and there were three shillings in his pocket, and he was only a mile from the house when he met a poor man asking for alms. "Give me alms for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health," said the poor man. Seadhna give him one shilling, and then he had but two shillings. He said to himself that possibly two shillings would do his business. He was only another mile from home when he met a poor woman, and she barefooted. "Give me some help," said she, "for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health." He felt compassion for her and gave her a shilling, and she went away. He had one shilling then; still he went on expecting that he would meet some good fortune which would put it in his power to do his business. It was not long till he met a child and he crying with cold and hunger. "For the sake of the Saviour," said the child, "give me something to eat." There was a stago house near them and Seadhna went into it, and he bought a loaf of bread and he brought it to the child. When the child got the bread his figure changed. He grew up very tall, and light flamed in his two eyes and in his countenance, so that Seadhna became terrified.

SHEILA.—Oh! God help us! Peg, I suppose poor Seadhna fainted.

PEG.—He did not, but then, he was very near it. As soon as he could speak, he said, "What sort of person are you?" The answer he got was, "Seadhna, God is thankful to you. I am an angel. I am the third angel to whom you have given alms to-day for the sake of the Saviour. And now you have

“Ásur an ndéirín liom go bfaigead mo gúirde?” arsa Seathna: “Déirín, gan amhar,“ ar’ an t-aingeal. “Tá go maith,” arsa Seathna, “tá catáoir beag dear fúgán agam ‘ra baile, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann ar teac, ní fuláir leir ruidé innte. An ceoú duine eile a fuiríod innte, áct mé féin, go gceanglaíod ré innte!” “Faire, faire!” a Sheathna,“ ar’ an t-aingeal; “rin gúirde bheadh imtígte gan cairde. Tá dá ceann eile agat, 7 ná dearmáid an Trócaire.” “Tá,” arsa Seathna, “mealbóigín mine agam ‘ra baile, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann ar teac, ní fuláir leir a d’orá a fácaid innte. An ceoú duine eile a cuiríod lám ‘ra mealbóigín rin, áct mé féin, go gceanglaíod ré innte,—feuc!” “O a Sheathna, a Sheathna, ní’l parás agat!” ar’ an t-aingeal. “Ní’l agat anois áct don gúirde amáin eile. Iar Trócaire Dé do t’anam.” “O, ír fíor duit,” arsa Seathna, “ba dóbair d’om é dearmáid. Tá crann beag uball agam i leat-taobh mo d’oráir, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann an t’reo, ní fuláir leir a lám do cur i n-áirde 7 uball do rcaid 7 do bheit leir. An ceoú duine eile áct mé féin, a cuiríod a lám ‘ra crann roin, go gceanglaíod ré ann—O! a d’aoine!” ar reiréan, ag r’fáirtead ar gáirde, “nac agam a beid an r’pórt orra!”

‘Nuair táinig ré ar na trídíod, d’feuc ré ruar 7 bí an t-aingeal imtígte. ‘Dein ré a maectnam air féin ar fead tamail maith, 7 ré d’eiréad riar tál, d’ubairt ré leir féin: “Feuc anois, ní’r don amadán i n-Éirinn ír mó ioná mé! Dá mbeirdead trídú ceanglaite agam um an taca ro, duine ‘ra’ catáoir, duine ‘ra’ mealbóigín, 7 duine ‘ra’ crann, cad é an maith do d’eanfar ran domra 7 mé i b’ad ó baile, gan bia, gan deo, gan aig sead?” Ní táirge bí an méid rin cainte fáirde aige ná tu, ré fé n’deara ór a cómair amad, ‘ran áit a maith an t-aingeal-feair r’ad caol d’ub, 7 é ag glinneamaint air, 7 teine éreara ag teac ar a dá fúil ‘n-a r’p’eadáib nime. Bí dá d’ubair air mar beirdead ar pocán gabair, 7 meigioll r’ad liat-gorm garb air, eirbóil mar beirdead ar máad ruad, 7 crúb ar cóir leir mar crúb cairb. Do leat a beul 7 a dá fúil ar Sheathna, 7 do r’ad a caint. I gceann tamail do labair an fear d’ub. “A Sheathna,” ar reiréan, “ní gá d’uit don eagla do beid ort r’óm-amra; ní’lim ar tí do d’ioghála. Ba mian liom cairde éigin do deanam duit, dá nglactá mo cómairle. Do éoiréar tú, anois beag, dá fá d’o r’abair gan bia, gan deo, gan aig sead. Tiub-painn-re aig sead do d’óir duit ar don éingióil beag amáin.” “Ásur gheadh t’ré lám do r’fáir!” arsa Seathna, 7 táinig a caint d’o; “ná feudá an méid rin do fá d’uit duine do millead leo’ d’uit glinneamna, ré n-é tú féin?” “Ír cuma duit cia n-é mé, áct beirfad an oiréad aig sead duit anois ásur ceannócaid

three wishes to get from the God of Glory. Ask now of God any three wishes you please, and you will get them. But I have one advice to give you. Don't forget Mercy." "And do you tell me that I shall get my wish?" said Seadhna. "I do, certainly," said the angel. "Very well," said Seadhna. "I have a nice little *soogaun* chair at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to sit in it. The next person that will sit in it, except myself, that he may cling in it!" "Oh, fie, fie! Seadhna," said the angel; "there is a beautiful wish gone without good. You have two more. Don't forget Mercy!" "I have," said Seadhna, "a little *malvogue* of meal at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to stick his fist into it. The next person that puts his hand into that *malvogue*, except myself, that he may cling in it, see!" "Oh, Seadhna, Seadhna, my son, you have not an atom of sense! you have now but one wish more. Ask the Mercy of God for your soul." "Oh, that's true for you," said Seadhna, "I was near forgetting it. I have a little apple-tree near my door and every *dalteen* that comes the way makes it a point to put up his hand and to pluck an apple and carry it away with him. The next other person, except myself, that will put his hand into that tree, that he may cling in it!—Oh! people!" said he, bursting out laughing, "isn't it I that will have the amusement at them!"

When he came out of his laughing fits and looked up, the angel was gone. He made his reflection for a considerable time, and at long last he said to himself, "See now, there is not a fool in Ireland greater than I! If there were three people stuck by this time, one in the chair, one in the *malvogue*, and one in the tree, what good would that do for me and I far from home, without food, without drink, without money?"

No sooner had he that much talk uttered than he observed opposite him, in the place where the angel had been, a long, slight, black man and he staring at him, and electric fire coming out of his two eyes in venomous sparks. There were two horns on him, as there would be on a he-goat, and a long, coarse, greyish-blue beard, a tail as there would be on a fox, and a hoof on one of his feet like a bull's hoof. Seadhna's mouth and his two eyes opened wide upon him, and his speech stopped. After a while the black man spoke: "Seadhna," said he, "you need not have any dread of me. I am not bent on your harm. I should wish to do you some good if you would accept my advice. I heard you just now say that you were without food, without drink, without money. I would

give you money enough on one little condition." "And, torture through the middle of your lungs!" said Seadhna, as soon as he got his talk, "could you not say that much without paralysing a person with your staring, whoever you are?" "You need not care who I am; but I will give you as much money now as will buy as much leather as will keep you working for thirteen years, on this condition, that you will come with me then."

"And if I make the bargain with you, whither shall we go at that time?" "Will it not be time enough for you to ask that question when the leather is used up and we will be starting?" "You are sharp-witted. Have your way. Let us see the money." "You are sharp-witted. Look!" The black man put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a large purse, and from the purse he let out on his palm a little heap of beautiful yellow gold.

"Look!" said he, and he stretched his hand and he put the heap of exquisite glittering pieces up under the eyes of poor Seadhna. Seadhna stretched both his hands, and the fingers of the two hands opened for the gold.

"Gently!" said the black man; "the bargain is not yet made."

"Let it be a bargain," said Seadhna.

"Without fail?" said the black man.

"Without fail," said Seadhna.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things?" (shrines: hence oaths) said the black man.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" said Seadhna.

(NEXT NIGHT.)

NORA.—There!—Peg—we are here—again—. There's a *saothar* on me—. I was running. I was afraid—that the story would be going on before me, and that I would have some of it lost.

PEG.—Indeed, Nora, my dear, we would wait for you. It is not long since Gobnet came.

GOB.—Yes, for we were making a churn, and it was necessary for me to go west with the butter to Beul-an-Ghearrtha; and when I was coming home the short cut, the night fell on me, and I promise you that there was a start taken out of me. There was not the like of it of a jump ever taken out of me. I was thinking of Seadhna, and of the gold, and of the black man, and of the sparks that were coming out of his eyes, and I running before I would be late, when

—An Gollán! ar an gceud amáire dá dtuagair ari, do tuiubraim an leabhar go raib a dháirca ari!

Nóra. A díamairé, a Gobnait, éirir do bheul, 7 ná bí dáir mboothaí leor' gollánaib 7 leor' a dháircaib. A dháirca ari an nGollán! feuc ari rin!

Gob. B'éirir, dá mbeirteá féin ann, sup beas an fonn mazaio do beirtear ort.

Sile. Feuc anoir! cia atá as coris an rgeil? b'éirir go gcuirfead Cáit ní buacalla oim-ra é.

Cáit. Ní cuirfir, a Sile. Táir ad' cáitín maít anocht, 7 tá ana-cion asam ort. Mo shrád i rin! Mo shrád am' éirirde iriis!

Sile. Sead go díreac! fan go mbeir fearis ort! 7 b'éirir ná déarfá “Mo shrád i rin!”

Nóra. Seo, seo! rtaoair, a cáitínirde. Mire 7 mo gollán ra nteáir an obair seo. Cait uait an rtoca roin, a pēs, 7 rgaoil cuigáim an rgeul. An bfuair Seadhna an rparán? Ir iomda uirne bí i muet rparáin o'fagáil 7 nac bfuair.

pēs. Com luat 7 duháir Seadhna an focal, “dair bñis na mionn!” do táimis atpugad shé ar an bfeair noub. Do noet ré a fiacla fíor 7 truar, 7 ir iad do bí go oláite ar a déite. Táimis róro orónáin ar a bheul, 7 do teir ar Seadhna a deunam amac cia 'co as gáirde bí ré nó as orannuagad. Aet 'nuair o'feuc ré ruar ioir an dá fúil ari, ba dóbair go dtuicfar an rganrao ceudna air a táimis ari i rtoac. Do tuis ré go maít nac as gáirde bí an díolmuineac. Ní feacair ré ruam roime rin don dá fúil ba méara 'ná iad, don feucaint ba máll-uighe 'ná an feucaint do bí aco, don clár eudain com dúr, com rpoó-digeanta leir an gclár eudain do bí or a gcionn. Níor labair ré, 7 do ri n' ré a díceal! gan a leigint ari sup tuis ré fé nteara an orannuagad. Le n-a linn rin, do leis an fear tub an t-ór amac ari ar a bair, 7 do cómaruim.

“Seo!” ar reiréan, “a Seadhna. Sin céad punt asat ar an gceud rílling tugair uait inoiu. An bfuilir díolta?”

“Ir móir an bfeir i!” arfa Seadhna: “Dad cóir go bfuilim.”

“Cóir nó eugcóir,” arf an fear tub, “an bfuilir díolta?” 7 do feuruis 7 do bhoruuis ar an orannuagad.

“Ó! táim díolta, táim díolta!” arfa Seadhna, “go raib maít asat-ra.”

“Seo! má 'reac,” ar reiréan. “Sin céad eile asat ar an dára rílling tugair uait inoiu.”

“Sin i an rílling tugair do'n mnaoi a bí cor-noctuighe.”

“Sin i an rílling tugair do'n mnaoi uapail ceudna.”

I raised my head, and what should I see but the thing standing out overright me—the *Gollan*! On the first look I gave it I'd swear there were horns on it.

NORA.—Oyewisha, Gobnet, whist your mouth, and don't be bothering us with your *Gollans* and your horns. Horns on a *Gollan*! Look at that!

GOB.—Maybe if you were there yourself, 'tis little of the inclination of fun would be on you.

SHEILA.—See, now! who is stopping the story? Maybe Kate Buckley would put it on me.

KATE.—I will not, Sheila; you are a good girl to-night. I am very fond of you. My darling she is! My darling in my heart within she is!

SHEILA.—Yes, indeed! Wait till you are angry, and maybe then you would not say "my darling she is."

NORA.—Come, come! stop, girls. I and my *Gollan* are the cause of this work. Throw away that stocking, Peg, and let us have the story. Did Seadhna get the purse? Many a person was on the point of getting a purse, and did not.

PEG.—As soon as Seadhna uttered the words—"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" a change of appearance came on the black man. He bared his teeth above and below, and it is they that were clenched upon each other. A sort of low sound came out of his mouth, and it failed Seadhna to make out whether it was laughing he was or growling. But when he looked up between the two eyes on him, the same terror was near coming on him that came on him at first. He understood well that it was not laughing the "lad" was. He never before then saw any two eyes that were worse than they, any look that was more malignant than the look they had, any forehead as evil-minded as the forehead that was above them. He did not speak, and he did his best to pretend that he did not notice the growling. At the same time the black man let the gold out again on his palm and counted it.

"Here!" said he, "Seadhna, there are a hundred pounds for you for the first shilling you gave away to-day. Are you paid?"

"I should think I am."

"Right or wrong!" said the black man, "are you paid?" and the growling became sharper and quicker.

"Oh! I am paid, I am paid," said Seadhna, "thank you!"

"Here! if so," said he, "there is another hundred for you, for the second shilling you gave away to-day."

“Ma ba bean uapal í, cao do bheir cor-noctuithe í, 7 cao do bheir sí mo rílling do bheir uaim-re, 7 san agham aot rílling eile i n-a diaid?”

“Má ba bean uapal í! Dá mbeirdeadh a fíor aghat! Sin í an bean uapal do mill míre!”

Le linn na bprocal raim do phá do, do táinig críe cor 7 lám aih, do ríad an dhanntán, do luis a ceann riar ar a míneál, d’fheic sé riar inr a’ rpeir, táinig dhuic báir aih 7 clód cuirp ar a ceannadad.

‘Nuair donnaic Seadhna an iompáil lí rin, táinig iongnad a éiríde aih.

“Ní fuláir,” ar rírean, go neamhguiréad, “nó ní hé reo an céad uair aghat ag aipeactain teact táirir ríu.”

Do léim an fear dúb. Do buail sé buille dá éiríde ar an tcalam, i tceao sup críe an fód do bí sé cor Seadhna.

“Ciorrbad ort!” ar rírean. “Éir do beul no bapfap cá!”

“Sabaim pároun aghat, a duine uapail!” ar rí Seadhna, go modamail, “ceapap go mb’ éirí sup bpaon beas do bí ólta aghat, d’pá d’r sup tugar céad punt mar malairt ar rílling dam.”

“Cíubhainn—7 react gcéad dá tciocpá lliom bainc ó’n tairbe do rin’ an rílling céadna, aot ’nuair tugar uait í ar ron an tSlánuigheópa, ní féirí a tairbe do lot coróce.”

“Aghat,” ar rí Seadhna, “cao ir gá an maic do lot? Ná fuil sé com maic aghat tairbe na ríllinge úo d’fágbáil mar cá sé?”

“Dá an iomad cainte aghat—an iomad ar fad. Dubart leat do beul d’ éirteact: Seo! rin é an rparán ar fad aghat,” ar rí an fear dúb.

“Ní héirí, a duine uapail,” ar rí Seadhna, “ná beirdeadh daoitín na haimpíe ann. Ir iomda lá i tci bliadnaib d’éas. Ir iomda bíos beirdeadh deunta ag duine i gcaiteam an méir rin aimpíe, 7 ir iomda cuma i n-a n-oirpead rílling do.”

“Ná bíod ceirt ort,” ar rí an fear dúb, ag cur rmuta gáire ar. “Tarpain ag com seup i héirinn 7 ir maic leat é. Beir sé com teann an lá beirdeanad 7 cá sé inoiu. Ní beir puinn gnóca aghat de ar raim amad.”

"That is the shilling I gave to the woman who was barefooted."

"That is the shilling you gave to the same gentlewoman."

"If she was a gentlewoman, what made her barefooted? and what made her take from me my shilling, and I having but another shilling left?"

"If she was a gentlewoman! If you only knew! she is the gentlewoman that ruined me!"

While he was saying those words a trembling of hands and feet came on him. The growling ceased. His head leaned backwards on his neck. He gazed up into the sky. An attitude of death came on him, and the stamp of a corpse came on his face.

When Seadhna saw this deadly change, the wonder of his heart came on him.

"It must be," said he, in a careless sort of way, "that this is not the first time with you hearing something about *her*."

The black man jumped. He struck a blow of his hoof on the ground, so that the sod which was under Seadhna's foot trembled.

"Mangling to you!" said he; "shut your mouth or you will be maimed!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Seadhna, meekly; "I thought that perhaps it was a little drop you had taken, and to say that you gave me a hundred pounds in exchange for a shilling."

"I would, and seven hundred, if I could succeed in taking from the good which that same shilling did; but when you gave it away for the sake of the Saviour it is not possible to spoil its good for ever."

"And," said Seadhna, "what need is there to spoil the good? May you not as well have the good of that shilling as it is?"

"You have too much talk; too much altogether. I told you to shut your mouth. Here! there is the purse entirely for you," said the black man.

"I suppose there is no danger, sir," said Seadhna, "that there would not be enough for the time in it. There is many a day in thirteen years. 'Tis many a shoe a man would have made in the lapse of that portion of time, and many a way he would want a shilling."

"Don't be uneasy," said the black man, putting a bit of a laugh out of him. "Draw out of it as hard as ever you can. It will be as plump the last day as it is to-day. You will not have much business of it from that forward."

“NÍ AR DÍA A BUIÐEACAS.”

Do tarrnaís Dáirmuro a dúirín dubh donn ar a póca, 7 do fín cuige í, 7 d'imeá 7 do cuairt reirean annran go meatalacán teinead do bí ar bharri na tréa, beirear ar meacán airtí 7 réirdear, réirdear í go tréan tiug teairuide; áct dá tréine a anál 7 da tiuga a réirdear, ní faib maít do ann; réirdear airtí 7 airtí eile níor tréine, níor tiuga, níor teairuide ná ceana, áct do bí a gno 'n-a fárae airtí, mar do bí an tear ion éas anr an rppéig. Beirear ar rppéig eile 7 réirdear fúití go feargac fuinneamail fíocmar, 7 a fúile ar dearglarpá, 7 réiteanna a muiníl cómh atuigíte rin go maðadair í peact a bpléargta: doib' fánae do a réirdear am. Beirear ar an rppéig 7 caitear irteac í scoim-leatan an cuain í, as páo, “Go réirdear mátaí an áirdeirdeora tú mar teinir!” 7 tugtar buille dá coir deir do'n cuir eile do'n teinir 7 reairtear ar fúo an báin í. Do connaic an cuir eile é víreac donn le n-a linn rin, 7 do cuireadair don ulað-gáirteig amáin arca do tógfao na maírb ar a n-uaisib. Éirigir uile—an méir a' r nac faib í n-a rearam víob—7 tagair í n-a tímcioll, as lúbarraig le leatan-gáirte 7 as reairtear ar a lán-vícioll. Beirear duine ar rppéig, duine eile ar rppéig eile, 7 mar roin víob ríar ríor go heairball tímcioll, an beas 7 an móir, an t-ós 7 an t-aoirca; 7 reo as réirdear íar, ar énaím a noicill, as tnuí le teinir 7 tear do cup airtí í n-gac rppéig, 7 é ríar orra, do bpiú sup rgar teoðact le gac rmeacair víob beas nac o lúib laðair.

“Acá teine im' rppéig-re,” arra neac éigin.

“Séir leat a buacail!” arra Donnall. “Cá bfuil tú?—réir leat go ttagao cúgat.”

Do léim ré de lúit-preib 7 táinic í n-a aice—“Séir! réir, a diabail!” ar reirion, “7 ná leis an rmeacair ion eug—réir!—ar do báir réir!”

Do leis an buacail reairca 7 do rtor de'n tréirdear.

“Tairbeáin orú, a diabail!” ar reirion.

Do tuit an buacail ar báinir gáirte; beirior réin ar an rppéig, le ampla 7 airtí cun gail, dógtar a óirde 7 caitear an rppéig uad víarpac. Tuit rí ar an mbán; níor bpiú rí amáct. Cuirear a óirde í n-a beal le coir na píopa.

“Tarrnaís! tarrnaís anoir!” arra áillteoir éigin í n-a mearg.

Do bí ré ar buile,—beirior ar an rppéig le n-a láim clé, 7

THE THANKFULNESS OF DERMOT.

BY PATRICK O'LEARY.

DERMOT drew his dark-brown *dudeen* from his pocket and handed it to him, and he went then to a smouldering fire which was at the top of the strand. He catches a dying coal of fire out of it and blows, blows it strong, quick, fierce; but though strong his breath, and though quick his blowing, it was in vain for him. He blows again and again stronger, quicker, fiercer than before, but his labour was of no avail, for the heat had died in the ember. He seizes another ember and blows it angrily, livelily, wrathfully, his two eyes flaming, and the veins of his neck swelled to such an extent that they were ready to burst; his blowing was to no purpose, however. He catches the ember and flings it into the centre of the harbour, saying, "May the devil's mother blow you for a fire!" and deals a blow of his right leg to the rest of the fire and scatters it about the *bawn*. The others saw him just at that very moment, and they raised one wild, ringing shout that would wake the dead out of their graves. They all rise—such of them as were not standing—and they gather round him, breaking their sides with broad mirth, and laughing their level best. One catches up an ember, another another, and so on of all the rest from first to last, small and big, young and old, and they set to blowing as well as ever they could, fain to put fire and heat again into each ember, and it impossible, for warmth had parted from each little coal of them all but a few.

"There is fire in my coal," said someone.

"Blow on, my boy!" said Donal. "Where are you?—blow on till I come to you."

He jumped quickly and came to his side. "Blow! blow, you devil!" says he; "and don't let the little ember die—blow!—for your life, blow!"

The boy laughed and stopped blowing.

"Fetch it to me, aroo, you devil!" says he.

The boy burst into a fit of insuppressible laughter; himself seizes the coal through greed and burning desire for a smoke; he burns his thumb and throws down the coal all of a sudden. It fell on the *bawn*; but it did not break though. He puts his thumb in his mouth along with the pipe.

"Smoke! smoke now!" says some arch fellow in the crowd.

He was raging mad. He seizes a coal with his left hand and blows it so furious that sparks flew from it. He blows

féidear cóim hairtinnneac roin i sup rppéac rí. Séidear arís 7 léimear rmeacáir do'n deas lapaip irteac i n-a uct, map do bí buillac a léineac ar leacab, 7 dógar é láitneac. Do con garb ré greim ar an rppéis ám, 7 bpiúgar an lapaip ríor i mbéal na píopa 7 tarrpaigear, tarrpaigear, tarrpaigear, ar cúma sup seárr go raib deacac as éirige go soim slórimar n-a flamaip-cíobib of cionn a éinn.

Annpán do bí pé ar a toil. Do fuir na daoine go léir as breicniugab ar an múr as luargab of a gcómar, 7 é as teac irteac go meap. Do bí 'Domnall as díubab a píopa 7 san don uine as cup cuige ná uair. Níor b'fada sup éirig rtailc dá píopa amac, do tarrpaig pé i dáir ndóig ar énam a dícill, ac nior b'fú díut feucaint ar an ngal beas báir do bí as teac amac airt. Annpán do cúir pé rgnugál ar féin, ip róibead náir ceangail a béal iocair dá béal uacair le doic tarrpaigte ac ní raib bpiú i n-a gno.

“Fagbáb uine éigin péiteoir dom—aríon dé fagbáb!” ar reirion, 7 do luig pé níor dúluigte ar an tarrpac; i n-agaib beir as baint an tralacair ar poll na píopa, ip amlaib bí re as a daingniugab ann—san coinne leir san aimpéar. Faoi deiríob, 'nuair do fuair pé an réan rgará le n-a fáoár, 7 go raib as uil de, dá tréine luig re cuige, do tóg pé an díuib ar a béal, 7 do glaoib go hairtinnneac ar uine éigin, péiteoir d'fagbáb do. D'imicig triúr nó ceatpár de buacaillob go raig páirc do bí lán de tráitníobib, ac do bí pé rceannng maic uairam. D'fan reirion as reitíom oipa go tciocfairíor tar n-air, anoir as cup na píopa ion a béal, 7 arís as a baint ar, 7 arís eile as pácab a lúobín innit d'feucaint a raib motáil an tair imicigte airt. 'Nuair do cuair fuil tar reiteamantar aige, do léim pé féin tar cloib irteac; reo as cuartac é anonn 'r anall, 7 bíor ar a fúilib le fagairt cun fagbála, dá mb'féirí. Do bí paí ion áiríom air pá ceann tamail—fuair pé bpiob cuibearac reamap, 7 do pácuig i gcró na píopa é go tapair. Annpán tug pé foza faoi n-a tarrpac, ac d'fan an bpiob map a bí, 7 ní cóiríócab ar a lúnpacáib. Do tréall pé an ac-uair, ac b'é an rgeal céadna é. I ndeiriob rparcta do, bpiar an tráitín go caillte air, ipicig i gcró na píopa. Do léim pé i n-a caoir buile tar cloib, ní raib fulas (=fulang) na foirne aige, 7 do cáit an díuib fad a upcáir amac annpán múir móir. Ní raib méam ar donneac le heagla bpiugne, map do bí toza an eolair aca go léir ar 'Domnall, 7 cao é an fagar b'eab é, 'nuair do beiréab pé amuig leir féin. D'fan na daoine go léir i n-a fuirde go

again, and a spark of the red flame jumps into his breast, for the front of his shirt was open, and it burns him immediately. He kept his hold on the coal though. He bruises the flame down into the mouth of the pipe, and draws, draws, draws, in a manner that soon smoke was rising blue and glorious in wreaths above his head.

Now was he perfectly happy. All the people sat looking at the seaweed rocking right before them, while it was coming in fast. Donal was smoking his pipe, and nobody interfering with him. But it was not long till his pipe grew sulky; he pulled it, of course, as best he could, but it would not be worth your while to look at the little dying fume that was coming out of it. He then put a long neck on himself, the lower lip all but adhered to his upper lip through the strain of pulling, but his work was to no purpose.

"Let someone get a '*cleaner*' for me—for God's sake, let him!" says he, and he applied himself more earnestly to pulling, but instead of taking the dirt out of the hole of the pipe, he was only fastening it in it—unwittingly, of course. At last, when he found success separated from his labour, and that he was failing, though energetically he set about it, he took the *diuid* out of his mouth, and called furiously to somebody to fetch him a '*cleaner*.' Three or four boys went to a field that was full of *trahneens*, but it was a good distance from him. He remained behind waiting till they should come back, now putting the pipe in his mouth, again taking it out, and again thrusting his little finger into it to ascertain whether the feeling of heat had left it. When at length he could bear this waiting no longer, he himself jumped in over a fence, he commences searching hither and thither, and his eyes blazing through madness for finding, if possible. Luck was his in a little while. He got a pretty thick *brobh* and shoved it quickly into the tube of the pipe. He then tried to pull it back, but the *brobh* remained as it was, and would not move from its place. He tried again, but it was the very same as before. In the end of the pulling, the *trahneen* meanly broke *on him* inside in the tube of the pipe. He jumped out over the fence blazing mad; he could not keep his passion in check, and he threw the *diuid* as far as he could cast it into the great sea. There was not a tittle out of anybody for fear of a quarrel, for they all knew Donal full well, and what manner of man he was when he would happen to be ill at ease within himself.

ceann fealaí, 7 ar an bfeadh ro bí an múr as bfuiltear leir an t-earráig go bog rít. Táinig don tonn amháin, i ndeireadh na dála, do líon an cuan ruar go baic le múr ríogógaí fada deas. Do bheadh Dómnall i n-a coilg-fearam 7 do cáit é féin ar a srua anuas ar éirí do'n múr 7 do bí as a réitíoch le fuire, 'nuair seo irtead tonn eile, do cuair lea'rtuair de 7 rúla feud seirion cuimneam ar don-ní (acé ar an múr) do rúab ar léi amac é roir fú fead. Do béic 7 do rígead ar cóbair, níct ní raib breir deabair ar donne'—níd náir b'iongnad—dul b'riúntar a cáillte cun eirion do fadard.

“Cuimíir iarrair ar téir ruar go tig Diarmuid léit,” arfa Diarmuid fadair.

“Beirtead re báitte rú a ríocíoch leat'fúge ruar,” arfa fadair b'irde.

“Cuir an raicín amac 7 b'feud go n'greamócaí pé é,” arfa Mícheál óg.

Le n-a linn rin do liuis an báitteadán 7 do glaoir i n-áir a cinn 'ra fúca as iarrair cábra, as rá, “Ar rón Dé 7 fadair mé! fadair mé! a daoine, fadair mé! ó a Dia, tá m báitte! fadair mé, fadair mé órú!” Níor fadair pé do beir as callairíocht mar rin, mar do bí uéad maí aige.

“Ráad 7 ríadair amac cuige,” arfa Diarmuid Mac Amhlaoib.

“Ná teiríis,” arfa na daoine go léir i n-aon béal.

“Ráad,” ar seirion. “Ní beirtead a tuillead as feudaint air annair amuis, as fadair báir ar ar fadair.”

Rug Mícheál Meata ruar ar b'ollac a léinead 7 dubairt, “Maíre, go deirín ní raíair, ir fada ruar go fcuimneócaínn ar tú liogaint amac cuige.”

“Bog díom,” arfa Diarmuid, “bog do fheim díom.”

“Ní bogad,” arfa Mícheál Meata, “ní beag a bfuil cáillte 7 fain-re iríis.” Díreac donn do béic Dómnall de coilgígead amuis. “Ní'l donne' cáillte fód,” arfa Diarmuid. “Bog díom, a deirín leat, bog díom;” acé ní bogad. Do ríac seirion é féin uad 7 do cáit de a cuir éadair 7 do léim irtead 'ran múir 7 'ran múr; do fíad amac cun Dómnall do bí beag nac tabairt 7 do ríac irtead leir é ar cuma éigin go rí an t-earráig. Tuir Dómnall i laige 'mar ar go t-earráig ar an t-earráig tír 7 do fain inni go ceann i b'ad. Nuair táinig pé cuige féin, dubairt tuine éigin leir fúir céar do b'irdear do b'irde le Dia i t-earráig náir bácaí é.

All the people remained sitting for some time, and during that time the seaweed was drawing near the strand slowly and gradually. One wave came at long-last which filled the harbour up to the brim with branchy, long, red seaweed. Donal jumped to his feet, and flung himself on his hunkers down on a heap of seaweed, and was freeing it in a great fuss, when in comes another wave which went above him, and before he could think of anything (except the seaweed) it swept him clear out. He screamed and shrieked for help, but there wasn't too much haste on anybody—a thing not to be wondered at—to go at the peril of his life in order to save him.

"Let us send up for a rope to Dermot Liath's," said Pierce Power.

"He would be drowned before one would reach half-way up," says Paddy Buidhe.

"Put out the rake, and perhaps he would catch on to it," says Mick Oge.

Just then, the drowning man screeched and called with erect head, and at the highest pitch of his voice, imploring aid, saying, "For God's sake and save me! save me! O men, save me! O God, I am drowned! save me, save me, oroo!" He never stopped but calling thus, as loud as he could, for he was long-winded.

"I'll go and swim out to him him," says Dermot MacAuliffe.

"Don't," said all the people in one voice.

"I will," said he. "I won't be any longer looking at him there outside, dying before our very eyes."

Meehawl Meata seized him by the bosom of his shirt, and said, "Wisha faith you won't. It is long, indeed, till I'd think of letting you out to him."

"Let me go," says Dermot MacAuliffe; "loose your hold of me."

"I won't," says Meehawl Meata; "there is enough lost, and let you stay inside." Just then Donal screamed with a shrill shriek outside. "There's nobody lost yet," says Dermot; "let me go, I tell you, let me go," but he wouldn't. He tore himself from him, divested himself of his clothes, and jumped into the sea and into the seaweed, swam out to Donal, who was nearly exhausted, and dragged him with him, some way or other, to the beach. Donal fell into a faint just as he reached the dry ground, and remained in it a long time. When he came to himself, somebody said to him that he ought to

“Ná bí im bódhaid,” ar reirion; “má táim pábháilte, ní ar Óia a buirdeacár, mar ní mór do bí ré im cúram; o’fágsaó annran amuig mé go mbeidinn báite, mucta, 7 ir beas an gearradhuaid do cuirfead ré ar aileir, seallaim-re dúit; áct beirdeao buirdeac do Diarmair MacAmhlaoib, an fear glan glánta, cuairt i n-eineac a cáillte cun mé fadórad. A! a duine, má táim pábháilte,

ní ar Óia a buirdeacár!”

SEATRÚN CÉITINN:

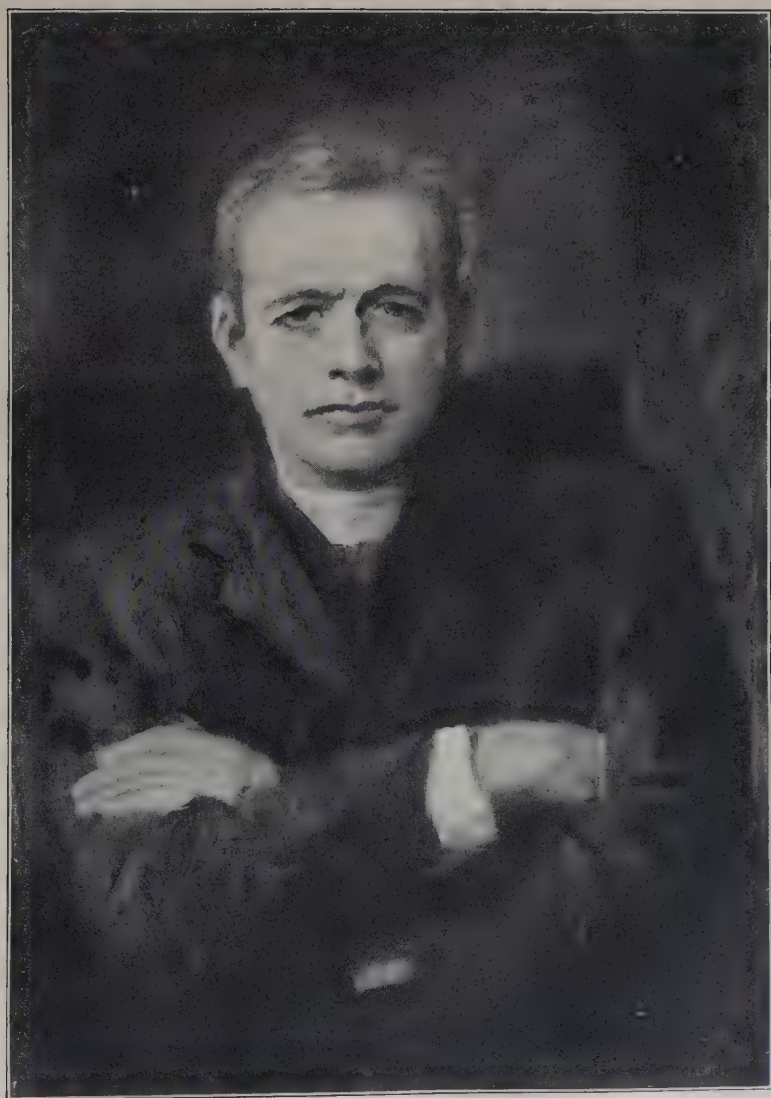
[Leir an Aitir O Duinnín.]

Ní’l don ugdar do pinne an oirde le Céitinn cum léigeannta ir liciúgead do congáil beo i mearg na ndaoinead, go mór-mór daoine leata móga. Níor v’eas sup reirib Seatrún reanar nód-bead, nód-cinnite, áct sup cuir ré le céile i n-aon bolg amáin na tuairiside do bí le fagbáil ar éirinn in na rean-leabhair. Ní raib tuairis eile le fagbáil com deas, com fuinnite ir do leat ré ar fuair na tíre. Ní raib doinne ‘n-a reoláire foganta ná raib eolar aise ar rtdár Céitinn, ir ní raib críochnuad deanta ar reoláire i reoil go mbead macramail deanta aise do’n “bódhaid feara.” I mearg na dtuatac rimplide ní leomrad doinne amhar do cup ar an gcunntar tuzann Céitinn ar gabáil na héireann le parcolan, ir leir an gcuid eile do’n treib rin tar leas. Ní leomrad doinne réanad sup créim-eas faddeal glar le natar nime, ir sup éneapuis Maoir a énead ‘ran éiript le fearraib Dé. Bíodar na daoine reabuirge o’fírinne na rgeal rain, ir bí a n-ur-mór ‘n-a mbéal aca, ir ní raib dán ná laoir gan tagairt éigin doir na mór-gairgidib ar ar trád Céitinn. Ir doig linn muna mbead sup rgeiridib an “fópur feara” ná bead cuimne na rean-aimirre, ná ainmeada na rean-flait, ná éadta na leoman leat com abairt i n-aighead na ndaoinead ir bíodar leir-éad bliadán ó foim.

Ir fíor, go deimh, go raib na neite reo i leabhair eile ar ar tóg Seatrún iad, áct ní’l ur-mór doir na leabhair reo le fagbáil i ndiu. Do cáilleamair iad, ir tá an “fópur feara” ‘n-ar mearg, gan focal, gan liciú ag tearabáil uair. Tamall ó foim ir ar éigin do bí duine uair i gcúigead muhan ná raib a macramail do’n “fópur feara” go ceanamail i gcómead aise. Bí

THE REV. PATRICK S. DINEEN

Photographed from the painting by Jack B. Yeats



return thanks to God since he was not drowned. "Don't be bothering me," says he; "if I am saved, God is not to be thanked for it, for 't isn't much He was in my care; He would leave me there outside till I'd be drowned and suffocated, and it is little it would affect Him, I assure you; but I will be thankful to Dermot MacAuliffe, the good, decent man, who in the face of his being lost went to save me. Why, man alive, if I am saved,

God is not to be thanked for it!"

GEOFFREY KEATING.

Extract from "Irish Prose," by Rev. PATRICK S. DINEEN.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent, and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips, and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written, the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time

ré a5 na daoineib boéta éom maic leir na huairib. I r cuimín linn féin figeadóir boét do mair i nIaptar Ciarrpaide, nár mór i rceannra dóctain na hoirdé do bí 'n-a féilb, do tairbeáin dom a macraimail do Céitinn go ceanaimail, capta i linn-éadac, i r gan dul a5 páirte bpreit air, ná díogbáil ar bí do d'éanam dó. Ba g'eall le leabhar naomta é ar a mear, i r níor díomáoin do bí an leabhar rain, mar i r blarta cruinn do bí tuairpís ar gac leatánac de i rgeann an figeadóir, a5ur ba deacair áiteam air go raib focaí acé fírinne 'ran méir do rgníob Céitinn ar fenniuir fearrao, ar p'aptoían, i r an éirí eile aca. Tá cuimne Céitinn fóir i mear5 daoinead nár léis, i r ná fearaí riam a éirí raotair. I r dóis leir a lán go raib d'paoideacé éigin ar an nduine, nó gur ó neam do táinig ré cum cunntar ar rean do tabairt dúinn. Ní mór an t-iongnad gur éirí na daoine nár duine daonna Seatrún. Do t'reib gailída do b'ead é, acé 'n-a díad rín bí ré roir *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*. Catoiceac ó éirídeíamac, Sagar, Doctúir Diaácta do b'ead é. Fear léigeannta i lairín i r leabhaib na n-áiríeac do b'ead é, i r cáit ré a lán dá raogal 'ran b'fainc. Acé 'nuair d'píll ré a baile tug ré é féin ruar ar raó d'obair na hEaglaire le díogair iongnantaí5 gur cuiread ruagair reata air, i r gur b'éigean do dul i b'polaé i r cumar doib i ngleann Eatarlaé. I r é an ruo i r iongnantaí5 i mbeataí5 Seatrún go b'fuir ré uain i r caoi ar na leabair do tearcuig uair i r góir a feanair, do bailuagad an raio do bí pán i r ruagair air. Do fíubail ré go Connactaib i r go Doiríe, acé ní mór do mear do bí a5 fearaib Ulaó ná a5 Connactaib air. I r geionn trí nó ceatair do bliadantaib bí an "Fopur feara" go léir curta i rgeann a céile aise (1631). Do rgníob ré fóir dá leabhar diaáda, "Eodair Sgíat an Airpinn," a5ur "Trí Díor-áaoite an báir."

Dála an "Fopur feara," cornuigeann ré ó'n b'fíoríoraé, i r tagann anuar go 1200. Tá ré lán do fean-rannair i n-a mbailí5-tear ainmeaca na d'read do táinig go h'éirínn, i r i n-a gcuirtear le céile na héacá do bain leo. Tá a b'fíul i b'póir de, leir, annro i r annró múcta le ainmeacáib daoireac i r flait i r a g'raob geinealac. Níor éap Seatrún aon níó ó n-a meabair féin; gac a d'rugann ré dúinn—na r'géalta, na heactraide, na gabá-íair, na héacá ar muir i r ar tír—fuir ré iao go léir i feanleabhaib do bí pá mear a5 ollamnaib i r fáiríob. Ní rinne ré acé iao do cur le céile i r d'aontuagad. Dá mbead ré a5 áir-r'gníobad na neitead rín i r níu, a5ur a aighead lán do léigean na haimpíre reo, ní'l dearmad ná go gcuirfead ré a lán díob i leat-taíob, do b'pís ná bainneann raio le fíir-feanair. Acé do

back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry, who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity, a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

As regards "The Forus Feasa," it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there overcrowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself; what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and seers. All he has

repiob ré an “fópur feara” tá geall le trí céad bliadan ó fóin, agus ní miongnadh ná faib an oiread pain amhair 1 otaoib fírinne na n-éact ro an trád pain. Agus ir mar an gcéadna atá an rgeal as tíorfaib eile. Tá a lán éact ir eactra 1 reanchar na Rómá do éreio na Románais go hiomlán 1 n-aimpír ùirgí ir Oibio—ná fuil ionnta act úir rgealta na bfeilead. Ar an nór gcéadna ní féilleann don rgeoláire anoir d’éactaib henzir ir Noira agus dá leitéiridib d’éactraibid 1 reanchar na bfeactaine:

Act ’n-a diaib rin, ní ceart a dearmad go mbíonn bunadar fírinne inr na rgealtaib reo do gnát. Níor cúm na filirde rgeal ar oúir gan deallraim éigin do beir air—*nec fingunt omnia Crete*—ciob go gcuirtear leir 1 iut na mbliadan, 1 otreo ná haitneodairde é pá deiread. D’ole an bail ar trí ná beir úir-rgealta do’n tragar pain cuinnighe ir meargta trío a cuir reanchar. Da comarta é ná faib file ná fáid le rinrearaib 1 mearg a daoinead, ir náir móir aca a cáil ná a glóir.

Ir álainn an díon-brollac a cuireann Seatrún le n-a “fópur feara.” O teact an dara Henrí anall cugainn ir roime, níor fad roir ná ruaimnear na hugdair Sagraannais act as cur ríor bréasa ir rgealta aithre ar ar noútear. Siorroio de Darrá, Stanihurrt, Camden, Hanmer, ir an treab pain uile—ní faib uata act rinn do cur pá coir ar oúir, ir ó teir rin oirta, rinn do marluadh 1 rártaib fallra. Agus tar éir ar bfearmann do baint óinn, ba bréasuihe ir ba tarcairnihe do bíodar ’ná riám. Do eus Seatrún fúta ’ran díon-brollac le fuinneam ir le feirg. Do rtoir ré ar a céile an riáméir marluighead do cuir an Darrac ’n-a leabair, níor fás ré puinn do Stanihurrt gan réabaid, ir trom é turraing a láime ar Camden ir ar Spenper. Go deimín ir geall le gairgídeac móir éigin é—le Coin Culainn nó Aicill—a cuir airm gléarta ’n-a láim, éadac pláta ó mullac cinn go troigtib air, ir é as fadail le díogair ir le dian-feirg ar na daoimib beasa ro do dearbhuig éitead 1 goinnib a dúteair, ir do marluig a muinntear. Dá mbead ré ar mairtean 1 noiu, tabair-fad ré faodar bata doir na reancharib atá anoir pá móir-meair, ar fíroude ir ar míac Amílaom, ir ar Hume.

Adair ré ’n-a díon-brollac:—

“Ní’l rtairde dá rgríobann ar éirinn nac as iarraib locta agus coibéme do tabairt do rean-fallaib agus do faebealaib bío; bíod a riadnuiré rin ar an teirt do beir Cambrenrir, Spenper, Stanihurrt, Hanmer, Camden, Darclio, Morron, Dabir, Campion, agus fad nuad-fall eile dá rgríobann uirte o

done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote "The Forus Feasa" almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. "The Cretans even do not invent all they say"—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognise it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his "Forus Feasa." From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanihurst, Camden, Hanmer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia* with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanihurst that he did not rend to bits; heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia*:—

"There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not

foin amac, ionnup supabé nór beagnac an pnuompolláin do ghnó as ríspíobad ar Éireannacáib Ir é do ghnó enomac ar béarab po-daoinead asur caillead mbeas n-úir-íreal ar otadairt maic-ghnóm na n uaral i n-dearmac, asur an méio a baineas rir na rean-šaebealab do bí as áiciugad an oileáin reo ria ngabáitair na rean-šaili," 7c.

Ir minic a goirteas an hepodotur šaebealac ar Seat-úr, asur ir veimín sup mór a bfuil do córmáileac eatorpa araor. Tá caint Seatpán deas, rimplíde, milir-briatrac, map cáint "Átar an tSeandair." Séanair araon baot-foail, neam-briogshara, neam-fairmeamla, acé 'n-a n-ionac atá fuinneam ir tatác i ngac líne dá rártaib. Cuipio araon irteac na huir-ršéalta baineas le n-a otir, san amhar do cup ar a bripinne. B'é hepodotur an céao rártaide do cup reandac na nšpéigeac i n-easari ir i rcpinneas, asur ciot sup b'paca 'n-a diair do ršpíob ré, b'é Céitinn an céao reandairde o'óprouis ir do ceartuis i rlaet, ir i n-easari reandac na nšaebeal. Do bain na filíde—na špéisig ir na Románaig—a lán ar rártaib hepodotuir, asur 'ran scuma scéadna tús Céitinn innbeas a nótain dor na filíob šaebealaca, o'áoasán Ua Rataille, do Seagán Clárac Mac Domnaill, ir o'eoas Ruad. Acé ní feicimíó díoghair i otaob na rípinne, ná fearg cum namac a típe ar an nšpéasac: bíonn ré ciuin, pocair, réim i rcpinnuibe i measg rára ir úir-ršéil, *et quidquid Græcia mendax audet in historiis*, acé ní leigreas an šaebealac ruinne do ceart ná do cáil a típe le n-a deasg namair.

Obar léigeanca, doimín ir ead "Trí bíor-šaoite an báir," lán do rmuaintib diaða ir do máctnam fairmeamla l ar an beatair daonna, ir ar a épioc. Ir ionganac ar tós ré ar rean-ugdaraib ir ar oibheacáib na naom, asur ir blarta tá an obair ar pad poimnte i leabhair asur i n-alcaib. Acé ir cpom, lairineamail an cáint atá ann ó túir so veiread, bíob so bfuil rí larta ruar annro ir annró le ršéal beas rreannmar map an eactra pain ar "Mac Reccan."

Obar an-léigeanca i ndiaacé ir i nórancaib na heaslaire ir ead "Eocair Sgiac an Airpinn." Ní léir dúinn don ugdar eile cupreas an oipead pain do tuairpš ar neitib baineas leir an Airreann, com beacé, com cinnte rin i leabair dá méio. Acé 'n-a ceannta pain, tá an cáint com rimplíde, com rreannca, com binn, com briogshara pain, san baot-foclair ná páirtib carca sup fupairte o'aoinneac é léigead sup i noiu.

endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hanmer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle . . . This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting the illustrious actions of the nobility and everything relating to old Irish who were the inhabitants of this island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan ORahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with astonishing fulness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled

Ó aimpir Céitinn anuas níor rghníobad a lán do phróir buna-
tharac. Do cuirtead dóbar eactraíde le déile agus rghéaltá ar
ghníomharthaí aca, agus ní móir 'n-a tceannta rain. Do luig-
eadaí na hugdair Saedailaca ar panna do mairgailt, ip ba
mílir, doibinn a gcuid d'an ip amháin.

Sóir nó fíar ip fearr an baile—An Cneamhaire.

(Le n-Una ni fáirceallais.)

Ní raib an tinnceóiréac i b'ad ar riubal nuair fleannuig an
Cneamhaire amac uata a gan-fíor dóib.

Suar an capán leir as déanam ar éadib na n-ailltreac do'n
oileán. Thiomáin ré air go dtí go raib ré ar bair na tuíca.
Do rtao ré annsin. Sé gur t'rean láirip an fear é, do bí an
doir as ceannad go daingean air, 7 níor mírde d'ó a rghit do
leigean.

Ní an gealaí go hárd 'ra r'péir, agus do b'féirip an t-oileán
agus an fáirge d'féirip go glan roiléir.

Do b'áluinn ciúin an t-amair do bí or a comair amac, acé
ipitig i gceirde an t'rean-fíar do bí anrad ar riubal. B'amlaíó
nár airis ré a com' deap ip do fámluig an domán i n-a timéioll.
Ní raib a fíor acé as Dia amáin cao do bí 'gá fuatao.

Chraic ré a láma or cionn a éinn, agus doibair or áro :

"Liom féin ip ead é! Liom-ra amáin! Ní fuil éan-baint as
duine ar bit eile leir. D'iocar go maic ar—go dian-maic!"

Ar aghair leir air as riubal agus as ríir-riubal, oíreac ip d'á
mbéad 'n-a aigneac rcoirp a éiríde do lagduagad ar an nóir
poin.

Níor b'fada d'ó as imteacé mar rin go dtí go raib ré i ngar
do na haittreacáir.

Annsoin do rtao ré go hobann, mar ba d'óig leir go gcuatair
ré gut duine éigin. Chuir ré cluar le héirteacé air féin, agus
do b'amlaíó d'éir aghad d'ampir go raib ré cinnce 'n-a éadib.
Gut mná as caoi do b'ead é, gan gó.

Ar mbreacnuagad d'ó ar an áir d'á t'áinig an fuaim, ba léir
d'ó, rgaclám beas uair, duine éigean leagta leir an gcláirde.

Ohuio ré leir an áit, agus d'airis ré gan móill gur d'i Máire
bhán do bí ann soime.

Ní raib a fíor aicí duine ná daon'dairde do beir i n-a haice,
agus do phreab pí le neart rgeóin nuair do leas ré a lám ar a
ceann.

expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.

EAST, WEST, HOME'S BEST.

FROM "AN CNEAMHAIRE."

By UNA NÍ FHAIRCHEALLAIGH.

(Miss Agnes O'Farrelly.)

THE dancing had not long begun when the Cneamhaire slipped out unnoticed.

Up the path he went towards the cliff side of the island. Still onwards until he was on the top of the height. He paused there. Though a strong, stout man, age was pressing on him, and he had, perforce, to rest.

The moon was high in the sky, and the island and the sea could be plainly seen. The scene before him was beautiful and calm, but within the heart of the old man a storm was raging. Thus it was he did not notice how beautiful the world seemed about him. God only knew what was oppressing him.

He waved his arms above his head and spoke aloud:

"It is my own! Mine alone! Nobody else has any claim to it. I paid well for it—right well."

On he went again, walking, ever walking, just as if he had it in his mind thus to subdue the storm in his heart.

He was not long walking at that rate until he drew near to the cliffs.

Then he stopped suddenly, for he thought he heard somebody's voice. He set himself to listen, and after a short space of time he was certain of it. The voice of a woman crying, that it was, without doubt.

When he looked towards the place whence the sound came he saw clearly somebody leaning against the fence.

He drew near, and perceived at once that it was Máire Bhán who was there before him.

"Ná corruis, a leanai. Ná bíod faiccear ort, éor ar bit!"
Ní dubhairt Máire focal, agus seo ar aghaid é le n-a cúro cainte.

"Ní ceart duit, a Mháire, a ríóir, beir amuis i n-donraic 7 an oirde atá ann. Tá an comhluadar ag fúireacht leat 'ra scir-din."

Ní mearrad éinnead sup b'é an Cneamáire do bí ag caint:

"Ué! a Shéamair! an tura atá ann? Ná bac liom! Cait-píó mé leigint dom' cúro bróin. Déad níor fearr dá bárr i gceann tamail."

"Déat dubhradar liom, a Mháire, sup tú féin ar cionntac leir an tuiar 7 an aipdear seo. Tuise nac bpanfá ag do máctair 'ra mbaile 7 ag Peadar fada!"

"Tuise, a n-eat? tá fáct go leór leir, muir, déat cia an maic beir ag caint anoir?" Ar an toirt, do fil na deóra léici 7 érom pí ar gúlparir.

Níor cúir an Cneamáire irtead uirri an fáid do lean pí ar beir ag caoi, déat nuair d'éirig pí níor ciúine ar ball d'fíarppuig pé di cia an fáct bí beir ag imteacht ar éireann.

"Ná ceil orm éin-deo do'n fírinne" ar' reirean fa deóir.
"Cad faoi ndeara go bfuil tú ag imteacht uainn?"

"Do bpiú go bfuil earbair aipio orm" ar' an cailín boct.

"An t-aipgead! an t-aipgead!" ar' an Cneamáire go neam-fóigdeac, "'S é an rgeal céadna é i gcomhairde; déat bíod 'fíor agat, a cailín, go bfuil a lán ruadai 'ra doimhan níor fearr i bpad 'ná an t-aipgead féin."

Ní tug Máire freagra ar bit air, do bí an oirdear roin iongan-tair uirri.

"Nac bfuil Peadar agat!" ar' reirean "agus nac leór duit é rin?"

"Tá—Peadar—agam; ir fíor duit é, "arra Máire i ndeir-eat na dálad, "déat—ní tuigim tú. Nac bfuil dúil agat féin 'ran aipgead? Gabaim párdún agat, a Shéamair; ní 'gá éarad leat atáim, éor ar bit."

"Ní fuil focal bréige ann, a ingean ó. Ir móir i mo dúil 'ran aipgead le leat-céad bliadan, déat ní maib an rgeal mar rin agam ruam. Bhí lá eile agam Bhí mé ós 7 bíor i ngrád com maic leat-ra, 7 b'féidir níor doimne 'ná mar atáir-re. Bhíor boct, 7 bí píre boct, freirim. D'fágbar mo céad plán aici 7 do baili-gear liom go ndimeirucá le capnán aipio do cúir ar muin a déile 7 le bean uaral do déanam dom' rpeir-bean. D'imtígear liom riar sup fíroicear lairair na Stát ndontuighe. Chaitear poimnt bliadanta ann 7 d'éirig an raogal liom go geal. Ir

She did not know that there was man or mortal near her, and she started in affright when he laid his hand on her head:

"Do not stir, child. Don't be the least afraid."

Máire did not say a word, and he proceeded:

"It is not right for you, Máire a stóir, to be out alone this night. The company are watching for you in the kitchen."

Nobody would think it was the Cneamhaire who was talking.

"Och! Séamas! Is it you that is in it? Don't mind me! I must give way to my sorrow. I shall be the better of it after a little."

"But they told me, Máire, that it is you yourself are accountable for this journey. Why would you not stay at home with your mother and with Peadar Fada?"

"Why is it? There is plenty of reason for it; but what is the use of talking now?" Her tears fell on the moment and she began to cry again.

The Cneamhaire did not disturb her whilst she wept, but when she grew calmer by-and-by, he asked her why she was leaving Ireland.

"Don't conceal one scrap of the truth from me," he said at last. "What is the cause of your leaving us?"

"Because I am in want of money," said the poor girl.

"Money! money!" said the Cneamhaire impatiently. "The same story always; but know, girl, that there are plenty of things in the world better far even than money."

Máire was so surprised that she did not answer him.

"Have you not Peadar," he said, "and is not that enough for you?"

"I have—Peadar—it is true for you," said Máire at long last; "but—I don't understand you. Don't you yourself care for money? Forgive me, Séamus; it is not upraising you with it I am at all."

"There is not a word of lie in it, girl. I have been eager for money for the past fifty years; but it was not so with me always. I was once otherwise. I was young, and I was in love as well as you. I was poor, and she was poor also. I bade her a long farewell, and I took myself off to America to put some money together, and to make my sweetheart a lady. I moved on till I reached the west of the United States. I spent some years there, and the world throve with me. I used seldom get a letter from Ireland, except, now and again, a couple of words from her, to say she was well, or the like of that.

Once, a year went by, and never a word from her. I could

annam a gheibinn leictir ó Éirinn aet amáin cúpla focal anoir 7 aipir uaiti-pean 'gá ráð go raib rí go maic, agus a leictéirí rin.

"Don uair amáin éuaib bliadain tarainn 7 san focal aham uaiti. Níor b'féidir liom a fulang beic san tuairis uirri, 7 ó tápla an t-am rin go raib roinnt maic aigro i dtairis aham, tug mé ahaib ar an mbaile aipir. Oé? mo léan gáir ir mo lomaib luain! ní raib roimam aet a huais. 'San uais céadna cuiréad na comurpain uilig nac móir, bliadain na gorta. Sáit-eaib irteac le céile iad i n-éan-poll amáin.

"Ó a Ohia na ngráta! i as pasbáil báir leir an oclar ar taobh an bótair 7 mire i bpaib uaiti 7 san rmeapóir eolair aham ar a cár! Sire san ruo le cup i n-a beal aici 7 mire tall i ndimeirhocá, mo póca lán go beal d'airgead."

"Do ramuis éadon an tfean-fir go militeac fa folar na geal-aige. D'iompuis ré uaiti beasán 7 érom ré ar amair amac tar an bfairise ó tuairib:

Bhí a fíor as Máire go raib ré as déanam mapanta ar uais móir bliadna na gortan tuar i gCondae Mhuigeó 7 níor leis rí focal ar lár. t n-a leabair rin, ir amlaib go ruis rí ar láim aipir. D'airis rí fuar san bús san fuinneam i:

Bhí an cailín as bailleac aet ní fuac na hoirde fa ndeara é. Níor b'é an Cneamair do bí or a comair aet taibhre d'éirig cuici ar laeteanntaib a oise.

"A Shéamair boict! A Shéamair boict!" ar' ríre or íreal. Níor cuir an pean-fear éan-tfuim innti, aet d'fan ré as amair amac do taobh an Ohá bheimn Déas san corraige ar.

Bhíodar mar rin ar pead tamail maic aimpire.

"b'féidir supab é an fáct go bfuil uúil aham 'ran airgead," ar' an Cneamair fa deiread, "sup iocar com daor rin ar. Bíonn an t-airgead mar fuil or comair mo dá fúil—go dears, go dears i gcomhairde. Ir mar rin a cím-re é."

"Do érom Máire a ceann fíor 7 pód rí a láim. D'airis Séamar deor as tuicim léiti.

Bhíodar araon i n-a dtóir go ceann tamail.

"Ní imteóga ar an oileán, cor ar bí," arfa Máire go naibí.

"Ní imteóga tú, an n-eaib? An é rin a n-abrann tú? Aet an dtuiseann tú n-a ceart méad na boctanaet a beap as soill-eaib ort annreo, má fanair?"

"Ní fuil duine 'ra domán a tuiseannr níor fearr 'nád mire com trom 7 a bíonnr an ganntar 7 an boctanaet as gabáil do muinntir áran—aet 'n-a diaib rin féin fanad 'ra mbaile i n-ainm Dé."

not bear to be without tidings of her, and since it happened, that time, that I had a good deal of money saved, I faced for home. Och! my sharp sorrow and my lasting woe! I found only her grave before me. In the same grave nearly all the neighbours were buried, the famine year. They were all cast into the one hole."

"Oh! God of Grace! she dying with hunger by the side of the road, and I far from her, without a gleam of knowledge as to her state! She without anything to put in her mouth, and I beyond in America, my pocket chock-full with money!"

The face of the old man looked wan in the light of the moon. He turned from her a little and gazed out over the sea to the north.

Máire knew that he was thinking deeply of the big grave of the famine year up in County Mayo, and she never let slip a word. Instead, she took hold of his hand. She felt it cold and nerveless and clammy.

The girl was trembling, but not from the coldness of the night. It was not the Cneamhaire who was before her, but a ghost which came to her from the days of his youth.

"Poor Séamas! poor Séamas!" she said softly. The old man did not heed her, but continued to look towards the Twelve Pins without ever stirring.

Thus they remained for a long while.

"Perhaps the reason I have such a desire for money," said the Cneamhaire at last, "is because I paid for it so dearly. Money is like blood before my two eyes—red, red, always. That is how I see it."

Máire bent her head and kissed his hand. Séamas felt a tear falling from her.

They were both silent for a time.

"I shall not leave the island at all," said Máire hastily.

"You will not go, is it, Is that what you say? But do you rightly understand the greatness of the poverty that will weigh on you if you stay?"

"There is no one in the world understands better than I do how heavy want and poverty lie on the people of Aran; but, even so, I shall stay at home, with the help of God."

"It is well," said the Cneamhaire.

* * * * *

The next morning the island folk went eastwards, one by

"Tá go maí," ar' an Cneamáire."

* * * * *

Ar maidin lá ar n-a báraí cuadóar muinntear an oileáin i n-oidiú a céile roir go dtí an fánán. Bhí na cupáca i gcóir cum na gcailíní do bí le dul ear leat do bheir ar bhoró an long-
gáile.

"Tuige go bfuil tura as caoinead?" arfa fearad farad nuair d'arrouis Máire Bhán a gúe com maí le cáe. "Ip muiro-
ne a beap as caoinead in do díad."

"Táim as caoinead i n-oidiú na gcailíní atá ar tí imteact,
uainn," arfa Máire.

"An dá fíu atá tú, a Mháire? 'Ar n-ó,' ní ceapit duit
beir as fonnáir fúm inoiu i ualac ar mo éiride."

"Ní as déanam fonnáir fút atáim, mui. Tá m'inninn
rocair agam ar fanact leat, cibé boet fadóir tú, nó cibé an
fao a éatfímir beir as feiteam le n-a céile."

Ní éiridead fearad a éuara féin.

"Ip as magad fúm atá tú, tá mé as ceapad."

"Ní head go veimín! Ní déanfáinn a leirdeir oir ar an
domán."

"Éirideim tú anoir, mui. Act ní tuigim an rgeal cor ar
bit. Cao a tug oir an t-árruagad inninn' reo?"

"Airling a bí agam aréir, a fheadair, nó bhuonglóir, mar
adéarad. Shaoilear go fadó tura io' fear-fear éiride gán
fuinneam i do geadáir ná gáir d'éinne' i do éiride. Bhí tú
io' iargaire compoatamail annro. Bhí mire t'éir aimeirioad,
clóca fíora oim i hata gléarta go deap le fíuíní agur a leir-
éirí eile, airgead mo d'ócaint im' rparán agam i 'c uile éineál
maoin' im' feilb. Bhíor-ra as gabáilc ruar an bóirín i n-aice
na roilg' i mé as teact a baile. Capad dam annrin tú, act
nóir aitin tú mé, cor ar bit."

"Mire Máire Bhán,' adubrar leat.

"Ní tú,' arfa tura go feargac; 'ní tú go veimín. Bhí
Máire—mo Mháire re—i n-a cail n ós flactmar, agur cao mar
geal oir-ra? Sean-bean poatamail gánra tú atá córuigte
mar péacóis i ngioblaaib ríóil. Ní tura Máire go veimín."

"Ó'feadar fíor i bpoli uirge a bí taoib liom i do b'é rin an
céad uair d'airigeap mé féin aorad gánra; bí an ceapit agat.

"Ip mire Máire Bhán,' adubrar arir.

"Ó'fead tú oim annrin ioir an dá fíu i an fad a bíor mar
don leat nóir éos tú do fíuile díom.

"Ip amlaid adéir tú,' arfa tura, 'act ní éirideim tú—ní tura
an Mháire a otugar gáir ví fad ó. Thíor 'ran roilg úo b'fearr

one, towards the slip. The curachs were ready to bring the girls who were going abroad on board the steamer.

"Why are you 'caoining'?" said Peadar Fada, when Máire Bhán raised her voice like the others. "It is we who shall be 'caoining' after you."

"I am 'caoining' for the girls who are about to leave us," said Máire.

"Are you serious, Máire? In troth, it is not right for you to make fun of me to-day and a load on my heart."

"It is not making fun of you I am, maiseadh. I have my mind made up to stay with you, whether you are rich or poor, or however long we must wait for each other."

Peadar would not believe his own ears.

"It is making fun of me you are, I am thinking."

"It is not indeed! I would not do the like on you for the world."

"I believe you now, indeed! But I don't understand the story a bit. What caused you this change of mind?"

"A vision I had last night, Peadar, or a dream, as you might say. I thought that you had become an old, contrary man, without energy in your limbs, or love to anyone in your heart. You were a comfortable fisherman here. I had come back from America. I had a silk cloak on me, and a hat beautifully decked with ribbons and such like things, with plenty of money in my purse and every kind of means in my possession. You were going up the lane near the graveyard when I was on my way home. I met you there, but you did not recognise me at all."

"I am Máire Bhán," I said. "You are not," you replied angrily; "not you, indeed. Máire—my Máire—was a fine young girl; and what about you? A proud, ugly, old woman, titivated like a peacock in silken rags! You are not Máire Bhán indeed."

"I looked down in a pool of water beside me, and that was the first time I noticed myself old and ugly. You were right."

"I am Máire Bhán," I said again.

"You looked at me then between the two eyes, and as long as I was with you you did not lift your eyes from me."

"So you say, but I don't believe," you said. "You are not the Máire I loved long ago. Down in the graveyard yonder I would rather her to be than to resemble you now. I don't know you at all." And saying that, you went off. I was

liom í 'beir 'nád beir mar tuar anoir: Ní aithníim tú éor ar bít.' Agus 'sá náó rin, ar go brát leat. Bhíor fásca im' donarán go brónac. Sin í an bhionglóir a bí aSam. Nac airt-eac é ?”

“Ní fuil tú ro' fearn-bean fóir, a júnin! 'Do b'ághmarac an bhionglóir doam-ra í, cibé rgeal é. Agus, an n-abrann tú, a Mháire, gur bhionglóir a tug ort fanac 'ra mbaile ?”

Níor mear Máire gur ceart ví rgeal an Chneamháire o'innrinc san ceao aici uairé. Mar rin doubairt rí:—

“É rin agus juodá eile.”

“Duirdeacáir móir do 'Dhia,” arís Peadar:

* * * * *

“Nac móir an t-iongantair nac mbéiteá as brait le do díol mná 'fásbáil ?” doubairt a'air Pheadair leir cúpla lá i n-a d'air rin. “Nac deas d'atamail an cailín í Máire Chatac, in-Sean na baintreabhaige tíar i gCionn an 'Bhaile ?”

Chuir Peadar cluar le héirteac airt féin. 'Dá mba gur tuit an grian anuas ar an rpeir ní cuirfead pé níor mó iongantair air

Ní faib pé i n-innim oiread le focal do náó.

“Tá pé i n-am do Cháit, ppeirín, cur fúit i n-ait ví féin: Ní nacad beirt máigirtreár le céile i n-éin-teac amáin. Cao é do mear ar Mhac Uí 'Dhonnéada. Ní fuil fóir talman aise, ac mar rin féin, 'ar noó', ír breas láirín an buacail é. Daoine macánta a b'ead iad a feac a rinnirí poime.”

Níor féad Peadar focal do cur ar, agus níor tuis pé rtaio na ceirte cuige 'nád ar éan-éor. Go veimín, níor tuis ac an oiread le ceap bhóige, mar adéartá, ac dá mbíod pé do látar 'ra reomra beas taoib tíar do'n éiríin rgeatam beas i n-a d'air rin ír doóca go dtuigfead pé an t-ionplán go dianmáit. Ír fearn-focal é, agus ír fíor, go dtairbeánann tráitíní treó na gaoite.

Ar ball nuair do bí an t-aor ós tíor ar an Muirbeac, reo é an Cneamháire irteac cum a'air Pheadair agus mála aise i n-a láim.

Seo é as tarrainz láin a gláice do píopaib óir amac ar an mála, agus as áiream trí fíor punnt ar an gclár or a comair, agus reo é fóir 'sá náó, agus é as féadain so glinn gáir ar an bpeir eile:

“Ní cuirfó Tomár Sheagáin Ruairí barr a méire palaise ar mo cúir airt go deó. 'Dair fíad, ní cuirfó. Ír do'n gáir agus do'n óige acáim 'sá cabairt.

left alone, deserted and in sadness. That is the dream I had. Is it not strange?"

"You are not an old woman yet, a *rúin*! It was a lucky dream for me anyhow. And, do you say, Máire, that it was a dream caused you to stay at home?"

Máire did not think herself justified in telling the Cneamhaire's story without leave from him; so she answered: "That and other things."

"Great thanks be to God!" said Peadar.

* * * * *

"Isn't it a great wonder you wouldn't be looking out to get a wife to suit you," said Peadar's father to him a couple of days later. "Isn't Máire Chatach, the daughter of the widow over in Cronn-an-Bhaile, a nice, good-looking girl?"

Peadar set himself to listen. If the sun fell down out of the sky it would not surprise him more. He was unable to say as much as a word.

"It is time for Cáit, too, to settle down in a place of her own. Two mistresses would not go well together in one house. What do you think of young Mac Donnchadha? He has not a sod of land, but, even so, he is a fine, strong boy. Honest people they were, his seven generations before him."

Peadar could not get out a word, and he did not understand the state of the question at all. In truth, he did not, any more than a shoemaker's last, as one might say; but if he were present in the little room beyond the kitchen afterwards, it is likely that he would understand the whole matter right well. It is an old proverb, and it is a true one, which says that a straw shows how the wind blows.

By-and-by, when the young people were down in the *muirbheach*, the Cneamhaire comes in to Peadar's father and a bag in his hand.

He draws the full of his hand of gold pieces from the bag, and counting out sixty pounds on the table before him, he says, looking steadily and sharply at the other man:

"Tomás Sheaghán Ruaidhri will never put the top of his dirty finger on my money. By heavens, he'll not. It is to love and to youth I am giving it."

THE CAVERN.

From the Novel "An Gioblachán," by Tomás O h-Aodha,
(i.e., Thomas Hayes).

I was looking round me, while he was speaking, examining the room and the manner in which it was constructed, and asking myself in my own mind where did he get all the hay-ropes, when he said:

"You are making a wonder of my dwelling and of my skill. Am I not a handy man?"

"You are, on my word; but where did you get all the hay-ropes? And if this is a cavern, there was certainly no necessity for the cabin at all."

"I'll tell you by-and-by; but would you wish to see the cavern entirely?"

"I would, indeed," I said, "but it is too soon yet to put the foot under me."

"Not a bit," he replied, "while you have this," and he took a crutch from the corner and handed it to me.

"We shall go out awhile," he said, "until you see my entire kingdom."

"But where did you get the crutch?" I said to him.

"I put it together while you were asleep. Come hither now and take care of the foot."

He took the lamp from the table, opened a little door beside the hearth, and we both went in. I did not see a sight like what I saw since I was born till then, nor did I see a sight like it since. The little room was made exactly in the same way as the other one, but it was filled to the door with arms of every description, and they were all so clean and so bright that they almost dazzled me when I entered first. They were hanging above each other, on the walls round the room, as far as he could find room for them—muskets and pistols in plenty, and many swords and bayonets—and others were stacked in heaps on the floor. There was a little furnace, an anvil, and a smith's tools in one corner, and a bench and a joiner's tools in another corner. The man and the place were getting stranger every moment.

"I think I am under some enchantment," said I, when I had taken the full of my eye of the room.

"You are not, indeed," said the Gioblachán.

He took up one of the guns and rubbed it affectionately with his hand.

Do tós ré ruar ceann de na gunnaibh agus do cuimil ré é go cineálta le n-a láimh:

“féac,” ar feirean, “nac deap an úirlir i rin: táinig sí ó Ameriuocá agus do cuirfeadh sí piléar tré duine nac móir míle ó baile; ádt éirimio an cuio eile aca aripr. Gab i leit annro.”

D’fórgail ré doiar eile agus basair ré amac oim. Níor féadar mo lámh d’ feircint bí ré com doirca roin. Níor cuim-nigear go rabamar inr an uaimh agus nuair d’ féadar amac duibhar:

“Uc, nac doirca i an oirde!”

Leis an “Sioblaacán” rmut gáire ar:

“Nac doirca i an oirde,” arpa gút taob amuis víom: “há! há!” arpa gút eile: Annroin do labair beirt nó tríúr eile i n-éinfeacht níor fuirde amac, “Uc! nac doirca”—“há! há!”—“an oirde”—“há! há! há!”—“Nac”—“Nac doirca”—“há! há!”—“an oirde”—“há! há! há!”—agus mar rin leó ag rsipteacht agus ag déanamh magair púm go raib an áit lan ruar de gúannaid. Bíodar tíor púm, tuar or mo cionn, ar m’gaird amac agus ar gac taob víom. D’ iméigeadar uaim i ndiarr a céile agus d’ írligeadar fá deirde ar nór na raib ionnta ádt rioparnac ag creacht i gcúinnib na huaima.

Deir mire gur bain ré pteab aram. Táinig rganntar oim ar tóir agus ’na diarr rin táinig iongantar agus uatbár an trao-gail oim, ar nór náir féadar corruige ar an áit ’n-a rabar im fearam ar feadh cúis nóiminte. Do basair an “Sioblaacán” irteac oim:

“Mac-alla,” arpa mire, nuair bí an doiar dúnta aige:

“Sead,” ar ré, “nac bpeag é?”

“Níor aipigear ruam poime reo éan-ruo mar é ádt éan-uair amáin; ádt ní raib teádt ruar ar bit leir reo aige. Tá an uaimh go han-móir ir dóca.”

“Bí cinnte de rin: Táir io’ fearam anoir ar bpuac gáza uatbáraige agus má tá éan-órolac amáin ann, tá ré ór cionn míle trois i ndoimneacht. Ná téigir ró-fada amac nuair a bead ag tairbeánt na huaima duit, nó b’féidir go bfuigtea dúdan io’ ceann; coinnis taob tíar víom-ra agus ní beir dao-gal ar bit opt.”

Tós ré rlipeós gúmaire agus cuir ré rsoilt beag ’na héadan le tuais. Annroin fuair ré rop barrais agus focuig ré irteac ’ran rsoilt é agus éar ré an barrac i mbacall mar bead méapós ar barr na rlipeóige: Nuair bí ré pocuigíte go daingean aige, túm ré an rlipeós agus an barrac i bpoa ola agus d’rág ré ann iad go raib an ola rúigte irteac go maí ionnta: Tugar fá ndeara lom-láirteac go raib ré ag déanamh tóirre cun na huaima do tairbeánt dam;

"Look," said he, "is not that a pretty tool? It came from America, and it would put a bullet through a person almost a mile from home; but we'll see the remainder again. Come over here."

He opened another door, and he motioned me out. I could not see my hand it was so dark. I did not recollect that we were in a cavern when I looked out, and I said:

"Ugh! is it not a dark night?"

The Gioblachán let a little laugh out of him.

"Is it not a dark night!" said a voice outside me. "Ha! ha!" said another voice. Then two or three spoke together further out. "Ugh! is it not"—"Ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"Is it not"—"Is it not a dark"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—and so on with them, mimicking and making fun of me till the place was filled with voices. They were beneath me and over my head; they were directly in front of me and on both sides. They faded away one after the other, and they lowered at last so that there was not in them but a whisper, trembling in the corners of the cavern.

I say that I was startled. Fright came on me at first, and afterwards the wonder and awe of the world came on me, so that I could not stir from the place in which I was standing for five minutes. The Gioblachán beckoned me inside.

"An echo," said I, when he had closed the door.

"Yes," said he, "is it not fine?"

"I never before heard anything like it except once, but it could not come near this at all. The cavern is very large, I suppose."

"Be sure of that. You are standing now on the brink of an awful chasm, and if it's an inch, it's over a thousand feet in depth. Do not go too far out when I am showing you the cavern, or perhaps you might get a reeling in your head. Keep behind me and there will be no fear of you."

He took a chip of pinewood, and put a split in its end with a hatchet. Then he got a wisp of tow and fixed it into the split, and twisted it into a knob just like a ball on the top of the chip. When it was firmly fixed, he dipped the chip and the tow into a pot of oil, and left them there until the oil was well soaked into them. I observed directly that he was making a torch in order to show me the cavern.

"This will give us sufficient light now," he said, and h-

“Tiubhairt pé reo polar ar ndócaint dúinn anoir,” ar pé, agus cuir pé teine leir. Cuasomar amac go bpuac na gága air. Sac cori do cuireamar dinn do cuir an mac-alla fheadra tar air eugainn. O’ árouis an “Sioblaacán” an tóirre ór a cionn ar nór go bfuiginn iadarc maic ar an uaim, agus do fear pé go dána amac ar bpuac an puill. Ní d’éanraim féin é dá bfuiginn mile púnt; áct, ar ndóig, mar a’deir an sean-focal—“Neatn na taitige méaduiigeann pé an tarcuirne.”

Cé go dtug an tóirre polur bheadh uairt níor féadar iud ar bit o’ feircint áct amáin ponnit beag de’n cappaig ór mo cionn agus ar sac taobh díom. Amac uaim ní raib ann áct dorcadar trom tiug agus ir dóig liom féin náir dein an tóirre áct é do méaduigad. Bí pé com tiug roim gur faoilear go mb’ féidir liom é fheadar le rgin, no mām de tógaint im’ láim. Bíor as fapruige díom féin, an fear do bíor as féadaint amac, cad do bí foluighe taobh tair de’n dorcadar, agus do bí pé com diaimair spáineamail rin gur cuir pé uatbár im éiríde.

“Ní’l iomarca le feircint amac uaim no taobh tair dinn,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán,” “áct cairbeánraib mé dúit anoir doimneac an puill.” Cuairt pé ar a glúinib.

“Luis ríor agus tairraing amac go bpuac na cairrige,” ar reirean, “táim cun an tóirre do cáiteam ríor.”

Luisear ríor mar o’ árouis pé agus bpuirdear amac go hairdeac go raib mo ceann tar bpuac na gága. Do dein pé féin an iud céadna. Cáit pé an tóirre amac uairt agus ríor agus ríor leir trío an dorcadar. Bíor as bpuac sac éan-nóimint go mbuailfead pé an tóin áct níor buail; agus níor cairbeán pé éan-iud dúinn. Bíor as raire air go dtí ná raib ann áct rpréac. Táinig pian im’ fúilib agus dúdán im’ ceann ó beic as féadaint air, agus do éirdear go rmiór. Fá deiread do cáilleamar iadarc air ar fad.

“Anoir, cad deir tú,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán” irteac im’ cluair nuair bí an tóirre imtíge ar iadarc.

“Leig dam go fóill,” arra mire, “go scuipríd mé leitead na cairrige roir mé féin agus an poll uatbáraic úo.” Agus do cuadar as lapadail irteac ran mboacán. Ní leisfead an eagla dām éirge im’ fearam go iadarc irtig, agus bíor mar dúine do bead i n-áirde ar luarsán. Táinig an “Sioblaacán” irteac im’ díad agus dúin pé an dorar.

“Ir airdeac agus ir millteac an áit i reo,” arra mire, “agus tá gheim im’ éiríde le huatbár.”

“Bíor féin mar rin ar dtúr,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán,” “agus i bpad níor meara ná tá turá anoir, mar ir beag náir tuitear irteac ar mullac mo cinn ran gág an tarra huair do tángar

set fire to it. We went out to the brink of the chasm again. Every stir we made the echo sent us back an answer. The Gioblachán raised the torch over his head, so as that I would get a good view of the cavern, and he stood out boldly on the edge of the chasm. I would not do it myself if I got a thousand pounds; but, no doubt, as the proverb says, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

Though the torch gave fine light, I could not see a thing, except a portion of the rock above me and at each side. Out from us there was nothing but a heavy, thick darkness, and I believe myself the torch only increased it. It was so dense that I thought it possible to cut it with a knife, or to take a handful of it in my hand. I was asking myself while I was looking out what was hidden behind the darkness; for it was so hideously gloomy that it filled my heart with terror.

"There is not much to be seen in front of us or above us," said the Gioblachán; "but I shall show you the depth of the chasm now."

He went on his knees.

"Lie down and draw out to the edge of the rock," said he "I am about to fling down the torch."

I lay down as he ordered, and moved out carefully till my head was over the brink of the chasm. He did the same thing himself. He threw the torch out from him and down, down with it through the darkness. I was expecting every moment that it would strike the bottom, but it did not, and it showed us nothing. I was watching it till there was in it but a spark. A pain came in my eyes and a reeling in my head from being looking at it, and I trembled to the marrow. At last we lost sight of it altogether.

"Now what do you say?" said the Gioblachán into my ear when the torch had disappeared.

"Let me be awhile," said I, "until I put the breadth of the rock between myself and that dreadful hole," and I went crawling into the cabin. The fear would not allow me to rise until I was inside, and I felt like one who would be on a swing. The Gioblachán came in after me and shut the door.

"This is a strange and dreadful place," I said, "and there is a 'lite' in my heart with terror."

"I was like that first," said the Gioblachán, "and far worse than you are now, for it is little but I fell head foremost into the chasm the second time I came here; but I am used to it now and do not mind it."

annro ; áct tá taitiúge ašam ari anoir ašur ní cuirim ruim ari biú ann."

Tós ré anuas bóga ašur raiúeao do bí aige ran mbotán aš o.
ná

"Tairbeánraib mé leiteao na gága duit anoir."

Fuair ré máim bairraig ašur éar ré ari bíor na raiúe é ašur deim ré tóirre de mar do deim ré de'n tairbeóis noime rin. Nuair bí a dótaint ola rúigte aš an mbairrac, do cuir ré teime leir ašur d'oršail ré an doirar. "Réac amac anoir," ari ré ašur ršaoil ré uair é trío an doiréadar leir an mbóga. Cuair an traiúeao ašur an rop bairraig ari laraó go roillreac amac, b'féirir céao ríac, šan an taob éall do bualaó ; ašur annroin do élaonuig ré ríor i ndiair a éile ašur duit ré mar do duit an tóirre, ašur i šceann tamail do rluigeao i ndoimneac na gága é šan éan-puo do tairbeánt dúinn. Ní mirde a ráó šur méaduig ré reo an méao ionšantair do bí im' éiríde éeana:

Cuir ré ríol taob amuig de'n doirar. "Šuir ríor annro go ríol," ari reirean, "go šcuirríó tú aithe ari an šcuirdeacáin a bíonn annro ašam go minic."

An Mac Allá:

Rug ré ari éeann de na šunnaib ašur cuir ré ríleir ann: Šul a raib a ríor ašam caó do bí gá d'éanaí aige o' árouig ré an šunna ašur éait ré uréar ari.

"Comraige Dé cušainn," ari a mire, ašur do ppeabar im fearam leir an ngeit do bain ré aram. Šaoilear go raib an ríab aš duitim irteac oráinn. D'éirig an mac allá mar bláim tóirniúge, ašur bí an fuaim éom huacábac roin šur mótuigear an éarraig aš éirteao fúm. D'iméig ré uainn ašur éáinig ré ari ari arí ašur arí eile, ari nó šur b'éigin dam mo méaraca do éur im' éluarab éun an "ruaille buaille" do congábailt amac. Ari otúr bí ré éom doirb bašarac leir an tóirniú ; annroin bí ré go šarib šlušarac ra mar beao fuaim na rairiúge aš bpireao go trom ari éloéar trága ; ašur n-a diair rin bí ré an-éoraimail leir an bfuaim do éiuéao ó élaide aš duitim, no ó ériuacailib do beao aš šabail éar bóéar šarib ; ašur trío an bpoérom ašur an éuréar go léir éáinig cušainn fuaim mar pléaršao šunnaí móir i bpaó uainn. Éait an "šioblacán" a do nó a trí d'uréarab eile ašur bí ronn ari leanaíaint do'n šnó, áct d'iarraar ari a éabairt ruar. Bí an mac allá go han-bpeaš ari paó áct bí mo dótaint ašam de an uair rin go háirte. Áct ní

He took down a bow-and-arrow, which he had in the cabin, saying :

“I shall show you the breadth of the chasm now.”

He got a handful of tow, and wound it round the point of the arrow, and made a torch of it, as he did of the pinewood chip previously. When it had soaked a sufficient quantity of oil he set fire to it, and opened the door.

“Look out now,” said he, and he sent the torch away through the darkness by means of the bow. The arrow, with the wisp of tow lighting brightly, went out, perhaps, a hundred yards without striking the other side; then it inclined downwards gradually, and fell as the torch did, and after awhile it was swallowed in the depths of the chasm without showing anything to us. It is unnecessary to say that this increased the wonder which was already in my heart.

He placed a stool outside the door.

“Sit down here awhile,” said he, “until you make the acquaintance of the company I have, often here.”

THE ECHO.

FROM “AN GIOBLACHÁN,” BY THOMAS HAYES.

He took one of the guns and put a cartridge in it. Before I knew what he was about he raised the gun and fired a shot.

“The protection of God to us!” said I, and I jumped to my feet with the start he gave me. I thought the mountain was falling in on us. The echo arose like a burst of thunder, and the sound was so awful that I felt the rock trembling beneath me. It faded away and came back, again and again, so that it was necessary for me to put my fingers in my ears to keep out the roar of it. At first it was as fiercely threatening as thunder, then it was roughly rumbling, just like the sound of the sea breaking heavily on a stony shore, and afterwards it closely resembled the sound that would arise from the falling of a dry wall, or from carts going over a rough road; and through all the clamour and confusion came a noise like the explosion of big guns far away. The Gioblachán fired two or three other shots, and he was inclined to continue the business, but I asked him to desist. The echo was very fine indeed, but I had got quite enough of it, for this time at all

naib an “*Sioblaacán*” páirta fóir: *“Tós ré anuas fíoil bí ar crioctad, de’n balla, agus cúir ré i gcóir i.”*

“*An taitneann ceól leat?*” ar reirean:

“*Taitneann go maí,*” arsa mife, “*tá rpéir mhór agham ann i gcomnuide.*”

“*Má’r mar rin atá an rseal,*” ar ré, “*geobair tú ceól anoir nó niam.*”

“*Má tá ré mar an ceól do tug an mac alla uair ó cianaid ná bac leir.*”

“*Éirt,*” ar reirean, as leigint gáire ar, “*agus tabair do bheir nuair táim criochnuigte.*”

Tornuig ré as reinm, agus dá mbéinn as caint go ceann feacht-maine ní féadfaínn tuararzbáil ceart do tabairt ar an gcóimfeinn d’éirigh ran uaim. D’áluinn an beirleatódair an “*Sioblaacán*” agus bí ré ’n-a cúmar, “*ó neart na taitige,*” ir dóca, ceól do buaint ar an mac alla com maí leir an bfiail: Dá mbead gac éin-gléar ceól i n-éirinn bailigte irteac i n-éan-halla amáin agus iad go léir ar riubal i n-éirfeact, ní féadfaí ríad ceól níor binne ná níor áilne ná níor taitneamáige do tabairt uata ná an ceól do tug an fíoil agus an mac alla dúinn an oirde úo. *Tós ré an crioide agus an t-anam aram. Níor moctuigeat pian ná tuirre ná eagla ná éinnid eile aet amáin doirbneat agus páram aignid an fáir do bí an “Sioblaacán” as reinm agus d’ fanfaínn annpoin as éirteact leir ar fead lae agus oirde san beir tuirfeac de:*

Nuair bí ré páirta cúir ré uair an fíoil agus tornuig ré as caint ar ceól na héirfeann agus bí cur ríor mhór agham mar géal air. Cainteóir áluinn doob’ ead an “*Sioblaacán*” agus b’ait leat beir as éirteact leir: Dá liomta agus dá léigeannta na rmaointe do bí aige agus do tuit an gaeóilg ó n-a béal com blarod le ceól: Ní naib ré dall ar éinnid: Do bíor as rmaointeam, anoir agus arí, an fáir do bí ré as caint, ar an gcaoi na naib ré as caiteam a cota aimpire agus as riapruige díom réin cad é an fáit bí leir. Bíor deimneac go naib ré leat-éadctiom agus gur b’in é an ciall go naib ré as imteact, mar a deárrá, le haer an tpaogail agus as cur a muineil i gcontabairt; aet ní naib ríor agham an uair rin ar an méir ar cuair ré trío:

Níor leig ré dam dul ro-fada leir na rmaointib reo mar tairpaing ré cúige feadóg agus tornuig ré as reinm uirru: Dá feadar an ceól do buain ré ar an bfiail, b’fearr ná rin feact n-uair an ceól do buain ré ar an bfeadóg: Do fáruig ré ar gac uile nio d’airuigeat ruar go tci rin. Ní tiubpad éanlaic na cpiunne dá mberóir go léir ran uaim as cantain le céile ceól

events. But he was not satisfied yet. He took down a fiddle which was hanging on the wall, and got it ready.

"Do you like music?" said he.

"I do, well," I said. "I always take a great delight in it."

"If that is so," said he, "you'll get music now or never."

"If it is like the music which the echo gave us awhile ago, do not mind it."

"Listen," said he, laughing, "and pass judgment when I am finished."

He began playing, and if I were speaking for a week, I could not give a proper description of the harmony which arose in the cavern. The Gioblachán was a splendid violinist, and he was able, from experience I suppose, to take music from the echo as well as from the violin. If every musical instrument in Ireland was gathered into one great hall, and that they were all playing together, they could not give sweeter, nor more beautiful, nor more delightful, music than the fiddle and the echo gave us that night. It lifted the heart and soul out of me. I felt no pain, no weariness, no fear, no anything but delight and satisfaction of mind, while the Gioblachán was playing, and I would stay there listening to him for a day and a night without being tired.

When he was satisfied he put aside the violin, and began to talk about the music of Ireland, and we had a long chat about it. The Gioblachán was a splendid speaker, and you would like to be listening to him. His ideas and thoughts were refined and learned, and the Irish fell from his lips as sweetly as music. He was not ignorant about anything. I was thinking, now and again, while he was speaking, of the way in which he was spending his time, and asking myself what was the reason for it. I was certain that he was half crazy, and that was why he was drifting, as you might say, with the winds of the world, and putting his neck in danger; but I had no knowledge then of all he had suffered.

He did not let me go too far with those thoughts, for he drew out a flute and began playing on it. Though excellent the music which he extracted from the fiddle, the music which he took from the flute was seven times better. It excelled everything I had heard till then. All the birds of the universe, if they were gathered in the cavern singing together, could not give more heavenly or more delectable music. The flute brought out the echo far better than anything else.

níor neamhda ná níor doibne uata. Do tug an fearóg an mac allá amac i b'fao níor fearr agus níor binne ná éan-ruo eile.

"Cad veir tú leir rin?" ar' an "Sioblaacán" nuair r'gair ré d'á reinneamaint.

"Ní fearar fóir," ar'ra mire, "ná fuilim fá óraoibheact. Óa mbeinn as caint ar fear lae agus bliadna, ní fearfainn a innirint duit an méad doibhir agus taitnim agus páraim éiríde do tug an ceól úo dam. Ní'l éin-teact ruar leat."

"Ná bac leir an bplámár anoir," ar' an "Sioblaacán."

"Ní'lim as plámár i n-éan-óir," ar'ra mire, act b'féirir gur éirte dam a fáo ná fuil éin teact ruar le veaplámáct an "fíir i n'áiríde."

"Tá tú as caint go ciallmár anoir," ar' reiréan, as cur r'gairte ar.

"b'féirir é," ar'ra mire, "act bíor cun a fáo nuair bíor as éirteact leat—"

"Agus leir an mac allá," ar' reiréan.

"Agus leir an mac allá, ar' eagla an plámár—do cuir ré i n-uamail dam an tuarpargbáil do léigear agus do cular go minic i dtaob ceoil na n-áingéal ir na f'laicir."

"Ní'lim éiríde n'á-óir fóir," ar' reiréan, agus d'éiríde ré 'n-a fearam.

Óornuig ré as amháin. Bí gur breag fonnmár ceoilmar as an "n'Sioblaacán" agus níor cáil re éanruo i dtaob veit ir'is ran uam. Ní fearar féin cia aca do b'fearr cun an mac allá do tabairt amac—an fíoil, an fearóg nó gur an "Sioblaacán"—nó cia aca a faib an bairr aige i gcóimfeim; act ir d'óig liom gur fáruig an gur orra go léir. Cular trí éad daoine as gabáil amháin i n-éiríde éan-uair amáin i halla móir i m'baile-áta-Chia; act cé go faib an ceól agus an cóimfeim go han-breag ar fáo, ní faib éin-teact ruar aige le ceól an "Sioblaacán" nuair tug ré uair "An Raib tú as an gCarraig," agus nuair do bí an mac allá agus an dóir do cuir ré ruar ran uam as curídeactam leir.

“What do you say to that?” said the Gioblachán, when he ceased playing.

“I don’t know yet, but I am under some spell,” said I. “If I were talking for a year and a day, I could not describe to you the amount of pleasure, and delight, and satisfaction of heart, that music gave me. There is no coming near you.”

“Do not mind the flattery now,” said the Gioblachán.

“I am not flattering at all,” I said; “but perhaps it would be more correct to say there is no coming near the handiwork of the Creator.”

“You are talking sensibly now,” he said, laughing.

“Perhaps so,” said I; “but I was about to say when I was listening to you—”

“And to the echo,” he said.

“And to the echo—to guard against flattery—it reminded me of the descriptions which I often read and heard about the angel music in heaven.”

“I am not finished at all yet,” he said, and he stood up.

He began to sing. The Gioblachán had a fine resonant musical voice, and it lost nothing by being in the cavern. I do not know which of them was the best to bring out the echo—the violin, the flute, or the Gioblachán’s voice—or which of them excelled in harmony; but I think his singing surpassed the others. I heard three hundred people singing together in a great hall in Dublin at one time, but though the music and the harmony were very, very fine, they could not come near the Gioblachán’s singing when he rendered “Were You at the Rock,” and when the echo and the musical murmur which he aroused in the cavern were accompanying him.

CASA D' AN TSUŠÁIN:

DRAMA DON-ŠNÍM:

na^o daoine:—

TOMÁS O h-ANNRÁCÁIN, file Connac^ota^o atá ar feachán,
máire ní RÍOŠÁIN, bean an tige:

ÚNA, ingean máire:

SÉAMUS O h-IARÁINN, atá luaithe le ÚNA:

SÍGLE, cómarra do máire:

Piobaire, cómaranna agus daoine eile:

ÁIT:—

Teac^o feilméir i gCúige Múman céad bliadhán ó fóin. Tá fir
agus mná ag dul trío a céile in ran tige, no 'na feara^o coir
na mballa, amail agus dá mbeir dampra criochnuig^ote áca:
Tá Tomár O h-Annacáin ag caint le Úna i bfiór-^ocorac na
r^otaíre: Tá an piobaire ag fársa^o a piobair^o air, le toru^osa^o
ar feinn air, áct do b^oir Séamar O h-Iarainn de^oo^o cúige,
agus r^ota^odann fé: Tasa^onn fear^o ós go h-Úna le n-a tabair^ot
ama^o ar an uirlár cum dampra, áct diúltann rí d^oo:

ÚNA:—Ná bí m'bo^oru^osa^o anoir: Nac^o b^oreiceann tú go b^ouil
mé ag éir^oteáct le n-a b^ouil reir^oean d'a r^oad^o liom. [Leir an
h-Annacána^o]: Lean leat, cad é rin do bí tú 'r^oad^o ar bail?

TOMÁS O h-ANNRÁCÁIN.—Cad é do bí an bo^oac rin d'a
iarr^oad^o oir?

ÚNA.—Ag iarr^oad^o dampra oim, do bí fé, áct ní tiúbrainn
dó é:

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.—I^or cinnte nac^o diub^oreá: I^or d^oig^o, ní me^oarann
tú go leir^oinn-re do duine ar bit dampra leat, com^o f^oad^o agus
tá m^oire ann ro: A! a Úna, ní r^oad^o r^olár ná r^oocamail agam le
f^oad^o go d^oáin^ois mé ann ro ano^oct agus go b^orac^oad^o mé tura!

ÚNA.—Cad é an r^olár duit m^oire?

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.—Nuair atá m^oirde leat-d^oig^ote in ran
teine, nac^o b^or^oasa^onn fé r^olár nuair d^oir^otear uir^oge air?

ÚNA.—I^or d^oig^o, ní t^oura leat-d^oig^ote.

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.—Tá mé, agus tá trí ceat^oraimna de mo
c^oir^ode, d^oig^ote agus loir^oge agus cait^ote, ag t^oir^oo leir an
rao^ogal, agus an rao^ogal ag t^oir^oo liom-ra:

ÚNA.—Ní fé^oacann tú com^o dona rín!

MÁC UÍ h-ANN.—Ué! a Úna ní Ríogáin, ní t^o don e^olar ag^o-
ra ar bea^ota an d^oair^oo boir^o, atá san teac^o san téasa^o san tíog^o-

THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

HANRAHAN.—*A wandering poet.*

SHEAMUS O'HERAN.—*Engaged to OONA.*

MAURYA.—*The woman of the house.*

SHEELA.—*A neighbor.*

OONA.—*Maurya's daughter.*

Neighbors and a piper who have come to Maurya's house for a dance.

SCENE.—*A farmer's house in Munster a hundred years ago. Men and women moving about and standing round the wall as if they had just finished a dance. HANRAHAN, in the foreground, talking to OONA.*

The piper is beginning a preparatory drone for another dance, but SHEAMUS brings him a drink and he stops. A man has come and holds out his hand to OONA, as if to lead her out, but she pushes him away.

OONA.—Don't be bothering me now ; don't you see I'm listening to what he is saying. [*To HANRAHAN*] Go on with what you were saying just now.

HANRAHAN.—What did that fellow want of you ?

OONA.—He wanted the next dance with me, but I wouldn't give it to him.

HANRAHAN.—And why would you give it to him ? Do you think I'd let you dance with anyone but myself as long as I am here. Ah, Oona, I had no comfort or satisfaction this long time until I came here to-night, and till I saw yourself.

OONA.—What comfort am I to you ?

HANRAHAN.—When a stick is half-burned in the fire, does it not get comfort when water is poured on it ?

OONA.—But sure, you are not half-burned ?

HANRAHAN.—I am, and three-quarters of my heart is burned, and scorched and consumed, struggling with the world and the world struggling with me.

OONA.—You don't look that bad.

HANRAHAN.—Oh, Oona ni Regaun, you have not knowledge of the life of a poor bard, without house or home or havings,

·bap, áéé é ag imíteáéé agur ag ríor-imíteáéé le pán ar fuo an traoḡail móir, ḡan duine ar bit leir áéé é féin. Ní'l maroin in ran treáééḡain nuair éiríḡim ruar nac n-abraim liom féin ḡo mb'feárrí ḡam an uaiḡ 'ná an feáééran. Ní'l don fuo ag feapam ḡam áéé an bponntanur do ruair mé ó Ųia—mo cúro áééran: Nuair toraíḡim oppa rin, imḡíḡeann mo bḡón agur mo buairéad ḡiom, agur ní cúimníḡim níor mó ar mo ḡéar-érad? agur ar mo mí-áó. Agur anoir, ó éonnaic mé éura, a Ųia, éim ḡo bfuil fuo eile ann, níor binne 'ná na h-abraim féin!

ŲIA.—Ír ionḡantac an bponntanur ó Ųia an bárouíḡeáéé. Com paḡa agur tá rin agao nac bfuil tú níor fairḡbre na luéé rḡuic agur rḡóir, luéé bó agur eal aiḡ:

MAC UI H-ANN.—A! a Ųia, ír móir an beannaéé áéé ír móir an mállaéé, leir, do duine é do beir 'na báro. Feuc mire! bfuil capao agam ar an raḡal ro? bfuil fear b.ó ar maic leir mé? bfuil ḡráó ag duine ar bit orḡ? Dim ag imíteáéé, mo cáḡan boéé donḡanac, ar fuo an traoḡail, mar Oirín anḡiaíḡ na féinne. Bíonn ruat ag h-uile duine orḡ, ní'l ruat agao-ra orḡ, a Ųia?

ŲIA.—Ná h-abair fuo mar rin, ní féiríḡ ḡo bfuil ruat ag duine ar bit orḡ-r.

MAC UI H-ANN.—Tar liom agur ruidḡrimíó i ḡcúinne an tḡe le céile, agur déapfaíó mé ḡuit an t-abraim do rinne mé ḡuit. Ír orḡ-ra rinnear é:

[Imḡíḡeann ríao ḡo rḡí an coirneull ír fairé ón rḡáíó, agur ruidéann ríao anaice le céile.]

[Tíḡ Síḡle arteac.]

SÍḡLE.—Táinḡ mé éuḡao éom luat agur o'feuo mé:

MÁIRE.—Céao fáilte róḡao:

SÍḡLE.—Cao tá ar ríúbail ag o anoir?

MÁIRE.—Ag toruḡao atámuio: Bí don porḡ amáin againn, agur anoir tá an píobaire ag ól tḡíḡe. Torócaíó an ḡampra aríḡ nuair beirdear an píobaire féiró.

SÍḡLE.—Tá na ḡaoine ag bailiḡao arteac ḡo maic, beiró ḡampra bpeáḡ againn.

MÁIRE.—Beiró a Síḡle, áéé tá fearí aca ann agur b'feapí liom amuḡ ná artíḡ é! Feuc é:

SÍḡLE.—Ír ar an bfeapí paḡa donn atá tú ag caint, nac eao? An fearí rin atá ag cómpáó éom olúé rin le Ųia in ran ḡcoirneull anoir. Cá'r b'ar é, no cia h-é féin?

MÁIRE.—Sin é an rḡhairḡe ír mó táinḡ i n-éirínn aríam; Tomár O h-Anḡraéáin éuḡann ríao aih, áéé Tomár Róḡaire buó éóir do báirḡeao aih, i ḡceapḡ. Óra! nac faib an mí-áó orḡ, é do éeáé arteac éuḡainn, éor ar bit, anoéé!

but he going and ever going a-drifting through the wide world, without a person with him but himself. There is not a morning in the week when I rise up that I do not say to myself that it would be better to be in the grave than to be wandering. There is nothing standing to me but the gift I got from God, my share of songs; when I begin upon them, my grief and my trouble go from me, I forget my persecution and my ill luck, and now, since I saw you Oona, I see there something that is better even than the songs.

OONA.—Poetry is a wonderful gift from God, and as long as you have that, you are more rich than the people of stock and store, the people of cows and cattle.

HANRAHAN.—Ah, Oona, it is a great blessing, but it is a great curse as well for a man, he to be a poet. Look at me! have I a friend in this world? Is there a man alive who has a wish for me, is there the love of anyone at all on me? I am going like a poor lonely barnacle goose throughout the world; like Usheen after the Fenians; every person hates me. You do not hate me, Oona?

OONA.—Do not say a thing like that; it is impossible that anyone would hate you.

HANRAHAN.—Come and we will sit in the corner of the room together, and I will tell you the little song I made for you: it is for you I made it. [*They go to a corner and sit down together. SHEELA comes in at the door.*]

SHEELA.—I came to you as quick as I could.

MAURYA.—And a hundred welcomes to you.

SHEELA.—What have you going on now?

MAURYA.—Beginning we are; we had one jig, and now the piper is drinking a glass. They'll begin dancing again in a minute when the piper is ready.

SHEELA.—There are a good many people gathering in to you to-night. We will have a fine dance.

MAURYA.—Maybe so, Sheela, but there's a man of them there, and I'd sooner him out than in.

SHEELA.—It's about the long brown man you are talking, isn't it? The man that is in close talk with Oona in the corner. Where is he from and who is he himself?

MAURYA.—That's the greatest vagabond ever came into Ireland; Tumaus Hanrahan they call him, but it's Hanrahan the rogue he ought to have been christened by right. Aurah, wasn't there the misfortune on me, him to come in to us at all to-night.

SÍGLE.—Cia'n róirt tuine é? Nac fear d'éanta abráin ar Connacetaib é? Cualaíð mé caint ari, céana, agus veir ríad nac bfuil damróir eile i n-Eirinn com maic leir: buí maic liom a feicrint as dampra:

MÁIRE.—Sráin go deó ar an mbiteamnac! Tá'r asam-ra go ró maic cia 'n cineál atá ann, mar bí róirt capcanair roir é péin agus an céad-fear do bí asam-ra, agus ir minic cualaíð mé ó Diarmuro boct (go ndéanair Dia trócaire ari!) cia 'n róirt tuine bí ann: Bí ré 'na máigirtir rgoile, ríor i gConnacetaib, áct bíod h-uile cleap aise buí meara ná a céile: As ríor-déanam abráin do bíod ré, agus as ól uirge beata, agus as cup impir ar bun amearg na gcómarpan le n-a cúro cainte: Veir ríad nac bfuil bean in rna cúis cúisib nac mealraíó ré: Ir meara é ná Dóinnall na Spéine raíó ó. Áct buí é veiréad an rgeíl gur ruais an rgarit amac ar an bparraírte é ar raíó. Ruair ré áit eile ann rin, áct lean ré do na cleapannair céadna, gur ruaiséad amac ariú é, agus ariú eile, leir. Agus anoir ní'l áit ná teac ná daíad aise áct é veit as gabail na tíre, as déanam abráin agus as pásaíl lóirtin na h-oirde ó na daoinib. Ní diúl-tócaíó tuine ari bit é, mar tá faicélor oirra roime. Ir móir an ríle é, agus b'éirir go ndéanraíó ré rann oir do greamócaíó go deó buic, dá gcuirféa fearg ari:

SÍGLE.—Go bfuiríó Dia orrainn: Áct creáíó do tug arteaíó anoc é?

MÁIRE.—Bí ré as tairteal na tíre, agus cualaíó ré go raíó dampra le veit ann ro, agus táinir ré arteaíó, mar bí eólar aise orrainn,—bí ré móir go leóir le mo céad-fear. Ir iongantac mar tá ré as déanam amac a ríge-beata, cori ar bit, agus san aise áct a cúro abráin: Veir ríad nac bfuil áit a raíad ré nac otugann na mná sráíó, agus nac otugann na rir ruat dó:

SÍGLE [as breit ar gualainn Máire].—Iompuir go céann, a Máire, feuch é anoir; é péin agus o' ingean-ra, agus an dá iloisíonn buailte ara céile. Tá ré tar éir abráin do déanam ví, agus tá ré o'á múnad ví as cogairnuir in a cluair. Óra, an biteamnac! beíó ré as cup a cúro pirtreós ar úna anoir.

MÁIRE.—Oc ón! go deó! Nac mí-ádamail táinir ré! Tá ré as caint le úna h-uile móimíó ó táinir ré arteaíó, trí uairé ó ríoin. Rinne mé mo víteíoll le n-a rgarad ó céile, áct teir ré oim. Tá úna boct tugta do h-uile róirt rean-abráin agus rean-ráiméir de rgealtair, agus ir binn leir an rgeacúir veit as éirteac leir, mar tá beal aise rin do breasraíó an ríolac de'n éraíó: Tá'r asad go bfuil an póraíó réirte rocruigte

SHEELA.—What sort of a person is he? Isn't he a man that makes songs, out of Connacht? I heard talk of him before, and they say there is not another dancer in Ireland so good as him. I would like to see him dance.

MAURYA.—Bad luck to the vagabond! It is well I know what sort he is, because there was a kind of friendship between himself and the first husband I had, and it's often I heard from poor Diarmuid—the Lord have mercy on him!—what sort of person he was. He was a schoolmaster down in Connacht, but he used to have every trick worse than another, ever making songs he used to be, and drinking whiskey and setting quarrels afoot among the neighbours with his share of talk. They say there isn't a woman in the five provinces that he wouldn't deceive. He is worse than Donal na Greina long ago. But the end of the story is that the priest routed him out of the parish altogether; he got another place then, and followed on at the same tricks until he was routed out again, and another again with it. Now he has neither place nor house nor anything, but he to be going the country, making songs and getting a night's lodging from the people. Nobody will refuse him, because they are afraid of him. He's a great poet, and maybe he'd make a rann on you that would stick to you for ever, if you were to anger him.

SHEELA.—God preserve us, but what brought him in to-night?

MAURYA.—He was traveling the country and he heard there was to be a dance here, and he came in because he knew us; he was rather great with my first husband. It is wonderful how he is making out his way of life at all, and he with nothing but his share of songs. They say that there is no place that he'll go to that the women don't love him and that the men don't hate him.

SHEELA (*catching MAURYA by the shoulder*).—Turn your head, Maurya, look at him now, himself and your daughter, and their heads together; he's whispering in her ear; he's after making a poem for her and he's whispering it in her ear. Oh, the villain, he'll be putting his spells on her now.

MAURYA.—Ohone, go deo! isn't a misfortune that he came? He's talking every moment with Oona since he came in three hours ago. I did my best to separate them from each other, but it failed me. Poor Oona is given up to every sort of old songs and old made-up stories, and she thinks it sweet to be listening to him. The marriage is settled between herself and

roirp úna agus Séamur O h-Iapainn ann rin, ráite ó'n lá mórú.
 Feuc Séamur boct ag an dorpur agus é ag faire oirpa. Tá buón
 agus ceannraoi air. Ir fupur a feicirint go mbuó maít le
 Séamur an rpsairíoe rin do táctad an móimíro reo. Tá paitéiof
 móf oim go mbéiró an ceann iompuiáite ar úna le n-a cúro bla-
 aipeáct. Com cinnce á'p tá mé beó, tiucpaíó oic ar an oiróce
 reo:

SÍGLE.—Agur nac b'péapá a cup amac ?

MÁIRE.—O'péapainn; ní'l ouine ann ro do cúroebóat leir,
 muna mbeir bean no dó. Áct ir file móf é, agus tá malláct
 aige do rsoiltepaó na epainn agus do péabpaó na cloca. Deir
 ríao go lobtann an píol in ran talam, agus go n-imtígeann a
 scuro bainne ó na baé nuair túsann file map é rin a malláct
 dóib, má puatígeann ouine ar an teac é. Áct dá mbeir pé amuis,
 aipe mo bannuirde nac leigfínn arteaach aip é.

SÍGLE.—Dá paáó pé péin amac go toileamail, ní beir don
 bpiú in a cúro malláct ann rin ?

MÁIRE.—Ní beir. Áct ní paáó pé amac go toileamail,
 agus ní tís liom-ra a puagáó amac ar eagla a malláct.

SÍGLE.—Feuc Séamur boct. Tá pé oul anonn go h-úna.

[Éirígeann Séamur 7 téirdeann pé go h-úna.]

SÉAMUS.—An n'páipócaíó tú an píil reo liom-ra, a úna,
 nuair bérdear an píobaipe péiró:

MÁC UÍ h-ANN [ag éirge].—Ir mipe Tomár O h-Annpacáin,
 agus tá mé ag labairt le úna ní Ríogáin anoir, agus com paó
 agus bérdear fonn uirpe-re beir ag caint liom-ra ní leigfíó mé
 d'áon ouine eile do teact eapainn.

SÉAMUS [san aipe ar mác uí h-Annpacáin].—Nac n'pá-
 pócaíó tú liom, a úna ?

MÁC UÍ h-ANN [go píocmar].—Nár d'ubairt mé teat anoir
 gur liom-ra do bí úna ní Ríogáin ag caint ? Imtís teat ar an
 móimíro, a b'páig, agus ná tós clampar ann ro:

SÉAMUS.—A úna—

MÁC UÍ h-ANN [ag béicil].—Pás rin !

[Imtígeann Séamur agus tís pé go d'á an beirt fean-mnaoi.]

SÉAMUS.—A máipe ní Ríogáin, tá mé ag iarpáíó ceao opt-
 ra 'an rpsairte mí-á'pamail meirgeamail rin do cáiteam amac ar
 an tís. Má leigean tú d'am, cuirfíó mipe agus mo beirt deap-
 b'pácar amac é, agus nuair bérdear pé amuis roepócaíó mipe leir.

SHEAMUS O'Herin there, a quarter from to-day. Look at poor Sheamus at the door, and he watching them. There is grief and hanging of the head on him; it's easy to see that he'd like to choke the vagabond this minute. I am greatly afraid that the head will be turned on Oona with his share of blathering. As sure as I am alive there will come evil out of this night.

SHEELA.—And couldn't you put him out?

MAURYA.—I could. There's no person here to help him unless there would be a woman or two; but he is a great poet, and he has a curse that would split the trees and that would burst the stones. They say the seed will rot in the ground and the milk go from the cows when a poet like him makes a curse, if a person routed him out of the house; but if he were once out, I'll go bail that I wouldn't let him in again.

SHEELA.—If himself were to go out willingly, there would be no virtue in his curse then?

MAURYA.—There would not, but he will not go out willingly, and I cannot rout him out myself for fear of his curse.

SHEELA.—Look at poor Sheamus. He is going over to her. [SHEAMUS gets up and goes over to her.]

SHEAMUS.—Will you dance this reel with me, Oona, as soon as the piper is ready?

HANRAHAN (*rising up*).—I am Tumaus Hanrahan, and I am speaking now to Oona ni Regaun, and as long as she is willing to be talking to me, I will allow no living person to come between us.

SHEAMUS (*without heeding HANRAHAN*).—Will you not dance with me, Oona?

HANRAHAN (*savagely*).—Didn't I tell you now that it was to me Oona ni Regaun was talking? Leave that on the spot, you clown, and do not raise a disturbance here.

SHEAMUS.—Oona——

HANRAHAN (*shouting*).—Leave that! (SHEAMUS goes away and comes over to the two old women).

SHEAMUS.—Maurya Regaun, I am asking permission of you to throw that ill-mannerly, drunken vagabond out of the house. Myself and my two brothers will put him out if you will allow us; and when he's outside I'll settle with him.

MÁIRE.—O ! a Séamair, ná déan. Tá faicéir oim poime
tá mallacé aige rin do rgoilcead ná crainn, deir ríad.

SÉAMAS.—Iy cuma liom má tá mallacé aige do leasrad ná
rpéarad. Iy oim-ra tuiciró ré, asur cuirim mo dúbhlán rdoi.
Dá marbóad ré mé ar an móimio ní leigiró mé dó a cuio pír-
treóas do cup ar úna. A Máire, tabair 'm ceao.

SÍGLE.—Ná déan rin, a Séamuir, tá cómairle níor fearr 'ná
rin asam-ra.

SÉAMUS.—Cia an cómairle i rin ?

SÍGLE.—Tá rúge in mo ceann asam le n-a cup amac: má
leanann ríu-re mo cómairle-re ríadó ré féin amac com rdoi
le uan, d'a toil féin, asur nuair seobair ríu amuis é, buairó
an doipur air, asur ná leigiró arcead aríy so bríad é.

MÁIRE.—Rat ó Dia oir, asur innir dam cad é tá in do ceann.

SÍGLE.—Déanpamadoir é com deap asur com rimpl de asur
connaic tú ariam. Cuirimio é as carad rugáin so brúigimio
amuis é, asur buairimio an doipur air ann rin.

MÁIRE.—Iy forur a ráó, acé ní forur a déanam. Déanraíó
ré leat "déan rugán, tú féin."

SÍGLE.—Déanpamadoir, ann rin, nac bríadó duine ar bíó ann
ro rugán féir ariam, nac bríul duine ar bíó an ran tíg ar féirir
leir ceann ada déanam.

SÉAMUS.—Acé an seiríoró ré ruo mar rin—nac bríacamair
rugán riam ?

SÍGLE.—An seiríoró ré, an ead ? Seiríoró ré ruo ar bíó,
seiríoró ré so raib ré féin 'na rúg ar éirinn nuair atá glaine
óica aige, mar atá anoir.

SÉAMUS.—Acé cad é an croiceann cuirfeap rinn ar an
mbréis reo,—so bríul rugán féir as tearat uainn ?

MÁIRE.—Smuain ar éroicionn do cup air rin, a Séamuir.

SÉAMUS.—Déanraíó mé so bríul an gaoé as eiríge asur so
bríul cúmóac an tígse d'a rguabaó leir an rtoirm, asur so
seairíimio rugán earraingc air.

MÁIRE.—Acé má éirteann ré as an doipur bíó fíor aige nac
bríul gaoé ná rtoirm ann. Smuain ar éroicionn eile, a Séamuir.

SÍGLE.—'Noir, tá an cómairle ceapc asam-ra. Abair so

MAURYA.—Sheamus, do not; I am afraid of him. That man has a curse, they say, that would split the trees.

SHEAMUS.—I don't care if he had a curse that would overthrow the heavens; it is on me it will fall, and I defy him! If he were to kill me on the moment, I will not allow him to put his spells on Oona. Give me leave, Maurya.

SHEELA.—Do not, Sheamus. I have a better advice than that.

SHEAMUS.—What advice is that?

SHEELA.—I have a way in my head to put him out. If you follow my advice he will go out himself as quiet as a lamb, and when you get him out slap the door on him, and never let him in again.

MAURYA.—Luck from God on you, Sheela, and tell us what's in your head.

SHEELA.—We will do it as nice and easy as ever you saw. We will put him to twist a hay-rope till he is outside, and then we will shut the door on him.

SHEAMUS.—It's easy to say, but not easy to do. He will say to you, "Make a hay-rope yourself."

SHEELA.—We will say then that no one ever saw a hay-rope made, that there is no one at all in the house to make the beginning of it.

SHEAMUS.—But will *he* believe that we never saw a hay-rope?

SHEELA.—Believe it, is it? He'd believe anything; he'd believe that himself is king over Ireland when he has a glass taken, as he has now.

SHEAMUS.—But what excuse can we make for saying we want a hay-rope?

MAURYA.—Can't you think of something yourself, Sheamus?

SHEAMUS.—Sure I can say the wind is rising, and I must bind the thatch, or it will be off the house. *

SHEELA.—But he'll know the wind is not rising if he does but listen at the door. You must think of some other excuse, Sheamus.

SHEAMUS.—Wait, I have a good idea now; say that there is

b'fuil cóirte leagta ag bun an énuic, agus go b'fuil ríad ag iarrad rúgáin leir an gcóirte do learuagad. Ní feicfidh sé com fada rin ó'n dorup, agus ní beir séor aise nac ríor é.

MÁIRE.—Sin é an ríeal, a Sígle. 'Noir, a Séamur, gab imear na ndaoine agus leis an rún leó. Innir dóib cad tá aca le ríad—nac b'pacaró duine ar bit ran tír seo rúgán féir riam—agus cuir cpoicíonn mar ar an mbéir, tú féin.

[Imtígeann Séamur ó duine go duine ag cogannaig leó. Toraigeann curo aca ag fáire. Tagann an píobaire agus toruigeann sé ag feinn. Éirígeann trí no ceatpar de cúplaíab, agus toruigeann ríad ag dampra. Imtígeann Séamur amach.]

MÁC UÍ H-ANN. [Ag éirge tar éir a beir ag féadaint orra ar fear cúpla móimio.]-Pruit! rtopagad! An t'ugann ríab dampra ar an r'paraireadé rin! Tá ríab ag bualaó an uirláir mar beir an oipead rin o'eallac. Tá ríab com t'rom lé builláin, agus com ciotaó le arail. Go t'actar mo píobán dá mb'feair liom beir ag féadaint orraib 'ná ar an oipead rin laóain bacac, ag léimnió ar leat-coir ar fuo an t'ige! Fágad an t-uirláir fá úna Ní Ríogáin agus fám-ra.

FEAR [atá dul ag dampra].—Agus cad fá a b'ágramaoir an t-uirláir fút-ra?

MÁC UÍ H-ANN.—Tá an eala ar b'ruac na toinne, tá an phoémic Ríogá, tá péarla an b'polaig báin, tá an b'énur amear na mban, tá úna Ní Ríogáin ag rearm ruar liom-ra, agus áit ar bit a n-éirígeann ríre ruar úmhuigeann an g'ealac agus an g'rian féin dí, agus úmhuicad ríab-re. Tá rí ríó áluinn agus ríó r'péreamail le h-aon bean eile do beir 'na h-aice. Áit ran go fóil, rú tairbeánaim daoib mar g'nuideann an buacail b'eadó Connaóac rúnice, deárrad mé an t-abrán daoib do rúnice mé do Reult Cúige Múman—o'úna Ní Ríogáin. Éirí, a g'rian na mban, agus deárramaoir an t-abrán le céile, gac le deárra, agus ann rin m'áinmíó dóib cad é rí rúnice rípeannac ann.

[Éirígeann ríad 7 gabad abrán.]

MÁC UÍ H-ANN:

'Sí úna b'án, na g'ruaige buide,
An cúitíonn 'c'rad in mo lár mo c'póide,
Ir ríe mo rún, 'r mo cumann go buan,
Ir cuma liom c'póide bean áit í:

ÚNA:

A báir na rúile buide, ir tú
Fuair buair in ran r'ogal a'r clú;
Soirim do béal, a'r molaim tú féin,
Do éirir mo c'póide in mo céile amúg.

a coach upset at the bottom of the hill, and that they are asking for a hay-rope to mend it with. He can't see as far as that from the door, and he won't know it's not true it is.

MAURYA.—That's the story, Sheela. Now, Sheamus, go among the people and tell them the secret. Tell them what they have to say, that no one at all in this country ever saw a hay-rope, and put a good skin on the lie yourself. (SHEAMUS goes from person to person whispering to them and some of them begin laughing. The piper has begun playing. Three or four couples rise up.)

HANRAHAN (after looking at them for a couple of minutes).—Whisht! Let ye sit down! Do ye call such dragging as that dancing? You are tramping the floor like so many cattle. You are as heavy as bullocks, as awkward as asses. May my throat be choked if I would not rather be looking at as many lame ducks hopping on one leg through the house. Leave the floor to Oona ni Regaun and to me.

ONE OF THE MEN GOING TO DANCE.—And for what would we leave the floor to you?

HANRAHAN.—The swan of the brink of the waves, the royal phoenix, the pearl of the white breast, the Venus amongst the women, Oona ni Regaun, is standing up with me, and any place where she rises up the sun and the moon bow to her, and so shall ye. She is too handsome, too sky-like for any other woman to be near her. But wait a while! Before I'll show you how the fine Connacht boy can dance, I will give you the poem I made on the star of the province of Munster, on Oona ni Regaun. Rise up, O sun among women, and we will sing the song together, verse about, and then we'll show them what right dancing is! (OONA rises).

HANRAHAN.—She is white Oona of the yellow hair,
The Coolin that was destroying my heart inside me;
She is my secret love and my lasting affection,
I care not for ever for any woman but her.

OONA.—O bard of the black eye, it is you
Who have found victory in the world and fame;
I call on yourself and I praise your mouth;
You have set my heart in my breast astray.

MAC UI N-ANN:

'Sí ūna bān na sruaige óir,
 Mo fearc, mo cumann, mo sgrádh, mo rtor,
 Raicairt rí féin le n-a bárd i gcéin;
 Do loit rí a éiríde in a cléib go mór.

ŪNA:

Níor bfuada oróce liom, ná lá,
 As éirteact le do cómhádh breágh:
 Is binne do béal ná reinm na n-éan;
 Óm' éiríde in mo cléib do fuaire sgrádh.

MAC UI N-ANN:

Do riúbail mé féin an domhan iomlán;
 Sacraha, éire, an fhrainc 'r an Spáin,
 Ní facairt mé féin i mbaile ná 'gcéin
 Don ainm rí fá'n ngréin mar ūna bān.

ŪNA:

Do cuairt mife an éalíreac binn
 San trhádh rin coiceaigh, as reinm linn,
 Is binne go mór liom féin do slior,
 Is binne go mór do béal 'ná rin.

MAC UI N-ANN:

Do bí mé féin mo caoan boct, trád,
 Níor léir dam oróce tar an lá,
 So bfuairt mé i, do goir mo éiríde;
 A'r do díbir díom mo bhrón 'r mo érad.

ŪNA:

Do bí mé féin ar maidin inóe
 As riúbail coir coille le páinne an lae;
 Bí eun ann rin as reinm go binn,
 "Mo sgrádh-ra an sgrádh, a'r nac áluinn é!"

[Glaod asur corann asur buaileann Séamus O n-lapainn an
 vopur arteaé.]

SÉAMUS.—Ob ob ū, oé ón í ó, go deó! Tá an cóirte mór
 leagta as bun an énuic. Tá an mála a bfuil litreaca na tíre
 ann pléargta, asur ní'l fheang ná téad ná rópa ná daoradh aca
 le na ceangailt ariur. Tá riad as glaodac amac anoir ar rughán
 féir do déanamh doib—cibé róir iuró é rin—asur veir riad go
 mbéir na litreaca 7 an cóirte cailte ar carbur rughán féir
 le n-a gceangailt.

MAC UI N-ANN.—Ná bí 's ar mbothuagadh! Tá ar n-abrán
 páirte agaimn, asur anoir támaoir pul as damra. Ní tagann
 an cóirte an bealaé rin ar don coru

HANRAHAN.—O fair Oona of the golden hair,
My desire, my affection, my love and my store
Herself will go with her bard afar;
She has hurt his heart in his breast greatly.

OONA.—I would not think the night long nor the day,
Listening to your fine discourse;
More melodious is your mouth than the singing of birds
From my heart in my breast you have found love.

HANRAHAN.—I walked myself the entire world,
England, Ireland, France and Spain;
I never saw at home or afar
Any girl under the sun like fair Oona.

OONA.—I have heard the melodious harp
On the street of Cork playing to us;
More melodious by far did I think your voice,
More melodious by far your mouth than that.

HANRAHAN.—I was myself one time a poor barnacle goose,
The night was not plain to me more than the day
Until I beheld her, she is the love of my heart,
That banished from me my grief and my misery.

OONA.—I was myself on the morning of yesterday
Walking beside the wood at the break of day;
There was a bird there was singing sweetly
How I love love, and is it not beautiful.

(A shout and a noise, and SHEAMUS O'HERAN rushes in).

SHEAMUS.—Ububu! Ohone-y-o, do deo! The big coach is
overthrown at the foot of the hill! The bag in which the
letters of the country are is bursted, and there is neither tie
nor cord nor rope nor anything to bind it up. They are
calling out now for a hay sugaun, whatever kind of thing that
is; the letters and the coach will be lost for want of a hay
sugaun to bind them.

HANRAHAN.—Do not be bothering us; we have our poem
done and we are going to dance. The coach does not come this
way at all.

SÉAMUS.—Tasann pé an bealaí fin anoir—áit ir dóig sup rtráinréar tura, agus nac bfuil eólar agao air. Nac dtasann an cóirte tar an genoc anoir a dómáiranna?

1AÐ uile.—Tasann, tasann go cinnte.

MÁC UÍ N-ÁNN.—Ir cuma liom, a teadé no gan a teadé. Áit b'féar liom fíde cóirte beit bhirte ar an mbótar ná go scuipéa péarla an bhollais bái ó dómra dúinn. Abair leir an gcóirteoir rópa do capad dó féin.

SÉAMUS.—O murder, ní tís leir, tá an oipead fin de fúinneam agus de tear agus de rreacat agus de lúc in rna caplaib aigeanta rin go scaitir mo cóirteoir boct bheir ar a geinn. Ir ar éigin-báir ir féidir leir a gceapad ná a gcongáil. Tá faicéoir a anam' air go n-eipeócair ríad in a mullaí, agus go n-imteócair ríad uair de ruais. Tá gac uile feiréac arda, ní facaí tó riam a leicéir de caplaib ríadaine!

MÁC UÍ N-ÁNN.—Má tá, tá daoine eile inr an gcóirte a déanfar rópa má' éigin do'n cóirteoir beit ag ceann na gcapall: fás rin agus leis dúinn dómra.

SÉAMUS.—Tá; tá triúr eile ann, áit maidir le ceann aca, tá pé ar leat-láim, agus fear eile aca,—tá pé ag cur agus ag cnaíad leir an rganhar fúair pé, ní tís leir fearam ar a d'á cóir leir an eagla atá air; agus maidir leir an triómá fear ní'l duine ar bit rin tír do leigfead an focal rin "rópa" ar a beul in a fíadhuire, mar nac le rópa do cnaíad a átar féin anurraig, mar gail ar éaoirig do goir.

MÁC UÍ N-ÁNN.—Capad fear aguib féin rugán dó, mar rin, agus fásair an t-uráir fúinn-ne. [Le úna]'noir, a péit na mban tairbeán dóib mar imtígeann lúno imear na ndéite, no Helen fá'r rgnoraí an Traoi. Dar mo láim, ó d'éas Déiríre, fá'r cuiread naoire mac úirig cum báir, ní'l a hoirde i n'éirinn inoíu áit tu féin. Topócamaoir.

SÉAMUS.—Ná toraig, go mbéir an rugán agáinn. Ní tís linn-ne rugán capad. Ní'l duine ar bit annro ar féidir leir rópa do déanam!

MÁC UÍ N-ÁNN.—Ní'l duine ar bit ann ro ar féidir leir rópa déanam!!

1AÐ uile.—Ní'l:

SÍGLE.—Agus ir fíor daoib rin: ní déanair duine ar bit inr an tír reo rugán féin ariam, ní mearaim go bfuil duine in ran tís reo do connaic ceann aca, féin, áit mire. Ir maic cuimnísim-pe, nuair nac ríad ionnam áit supreac deas go b'acair mé ceann aca ar sádar do rug mo fear-átar leir ar Connac-

SHEAMUS.—The coach does come this way now, but sure you're a stranger and you don't know. Doesn't the coach come over the hill now, neighbors?

ALL.—It does, it does, surely.

HANRAHAN.—I don't care whether it does come or whether it doesn't. I would sooner twenty coaches to be overthrown on the road than the pearl of the white breast to be stopped from dancing to us. Tell the coachman to twist a rope for himself.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, murder, he can't. There's that much vigor and fire and activity and courage in the horses that my poor coachman must take them by the heads; it's on the pinch of his life he's able to control them; he's afraid of his soul they'll go from him of a rout. They are neighing like anything; you never saw the like of them for wild horses.

HANRAHAN.—Are there no other people in the coach that will make a rope, if the coachman has to be at the horses' heads? Leave that, and let us dance.

SHEAMUS.—There are three others in it, but as to one of them, he is one-handed, and another man of them, he's shaking and trembling with the fright he got; it's not in him now to stand up on his two feet with the fear that's on him; and as for the third man, there isn't a person in this country would speak to him about a rope at all, for his own father was hanged with a rope last year for stealing sheep.

HANRAHAN.—Then let one of yourselves twist a rope so, and leave the floor to us. [*To OONA*] Now, O star of women, show me how Juno goes among the gods, or Helen for whom Troy was destroyed. By my word, since Deirdre died, for whom Naoise, son of Usnech, was put to death, her heir is not in Ireland to-day but yourself. Let us begin.

SHEAMUS.—Do not begin until we have a rope; we are not able to twist a rope; there's nobody here can twist a rope.

HANRAHAN.—There's nobody here is able to twist a rope?

ALL.—Nobody at all.

SHEELA.—And that's true; nobody in this place ever made a hay sugaun. I don't believe there's a person in this house who ever saw one itself but me. It's well I remember when I was a little girsha that I saw one of them on a goat that my

taib. B'íod na daoine uile ag rá, "Ara! cia 'n r'óir tuir é rin cor ar bit?" agur dubairt reirean sup rugán do b'í ann, agur go sníodir na daoine a leit'eo rin fíor i sConnac'taib. Dubairt pé go rácaó fear aca ag cong'báil an féir agur fear eile d'a capaó. Congbócaó m'ire an féar anoir, má téirdeann tura d'a capaó:

SÉAMUS.—Béanfaó m'ire glac féir arteaó:

[Imtígeann pé amac.]

MÁC UI N-ANN [ag sabáil].—

Béanfaó mé cáinead cúige Múman;
Ní págann ríad an t-uilár fúinn;
Ní' l ionnta capaó rugáin, péin!
Cúige Múman san riar san reun!
Gráin go deó ar cúige Múman,
Nac bpágann ríad an t-uilár fúinn;
Cúige Múman na mbailleóir mbréan;
Nac otis leó capaó rugáin, péin!

SÉAMUS [ar air].—Seó an féar anoir:

MÁC UI N-ANN.—Tabair 'm ann ro é. Tairbéanfaó m'ire daoib cad béanfar an Connac'tac deag-múinte deaplámac, an Connac'tac cóir clirte ciallmair, a bfuil lút agur lán-rtuaim aige in a láim, agur ciall in a ceann, agur coráirte in a éiríde, aót sup feól mi-ad agur mórbuairíreac an traoagail é amearg leibidíni cúige Múman, atá san doirde san uairle, atá san eólar ar an eala tar an laéain, no ar an ór tar an bprár, no ar an lile tar an bpótanán, no ar ieult na mbán ós, agur ar péarla an brollaig bán, tar a sguir rraoille agur siobac péin. Tabair 'm cipín!

[Sineann fear maíde dó, cuirteann pé rop féir timcioll air; toraigeann pé d'a capaó, agur Sígle ag tabairt amac an féir dó.]

MÁC UI N-ANN [ag sabáil].—

Tá péarla mná 'tabairt foluir dúinn;
Ir í mo gráó, ir í mo rún,
'S í úna bán, an rug-bean éuin,
'S ní tuigir na Muimniis leat a rtuaim:

Atá na Muimniis reo dalta ag Dia,
Ní aithníro eala tar laéa liat,
Aót tiucfaó rí uom-ra, mo hélen breaíg
Mar a molfar a pearra 'r a rseim go brát:

Ara! múire! múire! múire! Nac é reo an baile breaíg lágaó,
nac é reo an baile tar bán, an baile a mbíonn an oiread rin

grandfather brought with him out of Connacht. All the people used to be saying: Aurah, what sort of thing is that at all? And he said that it was a sugaun that was in it, and that people used to make the like of that down in Connacht. He said that one man would go holding the hay, and another man twisting it. I'll hold the hay now, and you'll go twisting it.

SHEAMUS.—I'll bring in a lock of hay. [*He goes out.*]

HANRAHAN.—I will make a dispraising of the province of Munster:
 They do not leave the floor to us,
 It isn't in them to twist even a sugaun;
 The province of Munster without nicety, without
 prosperity.
 Disgust for ever on the province of Munster,
 That they do not leave us the floor;
 The province of Munster of the foul clumsy people.
 They cannot even twist a sugaun!

SHEAMUS (*coming back*).—Here's the hay now.

HANRAHAN.—Give it here to me; I'll show ye what the well-learned, handy, honest, clever, sensible Connachtman will do, who has activity and full deftness in his hands, and sense in his head, and courage in his heart, but that the misfortune and the great trouble of the world directed him among the *lebidins* of the province of Munster, without honor, without nobility, without knowledge of the swan beyond the duck, or of the gold beyond the brass, or of the lily beyond the thistle, or of the star of young women and the pearl of the white breast beyond their own share of sluts and slatterns. Give me a kippeen. [*A man hands him a stick. He puts a wisp of hay round it, and begins twisting it, and SHEELA giving him out the hay.*]

HANRAHAN.—There is a pearl of a woman giving light to us;
 She is my love; she is my desire;
 She is fair Oona, the gentle queen-woman.
 And the Munstermen do not understand half her courtesy.
 These Munstermen are blinded by God.
 They do not recognise the swan beyond the grey duck,
 But she will come with me, my fine Helen,
 Where her person and her beauty shall be praised for ever.

Aurah, wisha, wisha, wisha, isn't this the fine village, isn't this the exceeding village! the village where there be that

rógaire criocta ann nac mbíonn don earbuid rópa ar na daoineib,
leir an méad rópa fíoréann ríad ó'n gcrocaire. Criaírtedáin
atá ionnta. Tá na rópaib aca agus ní tugann ríad uata iad—
aet go fíoréann ríad an Connaetac boet ag capaó rugáin doib!
Níor éar ríad rugáin féin in ran mbaile reo ariam—agus an
méad rugáin enáibe atá aca de bárr an criocaire!

Smíreann Connaetac ciallmhar
Rópa dó féin,
Aet fíoréann an Muirneac
Ó'n gcrocaire é!
Go bfeicid mé rópa
Bredg enáibe go fóill
D'a fársad ar ríadib
Sad doinne ann ro!

Mar gheall ar don mnaoi amáin d'ímtigeadar na Bredgaib, agus
níor ríoradair agus níor mór-cóinnuigeadar no sup ríuoradair
an Traoi, agus mar gheall ar don mnaoi amáin beir an baile reo
damanta go deo na n-deoir agus go bfuinne an bídá, le Dia na
nspár, go ríorruide rúctain, nuair náir cuigeadar sup ab i Una
ní Ríogáin an dora Helen do rúgáib in a mearg, agus go rúg
rí bárr áille ar Helen agus ar Benuir, ar a d'áinib ríompi agus
ar d'íuicfar 'na diaib.

Aet tiuicfáir rí liom mo péarla mná
Go cúige Connaet na n-daoinne bredg;
Seobáir rí péarta ríon a' rí feoil,
Rinnceanna árho, ríorac a' rí ceoil.

O! muire! muire! náir éirigid an grian ar an mbaile reo, agus
náir lapaib ríalta air, agus náir—

[Tá ré ran am ro amuis éar an doir. Éirigeann na rí uile
agus dúnáir é d'aon ruais amáin air. Tugann Una léim cum
an doir, aet beirid na mná uirru. Téiréann Séamus anonn
éirir.]

Úna.—O! O! O! ná cuigirde amac é. Leis ar air é. Sin
Tomár O h-Annpacain, ir ríle é, ir báir é, ir fear iongantac
é. O leis ar air é, ná deán rín air!

Séamus.—A Una bán, agus a cuirle díleap, leis dó. Tá
ré imtigte anoir agus a cuirle rírtedg leir. Beirid ré imtigte
ar do ceann amárac, agus beirid tura imtigte ar a ceann-ran.
Nac bfuil ríor agat go maic go mb'fearr liom tu 'ná céad míle
Déirde, agus sup tura m'aon péarla mná amáin d'a bfuil in
ran doimán.

MAC Uí h-ANN [amuis, ag bualaó ar an doir].—Forsail!
forsail! forsail! Leisid arceac mé. O mo feact gcéad míle
mallaet orraib,

many rogues hanged that the people have no want of ropes with all the ropes that they steal from the hangman!

The sensible Connachtman makes
A rope for himself;
But the Munsterman steals it
From the hangman;
That I may see a fine rope,
A rope of hemp yet
A stretching on the throats
Of every person here!

On account of one woman only the Greeks departed, and they never stopped, and they never greatly stayed, till they destroyed Troy; and on account of one woman only this village shall be damned; go deo, na ndeór, and to the womb of judgment, by God of the graces, eternally and everlastingly, because they did not understand that Oona ni Regaun is the second Helen, who was born in their midst, and that she overcame in beauty Deirdre and Venus, and all that came before or that will come after her!

But she will come with me, my pearl of a woman,
To the province of Connacht of the fine people,
She will receive feast, wine and meat,
High dances, sport and music!

Oh wisha, wisha, that the sun may never rise upon this village, and that the stars may never shine on it, and that——. [*He is by this time outside the door. All the men make a rush at the door, and shut it. OONA runs towards the door, but the women seize her. SHEAMUS goes over to her.*]

OONA.—Oh, oh, oh, do not put him out, let him back, that is Tumaus Hanrahan; he is a poet, he is a bard, he is a wonderful man. Oh, let him back, do not do that to him.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, Oona bawn, acushla deelish, let him be, he is gone now, and his share of spells with him. He will be gone out of your head to-morrow, and you will be gone out of his head. Don't you know that I like you better than a hundred thousand Deirdres, and that you are my one pearl of a woman in the world.

HANRAHAN (*outside, beating on the door*).—Open, open, open, let me in! Oh, my seven hundred thousand curses on you, the curse of the weak and of the strong, the curse of the poets and of the bards upon you! The curse of the priests on you

[Buailteann ré an doimhir ariir agus ariir eile:]

Mallaét na lág oirriab 'r na láirib,
 Mallaét na ragaire agus na mbriácar,
 Mallaét na n-Easball agus an pápa,
 Mallaét na mbaintreabac 'r na ngarlaic:
 Forghail! forghail! forghail!

SÉAMUS.—Tá mé buirdeac díb a cómharpanna, agus béiró úna buirdeac díb amaraic. Buail leat, a rghairte! Déan do dampa leat féin amuis ann rin, anoir! Ní bfuigib tú ardeac ann ro! Óra, a cómharpanna nac briedg é, duine do beir ag éirteact leir an rtoirim taob amuis, agus é féin go rocair páirta com na teinead. Buail leat! Sprea leat. Cá 'uile Connact anoir?

and the friars! The curse of the bishops upon you and the Pope! The curse of the widows on you and the children! Open! [*He beats at the door again and again.*]

SHEAMUS.—I am thankful to ye, neighbors, and Oona will be thankful to ye to-morrow. Beat away, you vagabond! Do your dancing out there by yourself now! Isn't it a fine thing for a man to be listening to the storm outside, and himself quiet and easy beside the fire? Beat away, storm away! Where's Connacht now?

TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN

*From a painting formerly in the possession of J. Hardiman, after
the print engraved and published by John Martyn, Dublin, 1822*



*EARLY IRISH AUTHORS, TRANSLATIONS OF
WHOSE WORKS OCCUR IN VOLUMES ONE
TO NINE OF IRISH LITERATURE.*

MAURICE DUGAN.

(About 1641.)

MAURICE DUGAN, or O'DUGAN, lived near Benburb, in County Tyrone, about the year 1641, and he wrote the song to the air of "The Coolin," which was even in his time old, and which is, as Hardiman says, considered by many "the finest in the whole circle of Irish music." He was supposed to be descended from the O'Dugans, hereditary bards and historians, one of whom wrote the "Typography of Ancient Ireland," which was extensively used by the Four Masters in their "Annals." O'Reilly, in his "Irish Writers," mentions four other poems, the production of O'Dugan, namely, "Set your Fleet in Motion," "Owen was in a Rage," "Erin has Lost her Lawful Spouse," "Fodhla (Ireland) is a Woman in Decay." The translation of "The Coolin" will be found among the works of Sir Samuel Ferguson.

MAURICE FITZGERALD.

(About 1612.)

MAURICE FITZGERALD lived in Munster in the time of Elizabeth. He was the son of David *duff* (the black) Fitzgerald, and he seems to have been a man of considerable education and of refined taste. Several of his works exist, but the facts of his life are shrouded in darkness. It is supposed that he died in Spain, where many of the most eminent Irishmen of his time found an exile's home. His journey thither probably suggested the "Ode on his Ship," though as Miss Brooke says in her "Reliques of Irish Poetry," it is possible the third ode of Horace deserves that credit. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" is a list of seven poems by Fitzgerald which were in O'Reilly's possession in 1820. The translation of his "Ode on his Ship" will be found with the work of Miss Brooke.

THOMAS FLAVELL

Is the supposed author of "County Mayo" or "The Lament of Thomas Flavell," the English translation of which by George Fox will be found in its place under that author's name. He was a

native of Bophin, an island on the western coast of Ireland, and lived in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Hardiman says of the poem that "it is only remarkable for being combined with one of our sweetest native melodies—the very soul of Irish music."

GEOFFRY KEATING.

(1570—1650.)

"GEOFFRY KEATING, the Herodotus of Ireland," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "the Four Masters, and Duaid MacFirbis were men of whom any age or country might be proud, men who, amid the war, rapine, and conflagration that rolled through the country at the heels of the English soldiers, still strove to save from the general wreck those records of their country which to-day make the name of Ireland honorable for her antiquities, traditions, and history in the eyes of the scholars of Europe."

"Of these men, Keating, as a prose writer, was the greatest. He was a man of literature, a poet, professor, theologian, and historian, in one. He brought the art of writing limpid Irish to its highest perfection, and ever since the publication of his 'History of Ireland,' some two hundred and fifty years ago, the modern language may be said to have been stereotyped. . . . I consider him (Keating) the first Irish historian and trained scholar who . . . wrote for the masses, not the classes, and he had his reward in the thousands of copies of his popular history made and read throughout all Ireland."

He was born at Tubbrid, near Clogheen, in County Tipperary, about the year 1570. At an early age he was sent to Spain, and he studied for twenty-three years in the College of Salamanca. On his return he was received with great respect by all classes of his countrymen, and after a tour through the country was appointed to the ministry of his native parish. Here he soon became famous for his eloquence, and crowds came to hear him from the neighboring towns of Cashel and Clonmel. Owing to his plain speaking in the pulpit, he was in danger of being arrested, and he fled for safety into the Galtee mountains.

Here he caused to be brought to him the materials he had been collecting for years, and here wrote his well-known and important "History of Ireland," ultimately completed about the year 1625. It begins from the earliest period (namely, the arrival of the three daughters of Cain, the eldest named Banba, who gave her name to Ireland, which was called "the Isle of Banba"), and extends to the Anglo-Norman invasion. In 1603, Keating was enabled to return to his parish, where he found a coadjutor, with whom he lived and labored peacefully for many years. One of the joint works of the two men was the erection of a church in 1644, over the door of which may yet be seen an inscription speaking of them as founders, and beside which was placed afterwards the following epitaph on the poet-historian:

" In Tybrid, hid from mortal eye,
 A priest, a poet, and a prophet lie ;
 All these and more than in one man could be
 Concentrated was in famous Jeffry."

Of the other works of Keating many were a few years ago, and possibly still are, well known traditionally to the peasantry of Munster. Among them are "Thoughts on Innisfail," which D'Arcy Magee has translated; "A Farewell to Ireland," a poem addressed to his harper; "An Elegy on the Death of Lord de Decies," the "Three Shafts of Death," a treatise in Irish prose, which Irish soldiers, we are told, have long held in admiration. He died about 1650.

TEIGE MACDAIRE.

(1570—1650.)

TEIGE MACDAIRE, son of Daire MacBrody, was born about 1570. He was principal poet to Donogh O'Brian, fourth Earl of Thomond, and held as his appanage the Castle of Dunogan, in Clare, with its lands. In accordance with the bardic usage, he wrote his elegant "Advice to a Prince" to his chief when the latter attained to the title. This is the most elaborate of his poems. Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland" tells us that his poetry is all written in elaborate and highly wrought classical meters, and that there are still extant some 3,400 lines.

We give among the selections from the work of Dr. Hyde a few of the verses translated by him into the exact equivalent of the meter in which they are written.

MacDaire was assassinated by a marauding soldier of Cromwell's army, who, as he treacherously flung the poet over a precipice, mocked him in Irish, crying: "Go, make your songs now, little man!" This was one of MacDaire's own countrymen.

JOHN MACDONNELL.

(1691—1754.)

JOHN MACDONNELL, "perhaps the finest poet of the first half of the eighteenth century," says Dr. Douglas Hyde, was born near Charleville, in the County Cork, in the year 1691. He has generally been called MacDonnell Claragh, from Claragh, the name of the residence of his family. O'Halloran in his "History of Ireland" speaks of him as "a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquarian and poet," and says that he "had made valuable collections, and was writing in his native tongue a 'History of Ireland,' which failing health, however, prevented him completing. He also proposed translating Homer's Iliad into Irish, and had at least proceeded so far as to produce several highly praised specimens of what his work would be. But this, as well as the "History of Ireland,"

was put a stop to by his illness and death, and MacDonnell's fame must now rest on his poems alone. He died in the year 1754.

Hardiman ranks him in Irish as equal to Pope in English, and believes that had he lived to complete his translation of the *Iliad* it would have been as successful in a literary sense as was that of Pope. "If," he continues, "the latter had been an Irishman, and had written in the language of the country, it would be a matter of difficulty to determine which would be entitled to the prize. But, fortunately for his genius and fame, Pope was born on the right side of the Channel."

MacDonnell was, it seems, a "rank Jacobite" in politics, and, poet and genius though he was, had often by hasty flights to save his life from the hands of the "hunters of the bards." We give a translation of one of his poems by an anonymous hand. Others, by D'Alton, will be found among the examples of his work.

GRANU WAIL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.¹

Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe,
Tho' gems all bright its bloom enwreath;
Undeck'd by gold or diamond rare,
Near Albion's throne stood Grana fair.

The vestal queen in wonder view'd
The hand that grasp'd the falchion rude—
The azure eye, whose light could prove
The equal power in war or love.

"Some boon," she cried, "thou lady brave,
From Albion's queen in pity crave:
E'en name the rank of countess high,
Nor fear the suit I'll e'er deny."

"Nay, sister-queen," the fair replied,
"A sov'reign, and an hero's bride
No fate shall e'er of pride bereave—
I'll honors give, but none receive."

"But grant to him—whose infant sleep
Is lull'd by rocking o'er the deep—
Those gifts, which now for Erin's sake
Thro' pride of soul I dare not take."

The queen on Grana gazed and smil'd,
And honor'd soon the stranger child
With titles brave, to grace a name
Of Erin's isle in herald fame.

¹This ballad celebrates a real historical scene, the visit of the famous Grace O'Malley to Queen Elizabeth. In the "Anthologia Hibernica" the visit is thus described: "The Queen, surrounded by her ladies, received her in great state. Grana was introduced in the dress of her country: a long, uncouth mantle covered her head and body; her hair was gathered on her crown, and fastened with a bodkin; her breast was bare, and she had a yellow bodice and petticoat. The court stared with surprise at so strange a figure."—"Granu Wail" or "Grana Uile" was one of the typical names of Ireland, and, as Lover remarks, the mere playing of the air with that name has still a political significance. (See also the examples of the work of Cæsar Otway.)

DUALD MACFIRBIS.

(1585—1670.)

THIS famous scholar was born in County Sligo. He was the author of "The Branches of Relationship," or "Volumes of Pedigrees." The autograph copy of this vast compilation, generally known as "The Book of MacFirbis," is now in the library of the Earl of Roden. He assisted Sir James Ware by transcribing and translating from the Irish for him. His "Collection of Glossaries" has been published by Dr. Whitley Stokes. His autograph "Martyrology," or "Litany of the Saints" in verse, is preserved in the British Museum. The fragment of his Treatise on "Irish Authors" is in the Royal Irish Academy. His transcription of the "Chronicum Scotorum" was translated by the late Mr. W. M. Hennessy, and published in 1867. His "Annals of Ireland" has been translated and edited by O'Donovan, and published by the Irish Archæological Society. A transcript of his catalogue of "Extinct Irish Bishopricks," by Mr. Hennessy, is in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy. In the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society may be found his English version of the "Registry of Clonmacnoise," compiled in the year 1216. Some extracts from his works translated by Professor O'Donovan will be found among the examples from that gentleman's work.

ANDREW MAGRATH.

(1723 —)

ANDREW MAGRATH was born in Limerick about 1723. He was one of the most gay, careless, and rollicking of the Jacobite poets, and one of the last who wrote in his native tongue. He wrote many songs and poems, of politics, of love, and of drinking. He was, like so many of his fellows, a wild liver; and his name survives yet among the peasantry of his native Munster, among whom he is remembered as the Mangaire Sugach, or Merry Monger. The date of his death is not known, but he is said to lie buried in Killmallock Churchyard.

We append anonymous translations of two of his poems. None of them have, however, been adequately rendered into the English language.

THE COMING OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

Too long have the churls in dark bondage oppressed me,
 Too long have I cursed them in anguish and gloom;
 Yet Hope with no vision of comfort has blessed me—
 The cave is my shelter—the rude rock my home.
 Save Doun¹ and his kindred, my sorrow had shaken
 All friends from my side, when at evening, forsaken,
 I sought the lone fort, proud to hear him awaken,
 The hymn of deliverance breathing for me.

¹ The ruler of the Munster fairies,

He told how the heroes were fallen and degraded
 And scorn dashed the tear their affliction would claim ;
 But Phelim and Heber,¹ whose children betrayed it,
 The land shall relume with the light of their fame.
 The fleet is prepared, proud Charles² is commanding,
 And wide o'er the wave the white sail is expanding,
 The dark brood of Luther shall quail at their landing,
 The Gael like a tempest shall burst on the foe.

The bards shall exult, and the harp-strings shall tremble,
 And love and devotion be poured in the strain ;
 Ere " Samhain " ³ our chiefs shall in Temor⁴ assemble,
 The " Lion " protect our own pastors again.
 The Gael shall redeem every shrine's desecration,
 In song shall exhale our warm heart's adoration,
 Confusion shall light on the foe's usurpation,
 And Erin shine out yet triumphant and free.

The secrets of destiny now are before you—
 Away ! to each heart the proud tidings to tell :
 Your Charles is at hand, let the green flag spread o'er you !
 The treaty they broke your deep vengeance shall swell.
 The hour is arrived, and in loyalty blending,
 Surround him ! sustain ! Shall the gorged goal descending
 Deter you, your own sacred monarch defending ?
 Rush on like a tempest and scatter the foe !

MY GRAND RECREATION.

I sell the best brandy and sherry,
 To make my good customers merry ;
 But at times their finances
 Run short, as it chances,
 And then I feel very sad, very !

Here's brandy ! Come, fill up your tumbler ;
 Or ale, if your liking be humbler ;
 And, while you've a shilling,
 Keep filling and swilling—
 A fig for the growls of the grumbler !

I like, when I'm quite at my leisure,
 Mirth, music, and all sorts of pleasure ;
 When Margery's bringing
 The glass, I like singing
 With bards—if they drink within measure.

Libation ! I pour a libation,
 I sing the past fame of our nation ;
 For valorous glory,
 For song and for story,
 This, this, is my grand recreation.

¹ Renegade Irish who joined the foe. ² The Pretender.

³ The 1st of November, the festival of Baal-Samen, so called by the Druids. ⁴ Tara,

GERALD NUGENT.

(About 1588.)

GERALD NUGENT was one of those Irishmen of English descent of whom it was complained that they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. In the reign of King John the barony of Devlin in Meath was granted to Gilbert de Nugent. By the time of Elizabeth the Nugents had taken to the Irish language, like many other inhabitants of the Pale, and Gerald Nugent was a bard and harpist. He composed in Irish, and flinging aside his harp he joined with the Irish in their attempt to throw off the yoke of the conquerors. Of course the result was failure, and Nugent became an exile. In his grief at leaving the land of his birth, he composed the ode or lamentation, a translation of which by the Rev. W. H. Drummond is given under that gentleman's name. This is the only one of his poems that has been preserved. When and where Gerald Nugent died we have been unable to discover.

TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN.

(1670—1738.)

TURLOUGH CAROLAN, or O'CAROLAN, commonly called the last of the bards, was born in the year 1670 at the village of Baile-Nusah, or Newton, in the County Westmeath, and went to school at Cruisestown, County Longford. When about fifteen (some say eighteen and others twenty-two) he lost his sight through an attack of small-pox. While at school he made the acquaintance of Bridget Cruise, whose name he made famous in one of his songs.

Many years later Carolan went on a pilgrimage to what is called St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in an island on Lough Dearg in County Donegal. While standing on the shore he began to assist some of his fellow-pilgrims into a boat, and chancing to take hold of a lady's hand he suddenly exclaimed, "By the hand of my gossip! this is the hand of Bridget Cruise!" So it was, but the fair one was still deaf to his suit.

Carolan moved with his father to Carrick-on-Shannon, and there a Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe had him carefully instructed in Irish and also to some extent in English. She also caused him to learn how to play the harp, not with the view to his becoming a harper, but simply as an accomplishment. In his twenty-second year he suddenly determined to become a harper, and, his benefactress providing him with a couple of horses and an attendant to carry the harp, he started on a round of visits to the neighboring gentry, to most of whom he was already known; and for years he wandered all over the country, gladly received wherever he came, and seldom forgetting to pay for his entertainment by song in praise of his host.

In about middle life he married Miss Mary Maguire, a young lady

of good family. With her he lived very happily and learned to love her tenderly, though she was haughty and extravagant. On his marriage he built a neat house at Moshill in County Leitrim, and there entertained his friends with more liberality than prudence. The income of his little farm was soon swallowed up, and he fell into embarrassments which haunted him the rest of his life. On this he took to his wanderings again, while his wife stayed at home and busied herself with the education of their rather numerous family. In 1733 she was removed by death, and a melancholy fell upon him which remained until the end. He did not survive his wife long. In 1738 he paid a visit to the house of his early benefactress, Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe, and there he fell ill and died.

Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "He composed over two hundred airs, many of them very lively, and usually addressed to his patrons, chiefly to those of the old Irish families. He composed his own words to suit his music, and these have given him the reputation of a poet. They are full of curious turns and twists of meter to suit his airs, to which they are admirably wed, and very few are in regular stanzas. They are mostly of Pindaric nature, addressed to patrons or to fair ladies; there are some exceptions however, such as his celebrated ode to whisky, one of the finest bacchanalian songs in any language, and his much more famed but immeasurably inferior 'Receipt for Drinking.' Very many of his airs and nearly all his poetry with the exception of about thirty pieces are lost."

Examples of his poetry will be found in translations by John D'Alton, Arthur Dawson, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Thomas Furlong, and Dr. George Sigerson.

There is a well-known portrait of him by the Dutch painter, Vanderhagen, which bears some resemblance to the portraits of Shakespeare.

MICHAEL O'CLERY.

(1580—1643.)

REFERRING to "The Annals of the Four Masters," Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "This mighty work is chiefly due to the herculean labors of the learned Franciscan brother, Michael O'Clery," who was born in Donegal about the year 1580. He was descended from a learned family who had been for centuries hereditary historians to the O'Donnells, princes of Tyrconnell, and at an early age became distinguished for his abilities. While yet young he retired to the Irish Franciscan monastery at Louvain, where he soon attracted the attention of the learned Hugh Ward, a native of his own country and a lecturer at the Irish College. His perfect knowledge of the Irish language and history caused him to be employed by Ward to carry out a project that enthusiastic monk had formed for rescuing the annals and antiquities of his country from oblivion.

O'Clery then returned to Ireland, where for many years he busied himself collecting manuscripts and other works and transmitting them to Louvain. In 1635 Ward died, but some time before he managed to publish from O'Clery's materials "The Life of St. Ru-mold," "Irish Martyrology," and a treatise on the "Names of Ireland." John Colgan, also a native of Donegal, afterwards made large use of O'Clery's manuscripts in his works on the Irish saints, "Trias Thaumaturga" and "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ." Even before Ward's death, however, O'Clery had commenced his great work, which at first went by the name of "The Annals of Donegal," then by the title of "The Ulster Annals," and is now known over the world as "The Annals of the Four Masters," as he and his assistants, Peregrine O'Clery, Conary O'Clery, and Peregrine O'Duigenan, a learned antiquary of Kilonan, were named. He had also some little help from the hereditary historians to the kings of Connaught, two members of the old and learned family of the O'Maolconerys.

The work states that it was entirely composed in the convent of the Brothers of Donegal, who supplied the requirements of the transcribers while their labors were in progress. Fergal O'Gara, a member for Sligo in the Parliament of 1634, is also said to have liberally rewarded O'Clery's assistants, while it was his advice and influence that prevailed on O'Clery to bring them together and proceed with the work. In the "Testimonials" are also stated the names of the books and manuscripts from which the "Annals" were compiled, and there also we find the information that the first volume was begun on the 22d January, 1632, and the last finished on the 10th August, 1636. To the "Testimonials," which is a kind of guarantee of the faithfulness of the work, are subscribed the names of the Superior and two of the monks, together with the countersignature of O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell.

After the completion of the "Annals" O'Clery returned to Louvain, where in 1643 he published a "Vocabulary of the Irish Language." This seems to have been the last of his works, and this year the last year of his life.

"The Annals of the Four Masters" begin at the earliest period of Irish history, about A.D. 1171, and end A.D. 1616, covering a period of 444 years. The "Annals" were published in Dublin by Bryan Geraghty in 1846.

Examples of the translations by Owen Connellan and O'Donovan will be found among the work of these writers, also a translation by O'Donovan from the "Annals."

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN.

(1740—1825.)

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN was born in Cork in 1740, and died in Modeligo, Waterford, in the first quarter of the present century. He was a tall, handsome farmer. He traveled to Cork to purchase wedding presents for his betrothed, but was met on his way home by the news that she had married a wealthy suitor. He flung

all his presents into the fire, and from the shock lost his reason, which he never recovered.

A translation of an Irish poem of his by Dr. Sigerson is given among the examples of the work of that gentleman.

JOHN O'NEACHTAN.

(1695 ?—1720 ?)

JOHN O'NEACHTAN was still alive in 1715. He was a native of County Meath, but beyond this little is known about him. "He was," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "one of the earliest writers of Jacobite poetry, and perhaps the most voluminous man of letters of his day among the native Irish. One of his early poems was written immediately after the battle of the Boyne, when the English soldiery stripped him of everything he possessed in the world, except one small Irish book. Between forty and fifty of his pieces are enumerated by O'Reilly, and I have seen others in a manuscript in private hands. These included a poem in imitation of those called 'Ossianic,' of 1,296 lines, and a tale written about 1717 in imitation of the so-called Fenian tales, an amusing allegoric story called the 'Adventures of Edmund O'Clery,' and a curious but extravagant tale called the 'Strong-armed Wrestler.'

"Hardiman had in his possession a closely written Irish treatise by O'Neachtan of five hundred pages on general geography, containing many interesting particulars concerning Ireland, and a volume of 'Annals of Ireland' from 1167 to 1700. He also translated a great many church hymns, and, I believe, prose books from Latin. His elegy on Mary D'Este, widow of James II., is one of the most musical pieces I have ever seen, even in Irish :

" 'SLOW cause of my fear
NO pause to my tear,
The brightest and whitest
LOW lies on her bier.

FAIR Islets of green,
RARE sights to be seen,
Both highlands and Islands
THERE sigh for the Queen.' "

A translation by Thomas Furlong of O'Neachtan's famous song "Maggy Laidir" is given with the examples of the writings of that gentleman.

OSSIAN.

"SIDE by side with the numerous prose sagas which fall under the title of 'Fenian,' " says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "there exists an enormous mass of poems, chiefly

narrative, of a minor epic type, or else semi-dramatic *épopées*, usually introduced by a dialogue between St. Patrick and the poet Ossian.¹ Ossian¹ was the son of Finn mac Cúmhail, vulgarly 'Cool,' and he was fabled to have lived in *Tír na n-óg*, the country of the ever-young, the Irish Elysium, for three hundred years, thus surviving all his Fenian contemporaries and living to hold colloquy with St. Patrick. The so-called Ossianic poems are extraordinarily numerous, and were they all collected would probably (between those preserved in Scotch-Gaelic and in Irish) amount to some 80,000 lines. . . . The most of them, in the form in which they have come down to us at the present day, seem to have been composed in rather loose metres . . . and they were even down to our fathers' time exceedingly popular, both in Ireland and in the Scotch Highlands, in which latter country Ian Campbell, the great folk-lorist, made the huge collection which he called *Leabhar na Féinne*, or the Book of the Fenians.

"Some of the Ossianic poems relate the exploits of the Fenians; others describe conflicts between members of that body and worms, wild beasts, and dragons; others fights with monsters and with strangers come from across the sea; others detail how Finn and his companions suffered from the enchantments of wizards and the efforts made to release them; one enumerates the Fenians who fell at *Cnoc-an-áir*; another gives the names of about three hundred of the Fenian hounds; another gives Ossian's account of his three hundred years in the Land of the Young and his return; many more consist largely of semi-humorous dialogues between the saint and the old warrior; another is called Ossian's madness; another is Ossian's account of the battle of *Gabhra*, which made an end of the Fenians, and so on. . . .

"There is a considerable thread of narrative running through these poems and connecting them in a kind of series, so that several of them might be divided into the various books of a Gaelic epic of the *Odysseic* type, containing, instead of the wanderings and final restoration of Ulysses, the adventures and final destruction of the Fenians, except that the books would be rather more disjointed. There is, moreover, splendid material for an ample epic in the division between the Fenians of Munster and Connacht and the gradual estrangement of the High King, leading up to the fatal battle of *Gabhra*; but the material for this last exists chiefly in prose texts, not in the Ossianic lays. . . .

"The Ossianic lays are almost the only narrative poems which exist in the language, for although lyrical, elegiac, and didactic poetry abounds, the Irish never produced, except in the case of the Ossianic *épopées*, anything of importance in a narrative and ballad form, anything, for instance, of the nature of the glorious ballad poetry of the Scotch Lowlands.

"The Ossianic meters, too, are the eminently epic ones of Ireland. . . .

"Of the authorship of the Ossianic poems nothing is known. In the Book of Leinster are three short pieces ascribed to Ossian

¹ In Irish *Oisín*, pronounced "Esheen," or "Ussheen,"

himself, and five to Finn, and other old MSS. contain poems ascribed to Caoilte, Ossian's companion and fellow survivor, and to Fergus, another son of Finn ; but of the great mass of the many thousand lines which we have in seventeenth and eighteenth century MSS. there is not much which is placed in Ossian's mouth as first hand, the pieces, as I have said, generally beginning with a dialogue, from which Ossian proceeds to recount his tale. But this dramatic form of the lay shows that no pretense was kept up of Ossian's being the singer of his own exploits. From the paucity of the pieces attributed to him in the oldest MSS. it is probable that the Gaelic race only gradually singled him out as their typical pagan poet, instead of Fergus or Caoilte or any other of his alleged contemporaries, just as they singled out his father Finn as the typical pagan leader of their race ; and it is likely that a large part of our Ossianic lay and literature is post-Danish, while the great mass of the Red Branch saga is in its birth many centuries anterior to the Norsemen's invasion."

A. RAFTERY.

(1780?—1840?)

THE story of the discovery of the writings of Raftery by Dr. Douglas Hyde and Lady Gregory is one of the most curious and interesting in the annals of literature. We have not space for it in detail ; in brief it was on this wise : Some time in the seventies Dr. Hyde heard an old man singing a song at the door of his cottage. The old man, at his request, taught Dr. Hyde the song and the latter went away.

Twelve years after, when Dr. Hyde was working in the Royal Irish Academy, he came across some old manuscript containing a number of poems ascribed to a man named Raftery, and among them the very song that he had learned on that morning long ago.

Seven years more elapsed, and Dr. Hyde one day met an old blind man begging. He gave him a penny, and passed on, when it suddenly occurred to him that he should have spoken to him in Irish. He did so and conversed with him for an hour. Among other things they talked about was Raftery, and Dr. Hyde learned much about the poet from the old man.

This set him upon the track of the poet, and the final result was the recovery of most of his poems and considerable material for his biography, which would otherwise have been absolutely lost. Had it not been for the fact that the poems were so well known up and down the country, it would have been impossible to recover many of them.

Raftery was born about 1780 or 1790 at Cilleaden, County Mayo, of very poor parents. He was early in life deprived of his sight by smallpox, so that he never had any better occupation by which to make a living than that of a fiddler. Though he was absolutely destitute and practically dependent upon alms, no poet of the people

ever exercised so widespread an influence upon those among whom he lived. He was never taught either to read or to write; he had no access to books of any kind, or any form of literature, except what he was able to pick up through his ears as he traveled from cottage to cottage, with his bag over his shoulder, picking up his day's meals as he went.

Lady Gregory in her "Poets and Dreamers" deals very fully with his work, and from the examples which she gives we are justified in claiming for this, the last of Irish bards, the name of an inspired one. It is said that he spent the last years of his life in making prayers and religious songs, of which Lady Gregory gives some interesting examples, and of which "The Confession," printed in the present volume, is typical.

He died at an advanced age, about 1840, and is buried at Killeenan, County Mayo, where there is a stone over his grave, and where the people from all parts round about gather in August of every year to do honor to his memory.

RICHARD STANIHURST.

(1545—1618.)

RICHARD STANIHURST was born in Dublin, and in his eighteenth year went to University College, Oxford. He studied law at Furnival's Inn and Lincoln's Inn; and, returning to Ireland, married a daughter of Sir Charles Barnewell. About 1579 he took up his residence in Leyden, entered holy orders, and became chaplain to Albert, Archduke of Austria and Governor of the Spanish Netherlands. A great portion of his writings are in Latin. His first work, which was published in London in 1570, in folio, is entitled "*Harmonia, seu catena dialectica Porphyrium*," and is spoken of with particular praise by Edmund Campion, then a student at St. John's College, Oxford. His other works are "*De rebus in Hibernia gestis*" (Antwerp, 1584, 4to); "*Descriptio Hiberniæ*," which is to be found in "*Holinshed's Chronicle*," of which it formed a part of the second volume; "*De Vita S. Patricii*" (Antwerp, 1587, 12mo); "*Hebdomada Mariana*" (Antwerp, 1609, 8vo); "*Hebdomada Eucharistica*" (Douay, 1614, 8vo); "*Brevis premonitio pro futura commentatione cum Jacobo Usserio*" (Douay, 1615, 8vo); "*The Principles of the Catholic Religion*"; "*The First Four Books of Virgil's Æneid in English Hexameters*" (1583, small 8vo, black letter); with which are printed the four first Psalms, "*certaine poetical conceites*" in Latin and English, and some epitaphs.

OWEN WARD.

(About 1600 or 1610.)

LITTLE is known of Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Red Owen Ward, beyond the fact that he was the bard of the O'Donnells, and

accompanied the princes of Tyrconnell and Tyrone when they fled from Ireland in 1607. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" the names of nine lengthy and still extant poems of his are given. The "Lament," translated by J. Clarence Mangan, will be found among that author's contributions to this work; it is addressed to Nuala, sister of O'Donnell, the Prince of Tyrconnell, who died in Rome, and was interred in the same grave with O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone. Ward was the descendant of a long line of bards and poets of the same name.

MODERN IRISH AUTHORS, WHOSE WORK, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED, APPEARS IN
VOLUME TEN OF IRISH LITERATURE.

FATHER DINNEEN.

FATHER DINNEEN is a native of the district adjoining Killarney, in East Kerry, a district that has produced a crop of distinguished poets such as Egan O'Rahilly, Geoffrey O'Donoghue, Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan, Finneen O'Scannell. He drank in the traditional lore of this region during his boyhood, and always held the Irish language in special veneration. University and ecclesiastical studies, however, engrossed the best years of his youth and early manhood, and it was only when the enemies of Ireland's honor came forward at the Intermediate Education Commission, held in Dublin a few years ago, and sought to vilify Irish literature, to show that whatever little of it survived was either "silly" or "indecent," that he set seriously to work to lay before the world the collected works of several modern Irish poets, including those named above.

Besides collecting from manuscripts and editing for the first time the works of some six distinguished poets, Father Dinneen has in three or four years written several prose works in Irish, including an historical novel, "Cormac Va Conaill," a description of Killarney, and several plays. He has also finished a dictionary of the modern Irish language, with explanations in English. He is perhaps the most earnest writer of the Gaelic movement, and his *editiones principes* of the Munster poets are of the greatest value.

JAMES J. DOYLE.

MR. JAMES J. DOYLE, the most unwearying worker and, with the single exception, perhaps, of Father O'Leary, the raciest writer of Irish dialogue living, was born at Cooleenig, Tuogh, County Kerry, forty-five years ago. The son of a well-connected, well-disposed, well-to-do farmer, he had the advantage of spending his boyhood in a singularly bilingual atmosphere; but it was only on leaving the local National school to enter the Revenue Service at the age of nineteen that he commenced to study the literature of his race. To Mr. David Connyn he attributes much of his earlier interest in Ireland's halloved literature, an interest which has been steadily deepening for upwards of a quarter of a century.

Owing to circumstances with which our readers are unhappily only too familiar, Mr. Doyle remained unknown as a writer until the Oireachtas of 1898. On this occasion, however, he leisurely carried off a prize for three humorous Irish stories, and again at the

Oireachtas of 1900 he won the "Independent" prize for a story of modern Irish life. Still later, at the "Feis Uladh," he received first prize for a paper on "Ulster Local Names." This latter is one of his pet subjects, and has constituted the theme of many a lecture delivered in the interest of the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle also won first prize in the "Irish Phrase-Book Competition" at the recent Oireachtas, 1901, and though not a teacher was fourth in the competition (open to all Ireland) for Archbishop Walsh's prize of £25 (\$125) for a bilingual school programme.

In 1881 he married Miss Mary A. Joyce, sister to Dr. King Joyce, of Dublin. She, like her devoted husband, is also bilingual, and it is not to be wondered at that they are, as the *Claidheamh* is wont to say, "bringing up seven sturdy, enthusiastic young bilingualists."

His numerous relatives and friends in the United States will share his own manifest gratification at the fact that his parents are still hale and hearty, and, as he himself is practically in the prime of life just now, there seems every hope that the readers of *An Claidheamh*—and probably of other Irish journals—will have access to his inimitable contributions for many a year to come.

As in the case of several of the most active members of the Gaelic League, his position of Supervisor in the Inland Revenue does not prevent him from rendering very efficient, if undemonstrative, service to his country. He resides at present in Derry, and is possibly the most energetic organizer in all Ulster. His assistance to Mr. Concannon has been simply invaluable.

"Cathair Conroi," children's stories, won the first prize at 1902 Oireachtas.

He was one of the original founders of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in 1876, and subsequently of the Gaelic Union, which founded the *Gaelic Journal* in 1882, and which might be said to have paved the way for the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle is the author of the following books, published by the Gaelic League: "Beert Fhear o' n-Tuaith," or "Two Men from the Country," a series of snapshots of Irish rural life in the form of dialogue; "Taahg Gabha," "Tim the Smith," a racy story of Kerry life; "Cathair Conroi," and other stories suitable for children; an "Irish-English Phrase Book."

AGNES O'FARRELLY.

MISS AGNES O'FARRELLY, or in Irish *Una ni Thearghaille*, comes from one of the oldest and most respected families in the County Cavan. She was born at Kiffenny House, East Breffin. She was the first lady candidate to take up Irish as subject for the M.A. examination in the Royal University, which she passed with the highest honors. She has spent much time in the Arran Islands learning to speak the language colloquially, and in 1899 she attended a course of lectures in Old Irish by Monsieur de Jubainville in Paris at the Collège de France. She has been for years one of the most prom-

inent members of the Coisde Griotha, or Executive of the Gaelic League. She is chief examiner in Celtic to the Board of Intermediate Education. Her principal writings are a propagandist tract in English called "The Reign of Humbug," and two stories in Irish, one called "Grádh agus Crádh," the other an Arran story called "The Cneamhaire," from which we give an extract, and, lastly, the splendid "Life of Father O'Growney," which has just been published and which is full of interest and information about the rise of the Irish Revival. She has nearly completed the collecting and editing of the text of John O'Neachtan's poems, and the editing of a very difficult text from the library of the Franciscans, containing an account of the wanderings of O'Neill and O'Donnell in Spain. She is an indefatigable worker in the cause of Irish Ireland.

THOMAS HAYES.

THOMAS HAYES was born in Miltown Malbay on Nov. 2, 1866, where his father was a master cooper in comfortable circumstances.

He was educated in the National school. Both his parents were very good Irish speakers, and his home language was Irish. His house was always a great rendezvous for the neighbors, who used to meet there to tell stories, and the boy with mouth, and eyes, and ears open drank in a great many of the local tales and legends. Indeed, the house during this period was more like a branch of the Gaelic League than anything else.

His father was a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and his mother was intensely Irish.

In 1886 he was appointed as assistant teacher in Harold's Cross National School, Dublin. He went through a course in St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra, in 1891-92, and in 1895 was appointed principal of St. Gabriel's Boys' School, Aughrim Street.

He is a good amateur musician, and carried off two first prizes at the R. I. A. M. School Choirs competitions in 1898 and 1901; the Oireachtas Gold Medal for singing, and also the prize for the best original air to "Caoinead An Guinn" at the Oireachtas, besides several second prizes at the R. I. A. M. Oireachtas and Leinster Feis.

In 1893 he joined the Gaelic League, and was soon after co-opted on the Executive Committee, of which he has since remained a member. He threw himself enthusiastically into the work of the League, and devoted a considerable portion of his spare time for several years to teaching Irish and singing in different branches of the League. He was the first teacher in Ireland to apply the Tonic Sol-Fa system to the teaching of Irish songs. His first attempt at Irish prose composition was published in the *Gaelic Journal* in 1894, and since then he has been in evidence more or less over his own name; but much of his work in Irish in the shape of articles, etc., has been unsigned.

PATRICK O'LEARY.

PATRICK O'LEARY, like his friend, Donnchadh Pleinnionn of Cork, was one of the first martyrs of the Irish Revival. He died early, to the great loss of the movement, chiefly from overwork connected with it. His principal effort was the collection of Munster folk tales, called *Sgeuliugheacht Chírige Mumham*, chiefly from his native place near Eyeries, in the extreme south of Ireland. He was the first to collect the folk tales of Munster, having been incited thereto, as he says in his preface, by the Connaught collections of the "*Craoibhín*." He published many excellent things in the *Gaelic Journal*, and possibly elsewhere. He was a complete master of the language, and if he had lived would have undoubtedly become one of our ablest writers.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY was born in the year 1840, in the middle of a wild and mountainous district, about midway between Millstreet and Macroom, in the County Cork. Irish was at that time the language of that district. The people spoke scarcely any English. In that way it happened that Father O'Leary's childhood and youth were impregnated with Irish. He was fortunate in another way also. His mother was a highly educated woman, as well as a very talented one. When she spoke English to her children it was the best and the most correct English, and when she spoke Irish to them it was the best and the purest and the most correct Irish. His father had not received an English education, but the mastery which he had of the Irish language and the force and power with which he could use it were exceptional, even in a district where the language was, at that time, very copious and very powerful.

It is not to be wondered at that a person whose childhood and early youth were passed in the midst of such opportunities should have now the knowledge of the Irish language which Father O'Leary has. During that childhood and early youth he often passed considerable periods of time without ever speaking an English word.

The chief part of his English education was obtained at home from his mother. Having gone to a classical school in Macroom and learned some Latin and Greek, he went to the newly established College of St. Colman in Fermoy. Then he went on to Maynooth, and was ordained in 1867.

He never thought there was the remotest danger of the death of the Irish language until he went into Maynooth. When he got among the students in Maynooth he was astonished to find that there were many of them who could not speak a word of Irish. Not only that, but that there were large districts of the country where no word of Irish was spoken, and that such districts were growing larger each year, while those districts where Irish was

spoken were growing each year smaller. It was easy to see where that would end, and that the end was not very far off.

He then turned his attention to the study of Irish, determined to keep alive at least one man's share of the national speech.

Having been ordained and sent on the mission, he made it a point to preach in Irish and to speak Irish to the people whenever and wherever it was possible to do so.

But the Irish-speaking districts continued to grow small, and the English-speaking districts continued to expand, and the case continued to grow more and more hopeless every day and every hour.

At last the Gaelic League made its appearance. The moment it did Father O'Leary went into the work, determined to do at least one man's share. He has continued to do so.

Father Peter is the "good old man" of the Munster Revival. His influence in that province is unbounded. Two of his plays, the "Ghost" and "Tadhg Saor," are constantly acted in Munster, and his writings, of which "Seadhna" is perhaps the best known, are acknowledged to be the most idiomatic of those of any Irish writer. He is very prolific, and every week sees something new from his pen, either in the Cork papers or in the Dublin *Leader*. He is one of the two vice-presidents of the Gaelic League.

P. J. O'SHEA.

MR. P. J. O'SHEA is a Kerry man, from the parish of An Team-pole Nuadh. He worked for many years as a Custom House officer in Belfast, and is at present in England. Over the signature of "Conán Maol," he has contributed an immense quantity of fine idiomatic Irish to the *Claidheamh Solnis* and other papers. He is of splendid physique and immense personal strength, and is descended from a race famous for their prowess and bravery in old times. His sketch of O'Neill in this library is a fair specimen of his style.

MAP OF IRELAND IN THE PRESENT DAY

After Joyce and others

IRELAND



- Railroads
- Steamship Routes
- Canals
- Battlefields
- Size of type indicates relative importance of places





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GLOSSARY.

- A BOCHAL (*A bhuachail*).....Boy, my boy.
 ABOO, ABÚ!.....To victory! Hurrah!
 A CHARA, A CHORRA.....Friend, my friend.
 A COOLIN BAWN (*a chuilin ban*).....her fair-colored flowing hair.
 ACUSHLA (*a chuisle*) vein—ACUSHLA MA-
 CHREE.....Pulse of my heart.
 A CUSHLA AGUS ASTHORE MACHREE (*a*
chuisle agus a stoir mo chroidhe).....O pulse and treasure of my
 heart!
 A CUSHLA GAL MO CHREE (*a chuisle geal mo*
chroidhe).....O bright pulse of my heart.
 AGRA, AGRADH (*a ghradh*).... Love, my love.
 A-HAGUR (*a theagair*)... O dear friend! Comforter.
 AILEEN AROON (*Eibhlín a ruin*).. Ellen, dear.
 ALANNA (*a leinbh*).....child.
 ALAUN.....a lout.
 ALPERN (*alpin*).....a stick.
 AN CHAITEOG.....The Winnowing Sheet (name
 of Irish air).
 ANCHUIL-FHIONN (*an chuileann*).....the white or fair-haired
 maiden.
 ANGASHORE (*aindiseoir*).....a stingy person, a miser.
 AN SMACHTAON CRON.....the copper-colored stick of
 tobacco.
 AN SPAILPIN FANACH.....wandering laborer, a strapping
 fellow.
 A'RA GAL (*a ghradh geal*).....O bright love!
 AROON (*a ruin*).....O secret love! beloved, sweet-
 heart.
 ARRAH (*ar' eadh*).....(literally, Was it?) Indeed!
 ARTH-LOOCHRA (*arc tuachra* or *arc-sleibhe*)..a lizard.
 ASTHORE (*a stoir*).....Treasure.
 A-STOIR MO CHROIDHE (*a stoir mo chroidhe*)..Treasure of my heart.
 ASTOR GRA GEAL MACHREE (*a stoir gradh*
geal mo chroidhe).....Treasure, bright love of my
 heart.
 A SUILISH MACHREE (*a sholais mo chroidhe*) Light of my heart.
 A THAISGE.....Treasure, my darling, my com-
 fort.
 AULAGONE (*ullagon*). See HULLAGONE.
 AVIC (*a mhic*).....Son, my son.
 AVOURNEEN (*a mhuirnin*).....Darling.
 BAITHERSHIN (*b'fheidir sin*).....That is possible! Likely, in-
 deed! Perhaps.
 BALLYRAGGIN.....scolding, defaming.
 BAN-A-T'GEE (*bean-an-tighe*).....woman of the house.
 BANSHEE (*bean-sidhe*) (literally, fairy-
 woman).....the death-warning spirit of the
 old Irish families.

- BANSHEE** (*bean sídhe*) fairy woman.
BAUMASH, *raimeis* nonsense.
BAWN (*ban*) fair, white, bright, a park.
BAWN, *BADHUN* cattle-yard or cow-fortress.
BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUID (*beal an atha buidhe*) Mouth of the Yellow Ford.
BEAN AN FHIR RUAIÐH the red-haired man's wife.
BEANNACT DE LA T'ANAM (*beanacht De le d'anam*) The blessing of God on your soul!
BEAN SHEE (*bean sídhe*). See **BANSHEE**.
BEINNSIN LAUCHRA little bunch of rushes (Irish air).
B'EDER SIN (*B'fheidir sin*). See **BAITHERSHIN**.
BIREDH (*baireadh*) a cap.
BLADDHERANG—BLATHERING (from *blad-aire*) flattering.
BLASTHOGUE (*blastog*) persuasive speech, a sweet-mouthed woman.
BOCCAGH (*bacach*) a cripple, a beggar.
BOCCATY (*bacaide*) anything lame.
BODACH (*bodagh*) a churl; also a well-to-do man.
BOLIAUN BWEE (*buachallan bhuidhe*) ragwort.
BOLIAUN DHAS (*buachallan deas*) the ox-eye daisy.
BOLLHOUS rumpus.
BONNOCHT (*buanadh*) a billeted soldier.
BOREEN (*boithrin*) a little road, a lane (a diminutive of *bothar*, a road).
BOSTHOON (*bastamhan*) a blockhead; also a stick made of rushes.
BOTHERED (*bodhar*) deaf, bothered.
BOUCHAL (*buachail*) a boy.
BOUCHELLEN BAWN (*buachaillin ban*) white (haired) little boy.
BREHONS (*breitheamhain*) the hereditary judges of the Irish Septs.
BRIGHTIN BAN MO STORE (*brighidin ban mo stor*) White (haired) Bridget, my treasure.
BRISHE (*brisheadh*) breaking; a battle.
BROCHANS (*brochan*) gruel, porridge.
BROGUE (*brog*) a shoe.
BRUGAID (*brughaidh*) a keeper of a house of public hospitality.
BRUIGHEAN a fair mansion, a pavilion, a court.
BRUSHNA (*brosna*) broken sticks for firewood.
BUNNAUN (*buinnean*) a stick, a sapling.
CAILIN DEAS a pretty girl.
CAILIN DEAS CRUIDHE NA MBO (*cailin deas cruidhte na m-bo*) the pretty milkmaid.
CAILIN OG a young girl.
CAILIN RUADH a red (haired) girl.
CAIRDERGA (*caoire dearga*) a red berry, the rowan berry.
CAISH (*ceis*) a young female pig.
CAISTLA-NA-KIRKA Castlekerke.
CALLIAGH (*cailleach*) a hag, a witch.
CANATS a term of supreme contempt.
CANNAWAUN (*ceanna-bhan*) bog cotton.
CAOCH blind, blind of one eye.
CAOINE (*caoineadh*) a keen, a wail, a lament.

- CAPPAIN D'YARRAG (*caipin dearg*).....a red cap.
CASADH AN TSUGAIN.....the twisting of the straw rope.
CAUBEEN (*caibin*).....a hat, literally "little cap," the diminutive of *caib*, a cape, cope, or hood.
CEAD MILE FAILTE.....A hundred thousand welcomes!
CEANBHAN (*ceanna-bhan*).....bog cotton. See *Cannawaun*.
CEAN DUBH DEELISH (*acheann dubh dhéilis*)..Faithful black head, dear dark-haired girl.
CLAIRSEACH.....harp.
CLEAVE (*cliabh*).....a basket, a creel.
CLOCHAUN (*clochan*).....a stone-built cell, stepping-stones.
COATAMORE (*cota mor*).....a great coat, an overcoat.
CODHLADH AN TSIONNAIGH.....The Fox's Sleep (name of Irish air). Pretending death.
COLLAUNEEN (*coileainin*).....a little pup.
COLLEAGH CUSHMOR (*cailleach cos-mor*)...a big-footed hag.
COLLEEN BAWN (*cailin ban*).....a fair-haired girl.
COLLEEN DHAS (*cailin deas*).....pretty girl.
COLLEEN DHAS CROOETHA NABO (*cailin deas cruidhte na m-bo*).....the pretty milkmaid.
COLLEEN DHOWN.....a brown-haired girl. "Dhown" is the Munster pronunciation of *donn*, brown.
COLLEEN RUE (*cailin ruadh*).....a red-haired girl.
COLLOCH (*cailleach*).....an old hag, a witch.
COLLOQUE.....collogue, whispering; probably from colloquy.
COLLOGUIN.....talking together, colloquy.
COLUM CUIL (*St. Columbcille*).....St. Columba of the cells. The dove of the cell.
COMEDHER (*comether*).....Come hither.
CONN CEAD CATHA.....Conn of the hundred battles, King of Ireland in the second century.
COOLIN (*cuilin*).....flowing tresses, or back hair. From *cul*, back.
COOM (*cum*).....hollow, valley.
COTAMORE. See COATAMORE.
COULAAN (*cuilleann*).....a head of hair.
CREEPIE.....a three-legged stool, a form or bench.
CREEVEEN EEEVEN (*Chraoibhin aoibhinn*)..Delightful Little Branch.
CROMMEAL (*croimbheal*).....a mustache.
CRONAN.....the bass in music, a deep note, a humming.
CROOSHEENIN.....whispering.
CROPPIES.....the democratic party—alluding to their short hair, or round heads.
CROSSANS (*crosan*).....gleeman, gleemen.
CROUBS (*crub*).....a paw, clumsy fingers.
CRUACH.....a conical-topped mountain, a stack.
CRUACHAN NA FEINNE.....Croghan of the Fena of Erin.
CRUADABHILL.....Dabhilla's rock, a lookout on the coast of Dublin.

- CRUISKEEN (*cruiscin*).....a flask, a little jar, a cruet.
 CRUSTIN.....throwing.
 CRUIT.....a harp.
 CUBRETON (*cu-Breatan*).....a man's name, the hero of Britain.
 CUR CODDOIGH.....comfortable.
 CURP AN DUOUL (*corp o'n diabhal*).....Body to the devil!
 CUSHLA MACHREE (*a chuisle mo chroidhe*)..Pulse of my heart.
 CUSSAMUCK (*cusanuic*).....leavings, rubbish, remains.

 DALTHEEN (*dailtin*).....a foster child; also a puppy.
 DAR-A-CHREESTH (*Dar Criost*).....By Christ!
 DAUNY (*dona*).....puny, weak.
 DAWNSHEE (*from damhainsi*).....acuteness.
 DEESHY.....small, delicate.
 DEOCH AN DORAIS.....the parting drink, the stirrup-cup.
 DEOCH SHLAINTÉ AN RÍOIGH.....Health to the King!
 DHUDEEN (*duidin*).....a short pipe, what the French call *brûle-gueule*.
 DHURAGH (*duthracht*).....a generous spirit, something extra.
 DILSK, DULSE (*duileasc*).....sea-grass, dulse.
 DINA MAGH (*Daoine maithe*)...the good people, the fairies.
 DOONY. See DAUNY.
 DRAHERIN O MACHREE (*Dreabhruithrin o! mo chroidhe*).....O little brother of my heart.
 DRIMIN DON DILIS (*Dhruimeann donn dhileas*).....Dear brown cow.
 DRIMMIN (*dhruimeann*).....a white-backed cow.
 DRIMMIN DHU DHEELISH (literally, the dear cow with the white back, but used figuratively in Ireland).....name of a famous Irish air.
 DRIMMIN DUBH DHEELISH (*Dhruimeann dubh dhileas*).....white-back cow.
 DRINAWN DHUNN (*droighnean donn*)...brown blackthorn.
 DROLEEN (*dreoilin*).....the wren.
 DROOTH.....thirst (*cf.* "drought").

 EIBHLIN A RUIN.....Dear Ellen.
 EIBHUL (*uibeal*).....clew.
 ERENACH (*airchinneach*).....a steward of church lands, a caretaker.
 ERIC (*eiric*).....a compensation or fine, a ransom.
 ERIN SLANGTHAGAL GO BRAGH (*Eire Sláinte geal go brath*).....Erin, a bright health forever.

 FADH (*fada*).....tall, long.
 FAG-A-BEALACH (*Fag an Bealach*).....Clear the way! Sometimes *Faugh a Ballagh!*
 FAUGHED.....despised.
 FAYSH (*feis*).....a festival.
 FEADAIM MA'S AIL LIOM.....I Can if I Please (name of Irish air).
 FEASCOR (*feascar*).....evening.
 FEURGORTACH (*fear gortach*).....hungry-grass; a species of mountain grass, supposed to cause fainting if trod upon.
 FLAUGHOLOCH (*flaitheamhlach*).....princely, liberal.

- FOOSTHER.....fumbling.
 FOOTY.....small, mean, insignificant.
 FOSGAIL AN DORUS.....Open the Door (name of Irish air).
 FRECHANS (*fraochan*).....a mountain berry; huckleberries.
 FUILLELUAH (*fuil a liugh*).....an exclamation.
 FUIRSEoir.....a juggler, buffoon.
- GAD.....withes, etc., for attaching cows.
 GANCANERS. See GEAN-CANACH.
 GARNAVILLA (*Gardha an bhile*).....The Garden of the Tree; a place near Caher.
 GARRAN MORE (*gearran mor*).....*Garran*, a hack horse, a gelding; *more*, "big."
 GARRON (*gearan*).....hack or gelding, a horse.
 GEALL.....a pledge, a hostage.
 GEAN-CANACH.....a love talker; a kind of fairy appearing in lonesome valleys.
 GEASA.....an obligation, vow, bond.
 GEERSHA (*girseach*).....a little girl.
 GEOCACH.....a gluttonous stroller.
 GILLY (*giolla*).....servant; hence the names Gilchrist, Kilpatrick, Kilpatrick, Gilbride, Kilbride, etc. (*Giolla-Chriosda*, servant of Christ; *giolla-Phaidrig*, servant of Patrick, etc.).
- GIRSHA. See GEERSHA.
 GO-DE-THU, MAVOURNEEN SLAUN (*Go dteith tu mo mhuirnin slan*).....May you go safe, my darling; i.e. Farewell.
 GO LEOR.....plenty, a sufficiency, enough.
 GOLLAM (*Golamh*).....a name of Milesius, the Spanish progenitor of the Irish Milesians.
 GOMERAL.....a fool, an oaf.
 GOMMOCH (*gamach*).....a stupid fellow.
 GOMSH.....otherwise "gumption"—sense, acuteness.
 GORSOON, GOSsoon (*garsun*).....a boy; an attendant (*cf.* French *garçon*).
 GOSTHER (*gastuir*).....prate, foolish talk.
 GOULOGUE (*gabhalog*).....a forked stick.
 GRACIE OG MO CHROIDHE.....Young Gracie of my heart.
 GRAH (*gradh*).....love.
 GRAMACHREE (*gradh mo chroidhe*).....Love of my heart.
 GRAMACHREE MA COLLEEN OGE, MOLLY ASTHORE (*gradh mo chroidhe mo cailin og, Molly a stoir*).....Love of my heart is my young girl, Molly, my treasure.
- GRAMMACHREE MA CRUISKEEN (*gradh mo chroidhe, etc.*).....Love of my heart my little jug-children.
 GRAWLS.....a summer house, a veranda,
 GREENAN (*grianan*).....a sunny parlor.
- GUSHAS. See GEERSHA.

- HULLAGONE (*Uaill a chan*).....an Irish wail, grief, woe.
- IAR CONNAUGHT.....Western Connaught.
- INAGH (*An-eadh*)Is it? Indeed.
- INCH (*inse*).....an island.
- IRISHIAN.....(English word) one skilled in the Irish language.
- JACKEEN.....a fop, a cad, a trickster.
- KATHALEEN BAWN (*Caitlin ban*)Fair-haired Kathleen.
- KEAD MILE FAULTE (*cead míle fáilte*)A hundred thousand welcomes!
- KEEN. See CAOINE.....the death-cry or lament over the dead.
- KIERAWAUN ABOO.....Kirwan forever! Hurrah for Kirwan!
- KIMMEENS.....sly tricks.
- KINKORA (*Cionn Coradh*)....."The Head of the Weir," the royal residence of Brian Boru.
- KIPEEN (*cipin*)a bit of a stick.
- KISH (*ceis*).....a large wicker basket.
- KISHOGUE (*cuisseog*).....a wisp of straw, a stem of corn, a blade of grass.
- KITCHEN.....anything eaten with food, a condiment.
- KITHOGUE (*ciotog*).....the left hand.
- KNOCKAWN (*cnocan*)a hillock.
- KNOCK CUTHTE (*cnoc coise*).....the mountain-like foot.
- LANfull.
- LANNA.....i.e. *alanna*, child (which see).
- LAUNAH WALLAH (*Lan an Mhala*).....the full of the bag.
- LEANAN SIDHE.....Fairy sweetheart.
- LEIBHIONNA.....a platform or deck.
- LENAUN (*leanan*)a sweetheart, or a fairy lover.
- LEPRECHAUN.....a mischievous elf or fairy.¹
- LONNEYS.....expression of surprise.
- LULLALO (*Liúigh liúigh leo*).....Scream, scream with them! (Burthen-words in lullaby.)
- LUSMORES (*lus mor*)a foxglove, fairy-finger plant.
- MA BOUCHAL (*Mo bhuachaill*).....My boy.
- MACHREE (*mo chroidhe*).....My heart.
- MA COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHEEN NA MBHO....."The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow," a famous Irish air.
- MAGHA BRAGH (*amach go bragh*).....out for ever.
- MAHURP ON DUOUL (*Mo chorp on deabhal*).....My body to the devil!
- MALAVOGUE.....to trounce, to maul.
- MAVOURNEEN (*Mo mhúirnin*).....My darling.
- MERIN (*meirín*).....a boundary, a mark.
- MILLE MURDER (*míle murder*)A thousand murders!
- MILLIA MURTER.....A thousand murders (a common ejaculation).
- MO BHRON.....My sorrow.
- MO BHUAICHAILIN BUIDHE.....My yellow-haired little boy.
- MO BOUCHAL (*Mo bhuachaill*).....My boy.
- MO CRAOIBHAN CNO (*Mo chraoibhin eno*)...My little branch of nuts.

¹ The popular idea in Ireland is that if you catch one working at his usual occupation (behind a hedge) of shoemaking, and do not take your eyes off him, which he endeavors to induce his captor by various ruses to do, he will discover where treasure is hidden.

- MO CROIDHE (*Mo chroidhe*).....My heart.
 MOIDHERED.....same as "bothered."
 MO LEUN (*Mo lean*).....My sorrow.
 MO MHUIENIN.....My darling.
 MONADAUN (*monadan*).....a bog berry.
 MONONIA (MUNSTER).....Latinized form of Irish *Mumhan*, pronounced "Moo-an."
 MOREEN (*morrin*).....the diminutive of *Mor*, a woman's name, now obsolete. Grandmother.
 MORYAH (*mar 'dh eadh*).....but for.
 MOY MELL (*Magh meall*).....The Plain of Knolls—a druidic paradise.
 MULVATHERED.....worried.
 MUSHA (*Ma is eadh*).....well (in such phrases as "Well, how are you?" "Well, how are all?") Also, If it is! Well indeed!
 NACH MBAINÉANN SIN DO.....(him) whom that does not concern (Irish air).
 NEIL DHUV (*Niall Dubh*).....black-haired Neil.
 NHARROUGH (*narrach*).....cross, ill-tempered.
 NIGI (*naoi*).....nine.
 NI MHEALLFAR ME ARIS.....I shall not be deceived again.
 NORA CREINA (*Nora chriona*).....Wise Norah (an Irish air).
 OCH HONE.....exclamation expressing grief.
 OCHONE MACHREE (*Ochon mo chroidhe*).....Alas, my heart!
 OGE (*og*).....young.
 OH, MAGRA HU, MA GRIENCHREE HU (*O mo ghradh thu! Mo ghraidhin chroidhe thu!*) O my love thou art! My heart's loving pity thou art!
 OLLAVES (*ollamh*).....a doctor of learning, professor.
 OMADHAUN (*amadan*).....a fool, a simpleton.
 ORO.....an exclamation.
 OWNA BWEE (*Amain bhuidhe*).....Yellow river.
 OWNY NA COPPAL (*Eoghan na capall*).....Owen of the horses.
 PADHEREENS (*paidrin*, from *paidir*, the pater).....the Rosary beads.
 PASTHEEN FINN (*paistin fionn*).....little fair-haired child.
 PATTERN.....(English word) a gathering at a saint's shrine, well, etc.; festival of a patron saint.
 PAUDAREENS. See PADHEREENS.
 PAUGH.....flutter, panting.
 PEARLA AN BHROLLAIGH BHAIN.....Pearl of White Breast (Irish air).
 PHAIDRIG NA PIB (*Padraig na bpiop*).....Patrick of the pipes; Paddy the piper.
 PHILLALEW (*fuil el-luadh*).....a ruction, hullabaloo.
 PINCIN. See PINKEEN.
 PINKEEN (*pincin*).....a very small fish, a stickleback.
 PLANXTY (*plaingstigh*).....Irish dance measure.
 POGUE (*pog*).....a kiss.
 POLSHEE.....diminutive of Polly.
 POLTHOGE (*palltog*).....a thump or blow.
 POREENS (*poirin*, a small stone).....small, applied to small potatoes.

- POTEEN (*poitin*).....(literally, a little pot) a still;
hence illicit whisky.
- RANNa verse, a saying, a rhyme.
- RATHa circular earthen mound or
fort, very common in Ire-
land, and popularly believed
to be inhabited by fairies.
- REE SHAMUS (*Rígh Seamus*).....King James.
- RHUA (*ruadh*).....red or red-haired.
- ROISIN DUBH.....Black Little Rose.
- ROSE GALB (*Roise Geal*).....Fair Rose.
- RORY OGE (*Ruaidhri og*).....young Rory.
- SALACHS (*salach*)dirty, untidy people.
- SALLIES (*sailleog*).....a willow, willows.
- SAVOURNEEN DHEELISH (*S amhuirnin dhlíis*)And my faithful darling.
- SCALPEEN (from *scalp*).....a fissure, a cleft.
- SCUT (*scud*).....a thing of little worth.
- SEAN VON VOCHT (*sean bhean bhocht*).....poor old woman.
- SHAMOUS (*Seamus*) .. James.
- SHAN DHU.....dark John.
- SHAN MORE.....big John.
- SHANE RUADH.....red-haired John.
- SHAN VAN VOGH (*an Tsean Bhean Bhocht*) Poor Old Woman.
- SHAROOSE (*Searbhas*)bitterness.
- SHEEEN (*sibín*).....a place for sale of liquor, gen-
erally illicit.
- SHEEINyoung pollack, or of any fish.
- SHEELAH (*Sighle*).....Celia.
- SHEE MOLLY MO STORE (*Si Molly mo stor*)..It's Molly is my treasure.
- SHEILA NI GARA (*Sighle ni Ghadhra*).....Celia O'Gara (an allegorical
name of Ireland).
- SHEMUS RUA (*Seamus Ruadh*).....red (haired) James.
- SHILLALY, SHILLELAH.....an oak stick, a cudgel. From
the wood of Shillelagh in
County Wicklow.
- SHILLOO.....a shout.
- SHOHEEN HO, SHOHEEN SHO (*Seoithín seoith*)Burthen words of lullaby.
Hush-a-by.
- SHOOLING.....strolling, wandering. From the
word *siubhal*, tramping.
- SHOUGH (*seach*).....a turn, a blast or draw of a
pipe.
- SHUGUDHEIN (*'Seadh go deimhin*).....Yes, indeed!
- SHULE AGRA (*Siubhail a ghradh*)... Walk, love; i.e. Come, my love.
- SHULERS (*siubhaloir*, a walker).....tramps.
- SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM.....Up with me and down with me.
- SLAINTE GEAL, MAVOURNEEN.....Bright health, my darling.
- SLAINTE GO BRAGH (*Slainte go bhrath*)...Health forever!
- SLAN LEAT!.....Adieu! Farewell!
- SLEEVEEN.....a sly, cunning fellow. From
slíobh, sly.
- SLEWSTHERING.....flattering.
- SLIABH NA M-BAN.....The Mountain of the Women.
- SMADDER.....to break. From *smiot*, a frag-
ment.
- SMIDDEREENSsmall fragments. Probably
from *smiot*, as above.

- SMULLUCK (*smullog*) a filip.
 SOGGARTH AROON (*Shagairt a ruin*) Dear Priest!
 SONSÝ happy, pleasant. Probably
 from *sonas*, happiness.
 SOOTHER to wheedle. From the English.
 SOWKINS soul.
 SPAEMAN fortune-teller.
 SPALPEEN (*spailpin*) a common laborer; also a con-
 ceited fellow with nothing
 in him.
 SPARTH (*spairt*) wet turf.
 SPIDHOGUE (*spideog*) a puny thing or person.
 SPRAHAUNS (*spreasan*) an insignificant fellow.
 STHREEL (*straóileadh*) a slut, a sloven.
 STOOKAWN (*stuacan*) a lazy, idle fellow.
 STRAVAIGING rambling.
 STRONSHUCK (*stroinse*) a big lazy woman.
 SUANTRAIGHE a sleeping or cradle song.
 SUGGAWN (*tsugan*) a rope of hay or straw.
 TARBH bull.
 TH' ANAM AN DHIA (*D'anam do Dhia*) My soul to God!
 THE CRUISKEEN LAWN (*Cruisgin lan*) Full little flask or jar.
 THRANEEN, TRANEEN (*traithnin*) a little; a trifle; a stem of grass.
 THUCKEENS (*tuicin*) an ill-mannered little girl.
 TILLOCH (*tulach*) small plot of land, a hillock.
 TIR FA TONN (*Tir fa Tonn*) Land under the wave--Hol-
 land.
 TIR-NA-MBOO (*Tir na m-beo*) Land of the live (beings).
 TIRNANOGE (*Tir nan og*) Land of the young.
 TRUMAUNS (*troman*) a reel on a spindle.
 TUG the middleband of a flail.
 UCHLUAIM the breast or front hem of a
 sail.
 ULICAN. See HULLAGONE.
 ULLAGONE (*ullagon*). See HULLAGONE.
 USEA. See MUSA (*mhúise*).
 VO Alas! Oíne, ay de mi!
 WEENOCK (*'mhaoineach*) O treasure.
 WEESHEE (*weeshy*) little. From *wee*.
 WEIRA, WIRRA. See WURRA.
 WHAT *Hollý* IS ON YOU? What are you about?
 WIRRASTHRUE (*O Mhuire is truagh*) O Mary, it is sad! (an ejacula-
 tion to the Virgin).
 WIRRASTRUE (*'Mhuire is truagh*) Mary! 't is a pity!
 WISHA. See MUSA.
 WOMMASIN strolling.
 WURRA (*A Mhuire*) O Mary! (*i.e.* the Blessed Vir-
 gin).
 YEOS (English word) yeomen.

GENERAL INDEX.

THIS consists of an Index of Authors, books quoted from, titles of stories, essays, poems, subjects dealt with, of which the library consists, and first lines of the poetry. And these are each indicated by different kinds of type as set forth below.

As 'IRISH LITERATURE' touches upon Irish life at every point, the index has been made as full as practicable without overweighing it, and the entries are cross-referenced as fully as may be needed by those interested in any phase of it.

As the arrangement of the library is according to the authors' names, and as the biographies contain a full bibliography of each author, we have not indexed the whole of their works, but only those represented in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

THE FOLLOWING SHOWS THE TYPOGRAPHICAL PLAN:

Author's name — ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM.

Title of story, essay, poem, etc.—*Adieu.*

Source of story, essay, poem, etc.—'Father Connell.'

First line of poetry — Am I the slave they say?

First line and title of poem the same — 'Four Ducks on a Farm.'

Subject — Agriculture.

A.	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
A. E.	G. W. RUSSELL.		A voice of the winds..	JOHNSON ..	5 1698
A babe was sleeping....	LOVER	6 2086	A whisper of spring's in		
A cabin on the moun-			the air	WYNNE	9 3649
tain-slide	RUSSELL ..	8 3001	A Wood, Anthony, the		
'A constant tree is the			historian		7 2570
yew to me' (Irish			— Thomas, at Drog-		
Rann)	10 3837		heda		7 2570
A <i>Cushla Gal Mo Chree</i>			Abbacy of Iona, The..		4 1618
(half-tone engraving).	DOHENY ...	3 864	<i>Abbey Asaroe</i>	ALLINGHAM.	1 13
A land of youth, a land			Abercromby, Sir Ralph.		6 2166
of rest.....	JOYCE	5 1734	<i>Abhrain an Bhuidéil</i> ...	LE FANU. .	5 1946
A laughter in the dia-			<i>Aboard the Sea Swal-</i>		
mond air.....	RUSSELL ..	8 2996	low	DOWDEN ...	3 876
A little lonely moorland			Absentee, The, M. F.		
lake	KAVANAGH .	5 1753	Rgan on.....		5 x
A little sun, a little			Absenteeism		9 3364
rain	BROOKE ...	1 299	— Harshness of the		
A man there was near			land-agent		1 87, 98
Ballymooney	LE FANU... .	5 1935	— in the XVIII. Cen-		
A man without learn-			tury		5 1917
ing, and wearing fine			— Rack-renters on the		
clothes		4 1467	Stump		9 3333
A "million a decade!"	WILDE	9 3570	— <i>Scene in the Irish</i>		
A moment gone	O'DONNELL. .	7 2688	<i>Famine</i>		4 1575
A pity beyond all	YEATS	9 3704	Absolute, Sir Anthony		
A poor old cottage....	O'LEARY ...	7 2797	(character in 'The		
A soldier of the Legion.	NORTON ...	7 2586	Rivals')		8 3079
A sore disease this			<i>Academy, The English</i> ..	BANIM	1 60
scribbling itch is		4 1263	Acres, Bob (character		
A spirit speeding down.	SHORTER ..	8 3128	in 'The Rivals') ..		8 3088
A <i>Stor, Gra Geal Mo-</i>			<i>Acropolis of Athens and</i>		
<i>chree</i>	MACMANUS. .	6 2263	<i>the Rock of Cashel</i> ..	MAHAFFY ..	6 2334
			<i>Across the Sea</i>	ALLINGHAM.	1 14

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
'Actæon,' From	WILKINS	9 3604	"Ah then: who is that there talkin'?"	KEELING	5 1772
Act of Union (see also Union, The)		6 2169	Aherlow, Battle of		9 3607
Actor and Gleeman		9 3686	— Glen		7 2615
Actress (see Bellamy)		5 1919	— The Glen of. See Patrick Sheehan.		
Addison on ladies' head- dress		9 3497	Aid Finlath, King of Ireland		7 2718
<i>Address of a Drunkard to a Bottle of Whis- ky</i>	LE FANU	5 1946	Aidne		4 1456
Address to the British Association	KELVIN	5 1784	Alleach (mountain). See Innishowen.		
Adieu	ARMSTRONG	1 25	Alleel Mor, King of Con- naught		7 2747
Adjectives, copious use of, by Irish		2 xlii	Aileen	BANIM	1 57
Adown the leafy lane. MAC ALEESE		6 2111	<i>Ailill's Death, King</i>	STOKES	8 3261
Adam, Maitre, Father Proust on		6 2339	Aillen		4 1452
Adamnan and Fin- nachta		7 2707	Aim of the Society of United Irishmen		6 2163
— See <i>Death of St. Columcille</i>		4 618	<i>Air, The Host of the</i> . YEATS		9 3701
Adventure. See			Aix-la-Chapelle, Treaty of		3 1220
Travel, etc.			'Akim-Foo'	BUTLER	2 418
— in <i>Slevenamon</i>	BANIM	1 46	'Alas for the man who is weak in friends' (Irish Rann)		10 3839
<i>Advice to the Ladies</i>	GOLDSMITH	4 1322	'Alas for who plough without seeds' (Irish Rann)		10 3839
Advocate's Library, Ed- inburgh, Irish manu- scripts in		7 2673	Alas! how dismal is my tale	O'KEEFFE	7 2779
Aedh Guaire and Ruad- han		7 2762	Alas, poor Yorick		8 3220
— mac Alnmireach		4 1622, 1625	<i>Albion</i>	SHEPHAN	8 3044
— Menu, Prince of Leinster		7 2711	Albuera, Irish soldiers at		8 3063
Aedhan, the leper of Cluain-Dobhain		7 2710	'Alciphron, or the Mi- nute Philosopher'	BERKELEY	1 175 176
<i>Egeria, A Modern</i>	CAMPBELL	2 448	Alder Gulch, Nevada, Earl of Dunraven at		3 964
Aengus, Calendar of		8 3141	<i>Alfred's Itinerary</i>	MANGAN	6 2375
— Festology of		7 2673	ALEXANDER, CECIL		
<i>Affair of Honor, An</i>	CASTLE	2 576	— FRANCES		1 1
<i>Affliction, Blessings of</i>	KIRWAN	5 1844	— WILLIAM		1 8
Africa, Dress in		2 418	Alexander the Great		7 2672
<i>African Queen</i>	BUTLER	2 418	Aliné who bound the Chief of Spears		7 2593
<i>After Aughrim</i>	GEOGHEGAN	4 1254	Alison, Sir A., on E. Burke		1 369
— the Battle	MOORE	7 2536	All day in exquisite air. TYNAN- HINKSON		9 3457 5 1765
— the Fianna. From the Irish of OISIN	SIGERSON	8 3139	All hail! Holy Mary	KEEGAN	5 1765
<i>Age of a Dream</i>	JOHNSON	5 1699	All human things are subject to decay	DRYDEN	3 1208
— ancient Irish rec- ords		2 viii, x	All in the April evening. TYNAN- HINKSON		9 3454
Aghahoe, Ruins of		8 3020	All natural things in balance lie	O'DONNELL	7 2684
<i>Aghadoe</i>	TODHUNTER	9 3410	<i>All Souls Eve</i>	SHORTER	8 3129
Agrarian Movement, Poets of the		3 xli	— Night, beliefs about		8 3128
— Oppression		1 348	All the heavy days are over	YEATS	9 3706
Agricultural Organiza- tion Society (I. A. O. S.), "A. E." and the		8 2989	"All the Talents, The Ministry of"	BARRETT	1 119
Agriculture and Tech- nical Instruction, De- partment of		8 2908	All ye who love the spring time	BLAKE	1 189
Agriculture in Ire- land		4 1467, 1574; 9 3362	<i>Allegory, An</i>	HYDE	10 3879
— <i>Castle Rackrent</i>		3 995	ALLEN, F. M. See E. DOWNEY.		
— <i>Rival Swains, The</i>		1 361	Allen and the insurrec- tion of Tyrone and Desmond		7 2852
— Success dependent on fixity of ten- ure		2 425	— The Hill of		7 2709, 2711
— <i>We'll See About It</i>		4 1534	— of the mighty deeds, Oisín at		5 1722
Ah, huntsman dear	GRIFFIN	4 1491	— William O'Meara, The Manchester Martyr		7 2608; 9 3339
<i>Ah Man</i>	MAC FALL	6 2206			
Ah, see the fair chivalry come	JOHNSON	5 1701			
Ah, sweet Kitty Neal	WALLER	9 3500			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM.....	1	11	An old castle towers		
—W. B. Yeats on.....	3	x	o'er the billow.....	JOYCE	5 1743
Alliteration in Irish lit-			An' the thought of us		
erature.....	2	xiii	each.....	BARLOW	1 14
— in Irish verse.....	4	vii	'Anacreon Moore'.....	See T. MOORE.	
<i>Almhain, Battle of</i>	O'DONOVAN.	7 2709	Anamoe.....		1 25
<i>Almhain of Leinster</i>	4	1454	<i>Anarchists, Meeting of</i>	BARRY	1 156
Alpine solitudes.....	4	1357	<i>Anchor, Forging of the</i>	FERGUSON..	3 1174
'Alps, Hours of Exer-			Ancient Celtic Litera-		
cise in the'.....	TYNDALL	9 3478	ture, Translators		
'Am I remembered?'.....	M'GEE	6 2225	of.....		2 xviii
Am I the slave they			Erinn, Manners		
say?.....	BANIM	1 56	and Customs of'.....	O'CURRY	7 2666
<i>Amazing Ending of a</i>			funeral customs.....		2 724
<i>Charade</i>	CROMMELIN.	2 751	<i>Greece, Childhood</i>		
Ambition, Swift on.....	9	3378	in.....	MAHAFFY	6 2328
— of the Irish Patriot.....	PHILLIPS	8 2892	houses in Ireland.....		4 1613
'Amboyne, The Relation			Ireland, Food,		
of.....		6 2573	Dress and Daily		
America, A Farewell to.....	WILDE	9 3599	Life in.....	JOYCE	5 1735
— Abp. Ireland on.....		5 1664	Irish, The.....		9 3391
— and Ireland.....		9 3328	Irish, Amusements		
— Education in.....		1 334	of the.....		1 35
— Goldsmith on.....		4 1366	Irish, Buildings of.....		4 1612
— On Conciliation			Irish, Dress of the.....	WALKER	9 3493
with.....	BURKE	1 376	<i>Irish Ecclesiastical</i>		
— On the Prospect of			Remains.....	PETRIE	8 2880
Planting Arts			<i>Irish, Language of</i>	WARE	9 3544
and Learning in.....	BERKELEY	1 180	Irish legends, ethi-		
— The Irish in.....	MAGUIRE	6 2321	cal contents of.....		8 2973
— ——— O'BRIEN.....	7	2617	Irish literature,		
— Dr. Sigerson			value of.....		4 xi
on.....		4 xli	Irish, manners and		
— See Red-			customs of the.....		2 629
mond on			Irish manuscripts.....		1 32
Home Rule.....		8 2926	2 xx, 629, 632, 635; 4 1459, 1598,		
— the land of liberty.....		5 1664	1600, 1601, 1608, 1612, 1613, 1618,		
— The Song of the			1622, 1625, 1631; 5 1724, 1731, 1737;		
<i>Irish Emigrant in</i>	FITZSIMON..	3 1206	6 2232, 2353, 2377; 7 2615, 2663,		
American and Irish rev-			2664, 2668, 2669, 2671, 2672, 2673,		
olutionists com-			2705, 2709, 2766; 8 2879, 2884, 2975,		
pared.....		6 2165	3139, 3144, 3246; 9 3494		
— characteristics.....		1 331	— Irish Surnames.....	WARE	9 3546
— civil war, Arch-			Legends of Ire-		
bishop Ireland in			land'.....	WILDE	5 3557
the.....		5 1662	3558, 3561, 3566		
— Commonwealth,			'Music of Ireland'.....	BUNTING	6 2230
The'.....	BRYCE.	1 331, 343	Ancients, Colloquy of		
— faith in Democracy.....		1 333	the.....		8 2968
— humor.....		1 332	And as not only by the		
— Revolution.....		6 2153	Calton Mountain.....	MACCARTHY.	6 2131
— Effect of, on Ire-			'And doth not a meeting		
land.....		9 x	like this'.....	MOORE	8 2524
— Grattan on the.....		4 1389	'And must we part?'.....	CALLANAN	2 445
— Stamp-Act.....		4 1388	<i>Andromeda</i>	ROCHE	8 2965
— Taxation, Speech on.....	BURKE	1 373	Anecdote of O'Curry		
Americans a religious			and Tom Moore.....		7 2663
people.....		1 336	Anecdotes.		
— a good-natured peo-			— of Burke.....		1 396
ple.....		1 331	— of Curran.....		2 798
<i>Among the Heather</i>	ALLINGHAM.	1 16	— of Father O'Leary.....		7 2793
— the reeds, round			— of Keogh, the Irish		
waters blue.....	MILLIGAN..	6 2437	Massillon.....	FITZPATRICK	3 1199
<i>Amor Intellectualis</i>	WILDE	9 3594	— of Macklin.....		6 2241
<i>Amoret</i>	CONGREVE..	2 614	— of O'Connell.....		7 2651
Amusements at a coun-			— of O'Keefe.....		7 2771
try dance.....		2 649	— of Sheridan.....		8 3119
— of the Ancient Irish.....		1 35; 5 1739	— of Sterne.....		8 3227
— of the People.....	O'BRIEN	7 2620	NOTE.— See 'The Sunniness of Irish Life.'		
A nation once again.....		1 xvii	The biographies of the authors whose works		
<i>A Nation once again</i>	DAVIS	3 827	are given furnish a rich source of this ma-		
'An Cneamhaire'.....	O'FARRELLY.	10 3967	terial—as do also the reminiscences and		
An Craoibhin Aobhain. See D. HYDE.			memoirs given in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'		
'An Gloibhán'.....	HAYES	10 3977	<i>Angel's Whisper, The</i>	LOVER	6 2086
		3983	Anglo-Irish Literature,		
			Humor in.....		6 xli, xlii

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Anglo-Irish Problem, the</i> DAVITT	3	832	Arbor Hill, <i>Lines on the</i>		
<i>Anglo-Norman Nobles</i>	7	2670	Burying Ground of... EMMET	3	1094
<i>Anglo-Saxon and Irish</i>			Archer (character in		
contrasted	2	xiv	'The Beaux'		
literature never en-			Stratagem')	3	1165
tirely absorbed			— Sanders, and Allen		
Irish national			planning the in-		
genius	1	x	surrection of Ty-		
Angus	8	2990	rone and Des-		
Angus, the Culdee, on			mond	7	2852
learning in Ireland	2	vii	Architecture, arch-		
<i>Animals in Irish Sagas</i>	2	xvii	aeology, etc.		
— Superstitions about	9	3678	— <i>Splendours of Tara</i>		
Anluan mac Mágach	4	1618	The	HYDE	4 1610
'Annals of Ireland'..... O'DONOVAN	7	2706	— <i>Ancient Irish Ec-</i>		
		2708, 2709	clesiastical Re-		
— The Irish, prove			mains	PETRIE	8 2880
their own an-			— <i>Northmen in Ire-</i>		
tiquity	2	ix	land, The	STOKES	8 3239
— of the Four Mas-			— <i>Fort, Crosses, and</i>		
ters (See also			Round Towers	WAKEMAN	
M. O'CLERY).....	2	629	and COOKE	9	3482
632, 635; 6 2232, 2353, 2577; 7 2663			— in Ireland	8	3238; 9 3484
2674, 2705; 10 4018			— 'Early Christian'	STOKES	8 3238
Anne, Queen, dress in			Arcomin, The plain of	5	1733
the time of	9	3497	'Arctic Hero, Death of		
— period in English			an'	ALEXANDER	1 10
literature	1	ix	Arderry, The Barony of	4	1573
Anonymous Verse.			Ardes, The	6	2278
See Street Songs, Bal-			Ard-Fileas	4	1591
lads, etc.			Ardigna Bay	6	2223
<i>Anonymous Verse,</i>			Ardmore, Round Towers		
<i>Street Songs, Ballads</i>			at	9	3492
and	HAND	8 3265	Ardnalee (scene of		
'Antigone, The New'	BARRY	1 156	poem)	5	1865
'Antiquities, Handbook			Ardrahan, Normans at	3	829
of Irish'	WAKEMAN		Ardrossan	2	647
and COOKE	9	3482	Ardentent Castle	7	2853
— Church Ruins, Holy			Argonautic expedition,		
Island (half-tone			Irish version of	7	2672
engraving)	6	2130	Arkiow, Beautiful sce-		
<i>Antiquity of Gaelic</i>			nery near	7	2532
Literature, Prof.			Armagh, Aldfrid in	6	2375
Morley on	4	vii	— Canon of, Cathald		
— of Ireland	1	399	Maguire, cited	7	2718
— of Irish Annals			— watered by Lough		
proved	2	ix	Neagh	6	2277
— of Irish language	2	vii	'Armonica,' Benjamin		
— of Irish literature	3	xvii	Franklin's invention	7	2692, 2702
— of Irish wit and			ARMSTRONG, EDMUND		
humor	6	vii	JOHN	1	24
Antium, Nero at	2	739	— G. F. S. See Sav-		
Antrim	9	3428	age-Armstrong.		
— Lord: origin of			Army and Navy Mutiny		
bloody hand in			Bills	6	2178
his coat-of-arms	7	2856	— Irish soldiers in		
— Mountains of	6	2275	the English	8	3062
— Remains of coal-			— See <i>Inniscarra</i>	BUCKLEY	1 351
mining on the			— See <i>Saxon Shilling</i> .		
coast of	6	2279	The	BUGGY	1 358
— Round Towers at	6	2277, 3491	Arnold, M., on Celtic		
Anuail	2	629	melancholy	3	viii; 9 3360
Aolfe	4	1449	— on Celtic style	2	xvi
— <i>Only Son of</i>	GREGORY	4 1426	Arraglen, Kate of	5	1863
Aongus Ceile Dé	4	1651	Arrah! Bridgid Mac		
<i>Apologia</i>	WILDE	9 3592	Sheehy	HOGAN	4 1594
<i>Apostle of Temperance</i>			Arran, Earl of, a		
in Dublin	MATHEW	6 2397	Monk of the Screw	2	797
Apparitions (see also			Art.		
Ghosts)	2	556	— and Architecture in		
Appius	5	1847	Ireland	9	3484
Arabian Nights, The,			— and learning Dis-		
Burton on	2	404	semination of		
<i>Arab's Farewell to His</i>			Irish	4	1599
Steed, The	NORTON	7 2584	— <i>Egyptian Art</i>	WISEMAN	9 3630

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Art.			Ath-Seanaigh (Bally-		
— <i>Ireland and the</i>			shannon)	2	639
— <i>Arts</i>	YEATS	9 3661	Athy, Father Lalor of,		
— <i>Leonardo's 'Mon-</i>			and Father Keogh	4	1200
— <i>na Lisa</i>	DOWDEN	3 877	Athy, Prior at, Richard		
— <i>Life, Art, and Na-</i>			Oveton, Killed at		
— <i>ture</i>	WILDE	9 3578	Drogheda	7	2573
— <i>of acting, The</i>		7 2473	ATKINSON, SARAH	1	28
— <i>of Pleasing</i>	STEELE	8 3206	<i>Atlantis, The Island of.</i>	CROLY	2 749
— <i>of Thomas Hardy,</i>			<i>Auctioning Off One's</i>		
<i>The'</i>	JOHNSON	5 1694	<i>Relations</i>	SHERIDAN	8 3105
<i>Art's Lough</i>	GREENE	4 1423	<i>Aughrim, After</i>	GEOGHEGAN	4 1254
<i>Arts and Learning in</i>			— <i>Battle of</i>	3 829; 7 2820; 9 ix	
— <i>America</i>	BERKELEY	1 180	— <i>Limerick, and the</i>		
— <i>Ireland and the.</i>	YEATS	9 3661	Boyne, Old sold-		
Aryan race, Celtic a			lers of	3	957
branch of the		3 xvii	<i>August Weather</i>	TYNAN-	
As beautiful Kitty	SHANLY	8 3032	HINKSON.	9	3458
As chimes that flow	SIGERSON	8 3138	<i>Auld Ireland</i>	O'KEEFE	7 2771
As down by Banna's			<i>Australia, In Exile in.</i>	ORR	7 2837
banks	OGLE	7 2734	<i>Autobiography of Wolfe</i>		
As flow the rivers	RUSSELL	8 3002	Tone	9	3414
As from the sultry town	IRWIN	5 1675	— <i>of Wolfe Tone, New</i>		
As I roved out at Faha.	STREET BAL-	8 3299	edition, ed. by O'BRIEN	7	2604
— — — — — one summer's	LAD	8 3299	— <i>of Wolfe Tone, The</i>	TONE	9 3421
morning	STREET BAL-	8 3277	<i>Autochthonous litera-</i>		
As once our Saylor and			<i>ture of Ireland repre-</i>		
Saint Peter	HYDE	10 3823	sented in 'IRISH LIT-		
As Rochefoucault his			ERATURE'	2	vii
maxims drew	SWIFT	9 3380	<i>Ave Imperatrix</i>	WILDE	9 3588
As the breath of the			Avoca, the Vale of		
musk-rose	PARNELL	7 2873	(half-tone engraving)	MOORE	7 2532
<i>Asaroe, Abbey</i>	ALLINGHAM	1 13	<i>'Avoid all Stewardships</i>		
Ashance		6 2356	<i>of Church or Kill'</i>		
Ashburnham, Lord,			(Irish Rann)	10	3833
owner of Stowe Col-			Avon, The (river)	7	2532
lection of Irish manu-			Avon-bwee	4	1255
scripts		7 2673	Avondale, Parnell at	7	2610
Ass, The, and the			Avonmore, Lord, a		
Orangeman's daughter	8 3268		Monk of the		
Assaroe	6 2354		Screw	2	787
Assaye, Irish soldiers at	8 3062		— and Father		
Assonant rhyme, Mr.			O'Leary	7	2794
Guest on	4	viii	Azarlas, Brother	See P. F. MULLANEY.	
Aston, Sir Arthur,					
Killed at Drogheda	7	2568			
Astronomical proof of					
antiquity of Irish an-	2	ix			
nals					
Astronomy.					
— <i>Distance of the</i>					
<i>Stars, The.</i>	BALL	1 36			
— <i>Venus, Hesperus</i>					
<i>and Phosphor</i>	CLARKE	2 601			
— <i>What the Stars are</i>					
<i>Made of</i>	BALL	1 41			
At early dawn I once					
had been	WALSH	9 3507			
<i>At Fredericksburg, Dec.</i>					
<i>13, 1862</i>	O'REILLY	7 2831			
<i>At Sea</i>	ROCHE	8 2966			
<i>At Tarah to-day in this</i>					
<i>awful hour</i>	MANGAN	6 2360			
<i>At the dance in the vil-</i>					
<i>lage</i>	WALSH	9 3503			
<i>'At the mid-hour of</i>					
<i>night'</i>	MOORE	7 2525			
Athboy in Meath	5	1738			
Athenry, The plains at	3	859			
<i>Athens and the Rock of</i>					
<i>Cashel</i>	MAHAFFY	6 2334			
Athlone, Battle of	9	ix			
Athnawen, Scenery					
around	1	353			

F.

Bacchanalian Songs.

See also Conviviality	6	x, xi
Backbite, Sir Benjamin		
(character in 'School		
for Scandal')	8	3099
Back Stairs to Dublin		
Castle	3	889
<i>Bacon, Macaulay and.</i>	MITCHEL	6 2444
— <i>Macaulay on</i>	6	2445, 2447
Baconian philosophy		
and the Christian re-		
ligion compared	6	2450
Bacon's discovery of the		
inductive method	6	2448
Badajos, Irish soldiers		
at	8	3063
Baethgalach, a hero of		
Munster	7	2711
Bagenal, Harry, killed		
at battle of Beal-		
an-atha-buidh	3	928, 957
— <i>King</i>	DAUNT	3 817
— <i>on Duelling</i>	3	817
Balle's Strand, Con-		
laach lands at	4	1427
Baithin and St. Colum-		
cille	4	1620
<i>Bala, The Waves' Le-</i>		
<i>gend on the Strand of</i>	TODHUNRET.	9 3404

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
<i>Balaklava, and the Charge of the Light Brigade</i>	RUSSELL .. 8 3008	Bann, The, among the leading rivers of	
Baldoyle, Father Keogh at	4 1200, 1205	Ulster	6 2278
Balfour on Dean Swift	3 vii	Bonfires on	3 954
Balinconlig, Folk tale of	3 1147	<i>Banna, The Banks of</i>	OGLE .. 7 2735
BALL, SIR ROBERT STAWELL	1 36	<i>Banshee, The</i>	ALLINGHAM. 1 17
Ballach-boy, The day of	6 2356	<i>The</i>	TODHUNTER. 9 3409
<i>Ballad, A</i>	MOORE .. 7 2539	<i>Biddy Brady's</i>	CASEY .. 2 565
Mongers	9 3683	described	3 xx
<i>of Father Gilligan</i>	YEATS .. 9 3702	<i>of the MacCarthys, The</i>	CROKER .. 2 727
<i>Ballads, Anonymous Verse, and Street Songs</i>	HAND .. 8 3263	Bantry Bay Expedition	9 3420
<i>of Blue Water</i>	ROCHE .. 8 2961	Folk tales of	5 1803; 6 2314
Ballaghaderreen, 'The Lost Saint' acted at	4 1650	Harbor (half-tone engraving)	9 3414
Ballina, Fishing at	4 1519	'Bar, The Irish'	O'FLANAGAN. 7 2723
Ballinacarth, Folk tale of	2 708	<i>Bard, and the King of the Cats, Seanchan the</i>	WILDE 9 3566
<i>Ballinasloe, Jenny from</i>	STREET BAL-LAD .. 8 3289	<i>O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire, The</i>	MANGAN .. 6 2369
Fair of	4 1636	<i>of Erin, The</i>	See T. MOORE.
Ballincollig, Enlisting at	1 351	<i>of Thomond, The</i>	See M. HOGAN.
Ballintubber, Fair of	2 653	Bardic System, The	2 xviii
Ballitore, Scenes of		Bards, Costumes of the	3 xiv
'Ninety-eight' at	5 1887	Decline of the	2 xx
Ballycastle, Remains of coal-mining at	6 2279	described	2 xviii
Ballydovellin, The fight of the Mahonys under the tower of	7 2853	<i>of the Gael and Gall</i>	SIGERSON ..10 3937
Ballyhoey station, Cockle-pickers at	1 108	outlawed by Eng-land	9 3625
Ballylee	9 3666	BARLOW, JANE (por-trait)	1 98
Ballymena, St. Patrick at	6 2435	M. F. Egan on	5 viii
Ballymoney (scene of a song)	5 1935	<i>Barmecides, Time of the</i>	MANGAN .. 6 2367
Ballymote, Book of	2 629; 7 2663	Barney Maglone, See WILSON.	
Ballymulligan, The Mulligan of, as a landlord	4 1574	<i>Barney O'Hea</i>	LOVER 6 2080
Ballynakill, election of 1790	1 140	<i>Barny O'Reardon, the Navigator</i>	LOVER 5 2008
Bally Shannan, Sars-field at	7 2818	Barr, Saint, meaning of name	9 3546
Ballyshannon, Hugh Roe at	2 639	Barre, Colonel	7 xviii
Ballyshanny, Scenery around	1 13	BARRETT, EATON STAN-NARD	1 119
Salmon leap at	7 2550	D. J. O'Donoghue on	6 ix
Bator of the evil eye	2 xi	Richard and Re-peal	9 x
the giant	3 861	Richard, in Prison	3 811; 6 2128
Baltimore, Scenery near	7 2602, 2852	Roger: Duel with Judge Egan	1 142
Bay	5 1743	Barrière du Trône	2 677
Banba, Meave among the women of	7 2747	BARRINGTON, SIR JONAH	1 126
Baudon Fair	6 2080	on J. P. Curran	2 770
BANIM, JOHN	1 44	BARRY, MICHAEL JOSEPH	1 149
John (portrait)	1 41	the actor	5 1919
Inherently Irish	1 xi	WILLIAM FRANCIS	1 156
MICHAEL	1 59	M. F. Egan on	5 vii
Banims, The, M. F. Egan on	5 vii	Barry's painting of the Last Judgment	6 2422
'Banish sorrow'	OGLE .. 7 2736	Basaltic rocks on the shores of Lough Neagh	6 2277
Banished Defender, The	8 3269	Bastille, The	2 676
from Rome	2 748	Bathe, Father John, slain at Drogheda	7 2572
Bank of Ireland, The (half-tone engraving)	2 788	<i>Battle of Almahain</i>	O'DONOVAN. 7 2709
Bankers in Ireland	9 3367	<i>of Beal-A-n-a-tha-Buidh</i>	DRENNAN .. 3 928
<i>Banks of Banna, The</i>	OGLE .. 7 2735	<i>of Dunbolg</i>	HYDE 4 1622
		of Flanders	7 2830
		of Fontenoy (half-tone engraving)	3 880
		of Landen	7 2824

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Battle of the Boyne	7	2819	Bernard, dean of Kil-		
— of the <i>Factions</i>	CARLETON	2 472	more, saved at Drog-		
— of Magh Leana	O'CURRY	7 2664	heda by Cromwell	7	2570
Battles in the Book of			'Beside the Fire'	4	1638, 1642
Leinster	2	xii	<i>Bethlehem</i>	WARBURTON	9 3535
<i>Bay of Biscay</i>	CHERRY	2 586	Beth Peor	1	2
<i>Beaconsfield, Lord</i>	O'CONNOR	7 2660	Between us may roll the		
Cranbourne on	6	2158	severing ocean	WILDE	9 3572
— on early marriages	6	2196	<i>Beyond the River</i>	READ	8 2924
— on Sheil	7	xxvii; 8 3055	BICKERSTAFF, ISAAC	1	182
Beag, son of Buan	4	1450	— D. J. O'Donoghue		
<i>Beal-An-Atha-Buidh</i>			on the wit of	6	xiii
<i>Battle of</i>	DRENNAN	3 928	<i>Bicycle, To my</i>	ROLLESTON	7 2976
Beal-an-a-tha-Bhuidhe,			<i>Biddy Brady's Banshee</i> , CASEY	2	565
The Red Hand at	5	1753	Biggar and the Land		
<i>Bear, An Irish</i>	7	2794	League	9	xi
— <i>Dirge of O'Sullivan</i> CALLANAN	2	445	<i>Bindin' the Oats</i>	COLEMAN	2 610
See Bere.			<i>Bingen on the Rhine</i> ,	NORTON	7 2586
Bearhaven, Morty Oge			Bingham, Sir Richard	7	2857
of	2	445	Biography. (Biographies of all authors		
<i>Beau Tibbs</i>	GOLDSMITH	4 1326	represented precede the examples of their		
Beauing, belling, danc-			work. Biographies of Celtic authors		
ing, drinking	STREET BAL-		quoted in translation or in original are in		
	LAD	9 3312	Volume X.)		
Beauty, Celtic love of	8	2973	Biography and His-		
— Superstitions about	9	3672	tory	9	vii
'Beaux' Strategem,			— Frederick William		
The	FARQUHAR	3 1165	Robertson	BROOKE	1 291
Bec mac Cuanach slain			— Sheridan as Orator FITZGERALD	3	1190
at Bolgdún	4	1625	— Prince of Dublin		
Bede Venerable de-			Printers	GILBERT	4 1258
scribes Lindisfarne	8	2882	— <i>Origin of O'Connell</i> HOEY	4	1588
Bedford, Burke on the			— <i>Capture of Wolfe</i>		
Duke of	1	379	Tone	O'BRIEN	7 2604
'Bee, The'	4	1345	— Why Parnell Went		
Beehive shaped houses	8	2882	into Politics	O'BRIEN	7 2607
Beekeeping in ancient			— Lord Beaconsfield, O'CONNOR	7	2660
Ireland	5	1735	— <i>An Irish Musical</i>		
Before I came across			Genius	7	2690
the sea	STREET BAL-		— <i>Story of Grana</i>		
	LAD	9 3304	Uaile	OTWAY	7 2856
<i>Beginnings of Home</i>			— Patrick Sarsfield,		
Rule	MACCARTHY	6 2174	Earl of Lucan,	ONAHAN	7 2814
Belfast	6	2113	— <i>A Eulogy of Wash-</i>		
'Believe me if all those			ington	PHILLIPS	8 2891
endearing young			— Napoleon	PHILLIPS	8 2888
charms'	MOORE	7 2522	<i>Biscay, The Bay of</i> ,	CHERRY	2 586
BELL, ROBERT	1	165	Black Book of St.		
Bellamy, Mrs., among			Molaga	7	2664
the Irish actresses on			Castle	7	2853
the English stage	5	1919	Crom, The Sunday		
Bellefonds, Marshal,			of	7	2719
commanding army of			Desert, King of the HYDE	10	3713
invasion in 1692	7	2823	Lamb, The	WILDE	9 3569
Bellew, Bishop, of Kil-			Thief, The	3	xxi
lala	6	2232	Blackbird, The	8	3271
<i>Bells of Shandon, The</i> , MAHONY	6	2343	— of Derry, carn, The	2	xvi
Beloved, do you pity not WALSH	9	3508	— madenest in monk's		
Benburb	4	1530	hand	2	xviii
Beneath Blessington's			Blackburne, E. Owens. See MISS CASEY.		
eyes	BYRON	6 2289	Blackfriars, Theater in	6	2348
Ben-Edar, The scenery			Blackie, Professor, on		
around	3	1185	the feudal land sys-		
Bennett, E. A., on			tem	7	2864
George Moore	7	2483	Blackpool	1	151
Beowulf, Alliteration in	4	viii	<i>Blacksmith of Limerick,</i>		
Bere O'Sullivan	9	3658	The	JOYCE	5 1741
See Bear.			<i>Blackwater, A. D. 1603.</i>		
Beresford, Lady Frances,			Crossing the	JOYCE	5 1744
married to Henry			Battle of the	5	1744; 7 2743
Flood	3	1211	Great meeting at		
BERKELEY, BISHOP	1	173	Teltown, on the	5	1738
— on America	5	1664	In Ulster, The	6	2278
Bernard, Dr., dean of			River (half-tone		
Derry, Goldsmith on	4	1380	engraving)	3	916
			Talk by the	DOWNING	3 916
			The Northern	KAVANAGH	5 1732

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Blackwood and Maginn.....	6 2300	Bolb, Trout fishing on	
Blacquiére, Sir John,		the.....	4 1522, 1523
Anecdote of.....	1 131	Bold is the talk in this, KELLY.....	5 1782
<i>Blaise, An Elegy on</i>		'Defender, The'.....	8 3270
<i>Madam</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4 1382	'Traynor, O'.....	8 3270
Blake, James, sent to		Bo-men fairies, The, de-	
Spain to poison		scribed.....	3 xx
Hugh Roe.....	7 2746	<i>Bons Mots of Sheridan</i>	8 3119
— MARY ELIZABETH.....	1 189	— <i>Sterne, Some</i>	8 3227
— Squire, an author-		Bonner, Bishop of Lon-	
ity on duelling.....	1 145	don, Proclamation	
'Blamid'.....	JOYCE..... 5 1749	against plays by.....	6 2348
Blarney Castle (colored		Booing (bowing), Dis-	
plate).....	6 Front	sertation on.....	6 2237
Blarney-Stone, Father		Book, Dimma's.....	7 2671
Prout on the.....	6 2337, 2441	— first printed in	
<i>Blast, A</i>	CROTTY..... 3 758	Gaelic in Ireland	
'Blasters,' The.....	5 1916	(facsimile).....	7 2741
Blennerhassett's Book		— of a Thousand	
on Ireland.....	9 3395	Nights'.....	BURTON..... 2 404
Bless my good ship.....	BROOKE..... 1 280	— of Ballymote.....	2 629; 7 2663
<i>Blessing of Affliction,</i>		— of Clonfert.....	7 2664
<i>The</i>	KIRWAN..... 5 1844	— of Dromsneachta.....	2 v, x
BLESSINGTON, COUNTESS		— of Durrow.....	7 2671
OF (portrait).....	1 192	— of Fernoy.....	5 1724
— 'Memoirs of'.....	MADDEN..... 6 2286	— of Kells.....	5 1737; 7 2671
Blest are the dormant, MANGAN.....	6 2380	— of Lecain.....	7 2663
Blind Irish piper (half-		— of Lecan.....	2 629; 6 2223
tone engraving).....	5 1762	— of Leinster.....	2 vi, xii
— <i>Student, The</i>	ARMSTRONG. 1 24	4 1600, 1612, 1613, 1622; 7 1738; 8 2884	
Blindness, Miraculous		— of Lismore.....	7 2766; 8 3246
cure of.....	5 1766	— of Martyrs, The.....	7 2573
Blithe the bright dawn		— of St. Bui the's	
found me.....	FURLONG..... 4 1247	Monastery, The	
Bloody.....		Speckled.....	7 2664
Antrim's coat-of-		— of St. Molaga, The	
arms, The.....	7 2856	Black.....	7 2664
— Street, Drogheda.....	7 2569	— of Slane, The Yel-	
<i>Blue, Blue Smoke, The</i>		low.....	7 2664
(half-tone engraving) GRAVES.....	4 1415	— of Strange Sins, A' KERNAHAN.....	5 1809
BLUNDELL, MRS. (M. E.		— of the Dun Cow.....	4 1600; 5 1731
FRANCIS).....	1 215	Books, drowned by	
Board of National Edu-		Norse invaders.....	2 viii
cation, The.....	4 1603, 1609	— Irish, before St.	
Boate on Ulster.....	6 2276, 2279	Patrick.....	2 x
Boat-race to win Dun-		— of Cluain-mic-Nois,	
luce Castle.....	7 2855	The.....	7 2664
Boats, Irish wickerwork		— of <i>Courtesy in the</i>	
(half-tone en-		<i>Fifteenth Century</i> GREEN.....	4 1417
graving).....	9 3458	Borough Franchise Bill,	
— of ancient Ireland.....	5 1740	The Irish.....	6 2176
<i>Boat-Song, A Canadian</i> MOORE.....	7 2540	BORTHWICK, NORMA.....	10 3879
<i>Bob Acres, Jefferson as</i>	8 3088	Boru Tribute, The.....	4 1622
— <i>Acres' Duel</i>	SHERIDAN..... 8 3088	Boston Port, Sailing	
— <i>Burke's Duel with</i>		into.....	6 2115
<i>Ensign Brady</i>	MAGINN..... 6 2303	Boswell and Goldsmith.....	7 2468
Bodhmall, the woman		— collection of Chap-	
Druid.....	4 1447	books, The.....	3 xxi
Bodkin, Amby, as an		BOUCICAULT, DION	
authority on		(portrait).....	1 252
duelling.....	1 145	Boulogne-sur-Mer,	
— MATTHIAS M'DON-		Father O'Leary at.....	7 2794
NELL.....	1 232	Bourke, Sir Richard,	
— The, in Irish dress		the M' William	
Bodleian Library at Ox-		Fighter.....	7 2857
ford, Irish MSS. in.....	7 2673	Bowes, John, Solicitor-	
<i>Boers, The Curse of the</i> GREGORY.....	10 3927	General, at the trial	
<i>Bog Cotton on the Red</i>		of Lord Gantry.....	7 2724, 2726
<i>Bog</i>	O'BRIEN..... 7 2591	<i>Boy, who was Long on</i>	
Bogs of Ireland, Pock-		<i>His Mother, The</i>	HYDE..... 10 3765
rich's project for		<i>Boycott, The First</i>	O'BRIEN..... 7 2611
reclaiming.....	7 2696	<i>Boycotted</i>	JESSOP..... 5 1688
— Ulster, Dr. War-		<i>Boyd, Captain, Inscrip-</i>	
ner's project for		tion on the	
reclaiming.....	6 2278	Statue of.....	ALEXANDER. 1 8
Bolshidea, Irish influ-		— THOMAS.....	1 258
ence on.....	4 vii		

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Boyle, Colonel, slain at Drogheda	7 2568	<i>Brigade at Fontenoy, The</i>	DOWLING .. 3 878
— The, among the leading rivers of Ulster	6 2278	<i>Brighidin Ban Mo Store</i>	WALSH ... 9 3503
— JOHN, EARL OF CORK	1 260	— <i>The Cold Sleep of</i>	MACMANUS. 6 2270
— supposed cause of Atherton's hanging	9 3397	Bright, John, on land tenure	7 2867
— on the 'Drapler's Letters'	1 261	— on the Irish Question	6 2156, 2158
— WILLIAM	1 264	Bright sparkling pile!	WILDE ... 9 3596
Boyne, The	VI 2354	Brightest blossom of the spring	FERGUSON . 3 1186
— Obelisk, The (half-tone engraving)	7 3271	Bright at Kildare	8 3253
— Soldiers of the	3 842, 957, 968	— <i>Extract from the Life of</i>	STOKES ... 8 3246
— The host of Meave from the banks of the	7 2752	— Healings by	8 3251
— The Battle of the	1 349; 7 2819	— Hymns in praise of	8 3259
	9 1x	— Miracles of	8 3246
<i>Boynes Water, The</i>	STREET BAL-LAD ... 8 3271	— Relics of	8 3260
Boz	See JOHN WALSH.	Britain, Goldsmith on	4 1364
Bran, the hound of Finn mac Cumhall	2 xvii, 629; 6 2111	— 'British Association, Address to the'	KELVIN ... 5 1784
Brandubh	4 1622	— Museum, Irish MSS, in	7 2672
'Brannon on the Moor'	8 3270	— Navy, Irishmen in	9 3422
Bray, The scenery around	3 1185	— Parliament, Flood's Speech in the	3 1219
Breaghnaun Crone O'Maille	7 2856	— 'Brogues, A Kish of'	BOYLE ... 1 264
<i>Breastplate, The Hymn Called St. Patrick's</i>	8 3244	Brompton	1 165
'Breathe not his name'	7 2527	BROOKE, CHARLOTTE	1 280
Brehon Law, The	9 3393, 3493	— HENRY	1 234
— Law Code, The	1 29; 5 1735, 1739	— STOPFORD AUGUSTUS	1 291
Brehons, The	2 444	— on Steele	8 3196
BRENAN, JOSEPH	1 278	Brother Azarias. See P. F. MULLANEY.	
— D. J. O'Donoghue	6 1x	BROUGHAM, JOHN	1 301
— on	7 2763	— Lord, on E. Burke	1 372
Brendan of Birr	7 2763	— on Sheridan	3 1191
Brett, Sergeant, shot at Manchester	7 2608, 2610	— and Macaulay	6 2452
<i>Brewery of Egg-Shell, The</i>	CROKER ... 2 731	<i>Brow of Nefn, The</i>	HYDE ... 10 3777
Brian. See <i>A Song of Defeat</i> .		<i>Brown Wind of Connaught, The</i>	MACMANUS.. 6 2272
Brian Boru. See <i>The Irish Chiefs and also Mackenna's Dream</i> .		Browne, Dr., and the United Irishmen	9 3515, 3519, 3523
— Boruimhe, The Conqueror	9 viii	— FRANCES	1 313
— Boruimha. See <i>Kinkora</i> .		— JOHN ROSS	1 323
— 'O'Linn'	STREET BAL-LAD ... 7 3273	Bruce, Campaign of, 1314	9 3391
— 'the Brave'	7 3270	'Bruidhen da Derga, The'	4 1601
See Bryan.		Brundisium	2 739
Brian's administration, Anecdote of	7 2533	Bryan, Boruma, Meaning of	9 3546
— <i>Lament for King Mahon</i>	4 1591	See also Brian.	
Bribery by the English	2 792	BRUCE, JAMES (portrait)	1 330
— in the Irish House of Commons	6 2168	Buckingham, Duke of	1 172
Brierliu	4 1615	— Lord, Duel of, with the Master of the Rolls	1 143
Bride, The scenery around the river	1 353	BUCKLEY, WILLIAM	1 351
"Bridge of the World" (the Rocky Mountains)	2 417	<i>Budget of Stories, A</i>	O'KEEFE ... 7 2771
<i>Bridget Cruise. From the Irish</i>	FURLONG ... 4 1244	BUGGY, KEVIN T.	1 358
		Building, Ancient Irish	4 1612
		Bull, A French	3 1057, 1058, 1059
		— A Spanish	3 1058, 1059
		— An English	3 1057
		— An Oriental	3 1056
		— The white, of Mève	2 xvii
		— What is an Irish	3 1057
		Bull-baiting in Dublin	5 1916
		BULLOCK, SEAN F.	1 360
		'Bulls, An Essay on Irish'	EDGEWORTH. 3 1055
			1060

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Bulls Examined, The</i>			But I—than other lov-		
<i>Originality of</i>			ers' state	WILDE	9 3598
<i>Irish</i>	EDGEWORTH.	3 1055	— the rain is gone by.	TYNAN-HINKSON.	9 3459
— Irish, of Sir Boyle					
Roche	1 135,	137	Butler, Hon. Simon		9 3573
Bulwer on O'Connell	7	xxvi	WILLIAM FRANCIS	2	415
— Plunket	7	xxv	BUTT, ISAAC	2	421
— Shell	7	xxvi	— and the Home Rule		
<i>Bumpers, Squire Jones.</i>	DAWSON	3 841	movement	6 2174, 2177;	9 xl
'Bunch of Sham-			— <i>To the Memory of.</i>	SIGERSON	8 3133
rocks, A'	CASEY	2 565	Buttercups and Daisies.	TODHUNTER	9 3411
Buncrana	6	2427	Butterflies in Ireland	9	3565
Bunker's Hill, Irish			Buying a seat in Church	3	820
volunteers for	6	2113	'By memory inspired'. STREET BAL-		
Bunner, H. C., on John			LAD	8	3274
Brougham	1	301	By Nebo's lonely moun-		
Bunthorne the Poet. See	OSCAR WILDE.		tain	ALEXANDER	1 1
Bunting's 'Ancient Mu-			By O'Neil close belea-		
sic of Ireland'	6	2230	guered	DRENNAN	3 928
<i>Buonaparte, Interviews</i>			By our campfires	DOWLING	3 878
<i>with</i>	TONE	9 3418	By the blue taper's		
—, Tone introduced			trembling light	PARNELL	7 2874
to	9	3418	<i>By the Margin of the</i>		
Burbage, James, Li-			<i>Great Deep.</i>	RUSSELL	8 3004
cense granted by			By the shore a plot of		
Elizabeth to	6	2347, 2349	ground	ALLINGHAM	1 22
Burgh, Hussey, a Monk			Byrne, Colonel, slain at		
of the Screw	2	797	Drogheda	7	2568
Burgundian Library,			<i>Byron and the Bless-</i>		
Brussels; MSS. in	7	2673	<i>ingtons at Genoa.</i>	MADDEN	6 2286
<i>Burial at Sea.</i>	ALEXANDER	1 10	— on J. P. Curran	2	770
— of Moses, The	ALEXANDER	1 1	— on Lord Castle-		
— of Sir John Moore.			reagh	6	2168
<i>The</i>	WOLFE	9 3633	— tells a story of		
<i>Buried Forests of Erin.</i>			Sheridan	8	3120
<i>The</i>	MILLIGAN	6 2437	Byron's manner, Flip-		
BURKE, EDMUND (por-			pancy of	6	2288
trait). (See also					
<i>The Jessamy</i>					
<i>Bride</i>)	1	369			
— a master on ora-					
tory	7	xxviii			
— and Sheridan	8	3119			
— and the 'Histori-					
cal Society'	7	x			
— Goldsmith on	4	1378, 1380			
— Meagher on	6	2421			
— on Curran	7	xxii			
— on Hampden's for-					
tune	1	375			
— on the Duke of					
Bedford	1	379			
— Secures MS. of Bre-					
hon Laws for					
Trinity College	7	2615			
— Sir R. Peel on	1	x			
— Some Wise and					
<i>Witty Sayings of.</i>	1	396			
— R., Goldsmith on	4	1380			
— The oratory of	7	x			
— THOMAS N.	1	398			
— William	4	1380			
Burke's Statue (half-					
tone engraving)	1	397			
Burlesque novels	1	119, 123			
<i>Burns, Speech on.</i>	FERGUSON	3 1170			
Burne-Jones, Sir E., on					
the Irish character	8	xv			
<i>Burthen of Ossian, The.</i>	O'GRADY	7 2752			
BURTON, RICHARD FRAN-					
CIS	2	403			
— on 'The Arabian					
Nights'	2	404			
Bush, Raftery and the	9	3667, 3671			
<i>Business Quarter and a</i>					
<i>Business Man in Lon-</i>					
<i>don</i>	RIDDELL	8 2949			

C.

C.	See H. G. CURRAN.	
C. W.	See C. WOLFE.	
Cabins, Deserted (half-		
tone engraving)	6	2267
<i>Cael and Oredhe.</i>	GREGORY	4 1445
Caelte and St. Patrick	8	2970
<i>Caeilte's Lament.</i> From		
the Irish	O'GRADY	7 2766
Caenfelá, Meaning of	9	3546
Cæsar, Julius, on the		
Druids	7	2721
CAFFYN, MRS. MANNING-		
TON	2	429
Caillin og astor men-		
tioned in Shakespeare	4	vii
<i>Caillino, The Woods of.</i>	FITZSIMON	3 1206
Calte	2	630
Cairderga	5	1724
Cairn Feargall	2	629
Calatin, The Children of	4	1434
Caldwell. Should be		
O'Callaly	10	3807
'Caleb in search of a		
Wife'	See J. MARTLEY.	
<i>Call of the Sidhe, A.</i> . . .	RUSSELL	8 2996
<i>Callaghan, Greatly and</i>		
<i>Mullen, The Sorrow-</i>		
<i>ful Lamentation of.</i>	STREET BAL-	
LAD	9	3316
Callaghans, The, ad-		
ministering colonial		
affairs	3	941
CALLANAN, JAMES JO-		
SEPH	2	438
— W. B. Yeats on	3	viii
<i>Calling, The.</i>	SIGERSON	8 3138

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Calmly, breathe calmly all your music.....	JOHNSON .. 5 1700	Carlyle on Ireland's wrongs	3 951
Calton Hill, Burns and the	6 2131	— on freedom of re- ligious belief in Ireland	3 952
Camden, Lord, and Ninety-Eight	8 2930	— on the Reforma- tion	3 951
— as Vice-Roy	6 2167	Carolan See CAMPION.	
Campbell, Counsellor, duel with Harry Deane Grady.....	1 143	— and Arthur Daw- son	3 841
— LADY COLIN	2 448	— remembered in the valley of Nephrin	6 2231
— Sir Collin at Bala- klava	8 3009	— Songs	7 2615
— Rev. Dr. Thomas	7 2695	— See O'Carolan, Tur- lough.	
CAMPION, JOHN T.	2 463	Carriages in Dublin in the XVIII. Century.....	5 1917
Can the depths of the ocean	WILLIAMS : 9 3607	<i>Carrick! Have you been</i> at	WALSH .. 9 3507
<i>Canadian Boat-Song</i> , A. MOORE ..	7 2540	— The massacre at	3 955
— governors	3 938	Carrickfergus, The gar- rison of	3 955
Candle-making in an- cient Ireland	5 1737	Carrickmacross, The Fera Ros at	7 2709
Candour, Mrs. (charac- ter in 'School for Scandal')	8 3099	Carrigaphooka, A folk tale of	6 2320
CANNING, GEORGE	2 464	Carrigdhoun. See <i>The</i> <i>Lament of the Irish</i> <i>Maiden</i> .	
— Life of '.....' BELL ..	1 165	Carrington, Lord, and Pitt	6 2285
— on 'Gulliver's Trav- els'	1 167	Carroll Malone..... See MCBURNEY.	
— on Lord Nugent	1 171	Carran, Shemus. See <i>A</i> <i>Sorrowful Lament for</i> <i>Ireland</i> .	
— on parliamentary speaking	1 170	Carysville, Salmon fish- ing at	7 2730
— on 'The Lady of the Lake'	1 169	'Case of Ireland Stated, The'	MOLYNEUX. 6 2460
— Oratory of	1 170	Casey, Biddy	10 3813
— Wit of	1 171	— MISS (E. OWENS BLACKBURNE)	2 565
Cantwell, Dr. (charac- ter in 'Mr. Maw- worm')	1 183	— JOHN KEEGAN	2 572
<i>Canzone</i>	WILDE .. 9 3598	— W. B. Yeats on	3 xi
<i>Catch the Piper</i>	KEEGAN .. 5 1762	'Cashel Byron's Profes- sion'	SHAW .. 8 3035
Caolité	2 629, 630; 4 1451, 1525	— of Munster	FERGUSON . 3 1181
See also Caelte, Calite.		— The Acropolis of Athens and the Rock of	MAHAFFY .. 6 2334
Cape Clear (half-tone engraving)	6 2222	— Rock and Ruins of (half-tone en- graving)	6 2334
— and the surround- ing country	2 439; 6 2222	— The Eagle of	4 1591
— The Vicar of	OTWAY 7 2848	— The Psalter of (See also Saltair) ...	7 2664; 7 2673
Capel Street, Dublin. See <i>A Prospect</i> .		Cashmere, The lake of	7 2509
'Captain Blake'	MAXWELL . 6 2412	Cassandra	9 3660
'Captain's Story, The' ..	MAXWELL . 6 2400	CASTLE, AGNES EGERTON (portrait)	2 576
Capture of an Indian Chief	REID 8 2932	'Castle Daly'	KEARY .. 5 1755
— of Hugh Roe O'Don- nell, The	CONNELLAN. 2 632	— Down, The Good Ship	MCBURNEY. 6 2113
— of Wolfe Tone, The ..	O'BRIEN .. 7 2604	— Hack, The Dub- lin	3 888
Carbery, Ethna	MRS. MACMANUS.	— Rackrent	EDGEWORTH. 3 995
Cardinal de Retz, Gold- smith on	4 1347	— M. F. Egan on	5 ix, x
Careless (character in 'School for Scandal') ..	8 3109	Castlereagh, Lord, By- ron on	6 2168
Carew and the Bishop of Rome	7 2852	— Justin McCarthy on	6 2169
— Sir George, Presi- dent of Munster	7 2740	— Name of, hated	8 2930
Caricatures by Gilray ..	1 168	— Plunket's answer to	7 xxv
CARLETON, WILLIAM (portrait)	2 469	— See <i>A Noble Lord</i> .	
— D. J. O'Donoghue on	V xvii	<i>Cat, The Demon</i>	WILDE 9 3557
— M. F. Egan on	5 vii, xii, xvi		
— inherently Irish ..	1 xi		
Carlingford Bay	6 2277		
Carlisle, Lord, story of ..	1 232		
— and the Waiter	8 xxi		
<i>Carlyle. A Dispute with</i> , DUFFY ..	3 951		
— Conversations of', DUFFY ..	3 951		

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Cathair More	7 2752	'Celts, Legendary Fic- tions of the Irish'...	KENNEDY .. 5 1796
Cathald Maguire on the Golden Stone.....	7 2718	— The	M'GEE .. 6 2223
— The Festology of.....	7 2674	— Salutation to the.....	M'GEE .. 6 2226
Cathbad	4 1432	Cement not used in early building	8 2883
Cathedral at Cashel, compared with the Parthenon	6 2335	Censure, Swift on.....	9 3378
<i>Cathleen ní Hoolihan</i>	YEATS .. 9 3688	Centenary Ode to the Memory of Thomas Moore.....	MACCARTHY. 6 2131
Catholic Celts under the Stuarts	6 viii	<i>Century of Subjection</i> , A. TAYLOR ..	9 3390
— not heard in Irish Parlia- ment	7 viii	Cervantes	3 873
— Church, The Irish peasant's devo- tion to the	6 2148	Cet mac Mágach.....	4 1615
— clergy and the peo- ple	3 920	<i>Changeling, The</i>	LAWLESS .. 5 1877
— disabilities. See Disabilities of the Roman Catholics.		Changelings	2 731; 5 1877
— emancipation	3 773; 6 2161; 9 x	<i>Chanson</i>	DECHATEAU- BRIAND .. 6 2339
— On	CURRAN .. 9 773	Chap-books at Harvard.....	3 xxi
— Orators	2 xxvii	— described	3 xx
— priests in war time, Leland on.....	3 955	— Irish	2 469
— question, Grat- tan's speeches on.....	7 xvi	— Thackeray on Irish.....	3 xxi
— <i>Rights, On</i>	O'CONNELL. 7 2629	— Welsh on	3 17
Catholics, Church build- ing by.....	6 2152	— W. B. Yeats on	3 xx
— Of the Injustice of Disqualifica- tion of.....	GRATTAN .. 4 1405	<i>Chapel, The Ruined</i> , ALLINGHAM. 1	22
— The, are the Irish.....	9 3426	Chappel's, A., portrait of Maria Edgeworth.....	3 993
Cathvah, the Druid.....	6 2756	<i>Character, A</i>	IRWIN .. 5 1675
'Catline,' Scene from.....	CROLY .. 2 747	— Irish	8 viii
'Cats' Rambles to the Child's Saucepan.....	8 xix	— John Wesley on.....	8 xiv
— <i>Seanchan the Bard</i> and the King of the WILDE	9 3566	— Sir Edward Burne-Jones on.....	8 xv
— Superstitions about	9 3680	— of Napoleon, An Historical	PHILLIPS .. 8 2888
Cattle raiding.....	2 xii	<i>Character Sketches, Reminiscences, etc.</i>	
Cavan	1 132	— <i>Fire-Eaters, The</i>	BARRINGTON. 1 141
— The mountains and lakes of.....	6 2275, 2277	— Irish Gentry and their Retainers.....	BARRINGTON. 1 138
Cavanagh, M., of Wash- ington, D. C.....	10 3919	— Pulpit, Bar and Parliamentary Eloquence.....	BARRINGTON. 1 127
Cave, Sir John, and Sir Boyle Roche.....	1 135	— Seven Baronets, The	BARRINGTON. 1 129
— Stories	2 xii	— Gloucester Lodge.....	BELL .. 1 165
<i>Oavern, The</i>	HAYES .. 10 3977	— Princess Talley- rand as a Critic.....	BLESSING- TON .. 1 212
Cavour, Count, on the state church in Ire- land	6 2150	— <i>Facetious Irish Peer, A</i>	DAUNT .. 3 819
Cean Dubh Deelish.....	FERGUSON .. 3 1183	— <i>King Bagenal</i>	DAUNT .. 3 817
— <i>dub Deelish</i>	SHORTER .. 8 3126	— <i>Icelandic Dinner, An</i>	DUFFERIN .. 3 942
<i>Cease to Do Evil, Learn to Do Well</i>	MACCARTHY. 6 2128	— <i>Dispute with Car- lyle, A</i>	DUFFY .. 3 951
Ceall, Lord. See The Earl of Essex.....		— <i>My Boyhood Days</i>	EDGEWORTH. 3 1073
Celtchair	4 1617	— <i>Sheridan as Ora- tor</i>	FITZGERALD. 3 1190
Celtic Authors Biog- raphies in Vol. 10.		— Keogh, The Irish Massillon	FITZPATRICK 3 1199
— Element in Litera- ture, The.....	YEATS .. 9 3654	— Prince of Dublin Printers, The.....	GILBERT .. 4 1258
— Literature	HYDE. See Vols. 2 and 10.	— <i>We'll See About It</i>	HALL .. 4 1534
— place-names, Ori- gin of.....		— <i>Origin of O'Con- nell</i>	HOEY .. 4 1588
— <i>Romances, Old</i>	JOYCE. 5 1724, 1731	— <i>Scenes in the In- surrection of 1798</i>	LEADBEATER. 5 1886
— <i>Twilight, The</i>	YEATS .. 9 3666	— <i>Love-Making in Ire- land</i>	MACDONAGH. 6 2193
	3673, 3678, 3679, 3683	— <i>Byron and the Blessingtons at Genoa</i>	MADDEN .. 6 2286
		— <i>William Pitt</i>	MADDEN .. 6 2284

Character Sketches, Reminiscences, etc.	VOL. PAGE	CHESSEON, MRS. W. H. (Norah Hopper).....	VOL. PAGE
— <i>Rambling Reminiscences</i>	MILLIGAN .. 6 2427	— W. B. Yeats on in olden times	2 590 3 xlii
— <i>Prince of Inismore</i>	MORGAN .. 7 2543	Chess-playing in olden times	5 1739; 7 2668, 2707
— <i>Irish Musical Genius, An</i>	O'DONOGHUE 7 2690	Chesterfield and Faulkner	4 1260 6 2150
— <i>Budget of Stories</i>	O'KEEFE .. 7 2772	Chevalier de St. George, son of Mary D'Este.....	2 768
— <i>Harry Deane Grady</i>	O'FLANAGAN 7 2728	Chickahominy, The.....	6 2423
— <i>Pen-and-Ink Sketch of Daniel O'Connell</i>	SHEIL .. 8 3064	'Chiefs of Parties, The'.....	6 2284
— <i>Some College Recollections</i>	WALSH .. 9 3513	— The Irish.....	3 959
— <i>Last Gleeman</i>	YEATS .. 9 3683	Chieftains, Lives of Irish	1 30
Characteristics of Ireland	8 vii	<i>Child Charity, The Story of</i>	1 314
— of Irish literature.....	2 xviii	<i>Childhood in Ancient Greece</i>	6 2328
Characteristics of the Irish.....	8 xv	Children and parents, Affection between	6 2196; 7 2618
— A loving people	8 xv	— of Lir, The.....	9 3460
— Approachableness.....	8 xv	Children's games in Ireland	7 2783
— Artlessness.....	8 xi	— reading in the XVIII. Century.....	3 1073
— Attention and courtesy to strangers.....	8 xv	— Stories, A Writer of	3 994
— Aversion to confess ignorance	8 xiv	'Child's History of Ireland, A'.....	5 1735
— Dancing, Love of.....	8 xix	'China, Narrative of the War with'.....	9 3636
— Desire to please.....	8 viii	Chinese Life, picture of.....	6 2206
— Exaggeration.....	8 xiv	Chnoc Nania (hill).....	6 2230
— Faculty for paying compliments	8 viii	Chosen People, A: Magee on.....	6 2293
— Familiarity	8 x	'Christian Architecture, Early'.....	8 3238
— Flattery	8 ix	— <i>Mother, The</i>	5 1842
— Freedom of manners	8 x	Christianity in Ireland.....	9 viii, 3401
— Hospitality of the Irish Celts.....	3 vii	<i>Christmas Song, The Kilkenny Exile's</i>	5 1788
— Indifference to facts.....	8 viii	'Chrysal'.....	5 1709
— Lethargy and casual	8 xix	'Church and Modern Society, The'.....	5 1662
— Love of hunting.....	8 xlii	— Architecture	8 3238
— Love of racing.....	8 xlii	— how covetousness came into the.....	10 3823
— Practical joking.....	8 xvi	— Irish devotion to the Catholic.....	6 2149
— Ready replies.....	8 ix	— of England, The.....	6 2159
— Sense of humor.....	8 xvi	— The Catholic.....	3 920, 6 2148
— Simplicity	8 x, xli	— Ruins, Holy Island (half-tone engraving)	6 2130
— Sociability	3 vii	Church-building by Catholics	6 2152
— Talkativeness	8 x	— by Irish women.....	1 31
<i>Charade, The Amazing Ending of a</i>	CROMMELIN. 2 751	Churches, Saxon, in Ireland	8 2880
<i>Charge of the Light Brigade, The</i> (reference).....	TENNYSON .. 8 3013	Churchman, Newman the	7 2556
Charity among the Hill-people	4 1456	Cibber, Theophilus.....	7 2699
Charlemagne, Irish version of the wars of.....	7 2672	Cicero (in 'Catiline').....	2 747
'Charles I.'.....	9 ix	Cinderella an Egyptian legend	9 3534
— and Ireland.....	9 ix	<i>Circle, A</i>	9 3389
— II. and Ireland.....	9 ix	Circular Stone Forts.....	8 2882
'— O'Malley'	5 1972, 1995	Cithruadh	4 1452
<i>Charlie, The Coming of Prince</i>	MAGRATH .. 10 4415	'Citizen of the World, The'	4 1317
Charlotte Elizabeth. See MRS. TONNA.		— 1322, 1326, 1334, 1338, 1341	
<i>Charming Mary Neal</i>	STREET BAL-LAD .. 8 3275	<i>Citizen-Soldier, The Common</i>	8 2825
<i>Chatham and Townshend</i>	BURKE .. 1 391	<i>City in the Great West, A</i>	3 963
Cheltenham	6 2410		
CHERRY, ANDREW.....	2 586		
Cheshire Cheese, The Rhymers Club at	5 1693		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Civil Service in Ireland.....	9	3363	Clonmore, Old Pedhar		
— War, Archbishop			<i>Carthy from</i>	M'CALL	6 2122
Ireland in the.....	5	1662	Clontarf, Battle of.....	2 ix	6 2377
— Irish in the.....	4 1539; 6	2321	Cluain-Dobhain, King		
The American.....	7 2826, 2831		Ferghal at.....	7	2710
Clacken Lough, Descrip-			Cluncalla.....	4	1255
tion of country			Cluricaune, The.....	2 713; 3	xix
around.....	1	360	Coach-a-bower, The.....	3	xix
<i>Claims of Science, The</i> , TYNDALL	9	3463	Coal-mining, Remains of,		
Clan Dega, The.....	7	2752	at Ballycastle, Ulster.....	6	2280
<i>Clang of the Wooden</i>			Coats, Styles of.....	9	3498
Shoon.....	MOLLOY	6 2458	COBBE, FRANCES POWER.....	2	605
Clanmorris, Lord, and			<i>Cockade, The White</i> ...CALLANAN	2	442
Curran.....	1	143	Code, Duelling.....	1	148
Clanricarde in the Re-			— HENRY BRERETON.....	2	607
bellion of 1641.....	9	ix	Results of the.....	4	xii
— Sarsfield's wife the			Coelté.....	7	2753
daughter of the			See also Cailte.		
Earl of.....	7	2816	Coercion Laws.....	5	1839
— Ullick, Earl of, at			— Gladstone on.....	7	2658
war with his			Coffinmaker, Keogh a.....	3	1204
brother Shane of			Coif, The.....	9	3495
the Clover.....	7	2743	Coinage, A National, for		
Clar Cuille.....	4	1443	Ireland.....	9	3363
<i>Claragh's Lament</i> , From			Laws of.....	9	3375
the Irish of John Mc-			— Lord Coke on.....	9	3374
Donnell.....	D'ALTON	2 803	<i>Coinrin of the Furze</i> ...HYDE	10	3737
Clare, Lord.....	9 3516, 3524		Coke Lord, on the coin-		
— Lord, Goldsmith's			age.....	9	3374
Poetical Epistle			Colclough, Sir Vesey,		
to.....	4	1377	Reminiscences of.....	1	130
— and Curran, duel			<i>Cold Sleep of Brighidin,</i>		
between.....	1	142	<i>The</i>	MACMANUS..	6 2270
— County.....	5 1740, 1985		COLEMAN, PATRICK		
Clarke, Cowden, on Far-			JAMES.....	2	609
quahar.....	3	1164	Coleraine.....	6	2551
— General, a Celt of			Colgan, Father John,		
the Spanish type.....	4	1589	<i>cited</i>	7	2719
— JOSEPH IGNATIUS			— collector of Irish		
CONSTANTINE.....	2	596	manuscripts for		
Claudius.....	5	1847	Louvain.....	7	2673
<i>Clearing of Galway,</i>			Collection of Folk Tales.....	3	xxii
<i>The</i>	PRENDER-		<i>Colleen Bawn, On the</i> ..STREET BAL-		
	GAST	8 2913	LAD.....	9	3310
Clebach, The well of.....	3	1163	— M. F. Egan on.....	5	xiv
Cleena.....	5 1743, 2004		— Rock (half-tone		
Clerical life in Ireland.....	6	2411	engraving).....	4	1494
CLERKE, AGNES MARY.....	2	601	— Rue.....	STREET BAL-	
Clerkenwell explosion.....	6	2153	LAD.....	8	3277
Clew Bay.....	7	2856	'Collegians, The'.....	GRIFFIN	5 1481
Clive, Lord, Macaulay			1483, 1489, 1494, 1503		
on.....	6	2446	— Griffin's master-		
Cloaks, Spanish.....	9	3499	piece.....	1	xli
Clochoir, an ancient			'Colloquy of the An-		
oracle.....	7	2718	<i>cients, On the</i> ...ROLLESTON.	8	2968
Cloghan Lucas, M'Wil-			(See also <i>Literary Qual-</i>		
liam leaders hanged			<i>ities of the Saga</i> .)		
at.....	7	2858	<i>Colonial Slavery, 1831</i> ..O'CONNELL.	7	2650
Clogher, Origin of the			Colonizations of Ireland,		
name.....	7	2718	Early.....	2	xi
— in Tyrone.....	5 1724, 1726		COLUM, PADRAIC.....	2	612
Clogherna.....	5	1423	Columcille, Death of.....	2	xvii
<i>Cloghroe, The Maid of</i> ..STREET BAL-			<i>The Death of St. Hyde</i>	4	1618
LAD.....	9	3299	Columkille. See St. Co-		
Clonakilty.....	7	2613	lumba.		
Clonard, Finnen of.....	5	1727	'Come all you pale lov-		
Clonavaddock.....	6	2433	ers'.....	DUFFET	3 948
Clonfert, The Book of.....	7	2664	— in the evening...DAVIS	3	830
Clonmacnoise (half-tone			— piper, play the		
engraving).....	8	2979	Shaskan Reel'..CASEY	2	574
— Graves at.....	9	3484	— see the Dolphin's		
— <i>The Dead at</i> ...ROLLESTON..	8	2979	anchor forged...FERGUSON..	3	1174
The Monastery of.....	4	1600	— tell me, dearest		
Clonnell, Lord, duels			mother.....	STREET BAL-	
with Lord Tyrawly			LAD.....	9	3316
and Lord Llandaff.....	1	142	'— to me, dearest'..BRENAN	1	278

- | | VOL. | PAGE | | VOL. | PAGE |
|---|-----------------------|------------|--|-----------|--------------|
| Comedians in Queen Elizabeth's reign | 6 | 2349 | Conlaoch | 4 | 1427 |
| Comharda, The Irish | 4 | xiii | Conn | 4 | 1609; 6 2354 |
| Comic papers, why they do not flourish in Ireland | 6 | x | — Ced-cathach, the hundred fighter | 2 | 444; 5 1731 |
| 'Coming of Cuculain, The' | O'GRADY | 7 2756 | Connacht, Dermot's entrance into | 7 | 2762 |
| — of Finn, The | GREGORY | 4 1447 | — Love Songs of | HYDE | 10 3735 |
| — Prince Charlie, The | MAGRATH | 10 4015 | — 3749, 3763, 3777, | | 3789 |
| Commandments, The | | | — Religious Songs of | HYDE | 10 3795 |
| Thirty-Six | 1 | 148 | — 3813, 3823, 3829, | | 3917 |
| Commemorative funerals for the Manchester martyrs | 7 | 2609 | — Songs of | HYDE | 10 3833 |
| Commerce | | | — Speakers in | 4 | 1603 |
| — and the Union | 8 | 2902 | Connall | 2 | 804 |
| — Declaration of Irish Rights | GRATTAN | 4 1387 | Connaught, folk-tale of | 5 | 1724 |
| — Decrease in Ireland | 9 | 3416 | — Aldfrid in | 6 | 2376 |
| — On a Commercial Treaty with France | FLOOD | 3 1219 | — Meave and the host of | 7 | 2752 |
| — Short View of Ireland, 1787, A | SWIFT | 9 3362 | — Place-names in | 6 | 2229 |
| Commercialism in America | 1 | 342 | — Sarsfield in | 7 | 2818 |
| Committee of Selection, The work of | 2 | xxiii | — The Brown Wind of | MACMANUS | 6 2275 |
| Common Citizen-Soldier, The | O'REILLY | 7 2825 | — The Duke of; his welcome to Ireland | 7 | xvi |
| Commune of Paris, The | 2 | 678 | — The first boycott in | 7 | 2612 |
| Con Cead Catha (Con of the Hundred Fights) | 2 444; 5 1731; 6 2297 | | — See The Gray Fog and also The West's Asleep | | |
| — The Lake of | 8 | 2230 | Connaught's approbation of Henry Flood | 3 | 1216 |
| Conal of Ossian quoted by O'Connell | 3 | 813 | — boast of beauty | 3 | 1216 |
| Conall and Conlaoch | 4 | 1428 | CONNELL, F. NORRYS | 2 | 616 |
| — Ceánach | 4 | 1617 | CONNELLAN, OWEN | 2 | 629 |
| — derg O'Corra | 5 | 1724 | Connemara (See also A May Love Song) | 7 | 2615 |
| Conan | 4 | 1451, 1525 | — Lord Carlisle in | 1 | 233, 241 |
| — MAOL. Biography (portrait) | 10 | 4029 | — Starving peasantry of | 7 | 2868 |
| Concerning the Brass Halfpence Coined by Mr. Wood with a design to have them Pass in this Kingdom | SWIFT | 9 3369 | Conna of the Golden Hair (half-tone engraving) | JOYCE | 5 1731, 1734 |
| Conchubar. See Conchobar | 4 | 1427, 1433 | Conna's Well | RUSSELL | 8 3001 |
| Conciliation with America, On | BURKE | 1 376 | Connor, Son of Nais | 2 | 804 |
| Conchobar. See Conchubar | 7 | 2748, 2757 | Conor, King of Ulster | 4 | 1613 |
| Condall (now Old Connell, County Kildare) | 7 | 2711 | Conquest of Ireland | 9 | ix |
| Condition of the peasantry | 9 | 3426 | Conry, The parish of | 5 | 1731 |
| Condon convicted at Manchester | 7 | 2608 | Consent of the governed | 9 | 3362 |
| Condy Cullen and the Gauger | CARLETON | 2 541 | Consolation | LARMINE | 5 1874 |
| Confederation, The Irish | 6 | 2418 | Constitution, Goldsmith on the English | 4 | 1833 |
| 'Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman' | BLESSINGTON | 1 200 | — On the English | CANNING | 2 465 |
| — of Tom Bourke | CROKER | 2 681 | Conservatism of Americans | 1 | 348 |
| Consecration of Ecclesiastical Property | 9 | 3391 | Consumption of admiration, The | 6 | 2383 |
| Conz. Lord Carlisle at | 1 | 235 | Contagion of Love, The | COBBE | 2 605 |
| 'Congal' | FERGUSON | 3 1185 | Contents of 'IRISH LITERATURE' described | 2 | xix |
| Congregation, The Loan of a | MAXWELL | 6 2411 | Contentment. From 'A Hymn to | PARNELL | 7 2876 |
| CONGREVE, WILLIAM | 2 | 614 | Continuation of the Memoirs of the Rackrent Family | EDGEWORTH | 3 1014 |
| — W. B. Yeats on | 3 | vii | Continuity of national spirit in literature | 1 | xiv |
| Conjugal fidelity in Ireland | 5 | 1923 | — of Irish in Irish literature | 2 | viii |
| | | | Convent life, A picture of | 6 | 2497 |
| | | | 'Conversations with Carlyle' | DUFFY | 3 951 |
| | | | Conversion of Ireland | 9 | 3401 |
| | | | — of King Laogh-haire's Daughters. Folk Lore | ANONYMOUS | 3 1162 |

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Convivial, <i>Extracts from</i>		Corn laws, O'Connell on	7 2633
<i>Retaliation</i>GOLDSMITH.	4 1380	the	
Convivial Songs.		Corn-mills in ancient	5 1736
<i>The Cruiskeen</i>		Ireland	8 3278
<i>Lawn</i>ANONYMOUS.	8 3279	Cornwall, Lord	
<i>Garryowen</i>ANONYMOUS.	8 3283	Cornwallis, Lord, Vice-	
<i>Lanigan's Ball</i>ANONYMOUS.	8 3293	Roy of Ireland.....	6 2167
<i>Rakes of Mallow</i>ANONYMOUS.	9 3312	Character of	6 2168
<i>Monks of the Screw</i>CURRAN	2 797	on Catholic eman-	
<i>Why Liquor of</i>		cipation	6 2171
<i>Life?</i>D'ALTON	2 805	Coronation chair, The	
<i>Bumpers, Squire</i>		(half-tone en-	
<i>Jones</i>DAWSON	3 841	graving).....	7 2717
<i>Of Drinking</i>FLECKNOE	3 1209	stone, Goldsmith	
<i>Maggy Ladir</i>FURLONG	4 1249	on the (see also	
<i>The Three Pigeons</i>GOLDSMITH.	4 1350	<i>The Lia Fail</i>).....	4 1321
<i>Abhrain an Bhui-</i>		Corradhu. See <i>A Memory</i> .	
<i>deil</i>LE FANU	5 1946	Correspondence.	
<i>Good Luck to the</i>		<i>Extracts from a</i>	
<i>Frriors of Old</i>LEVER	5 1958	<i>Letter to a Noble</i>	
<i>I drink to the</i>		<i>Lord</i>BURKE	1 379
<i>graces</i>LEVER	5 1993	<i>To the Duke of</i>	
<i>Man for Galway</i>LEVER	5 1975	<i>Grafton</i>FRANCIS	3 1228
<i>The Pope He Leads</i>		<i>Letter from the</i>	
<i>a Happy Life</i>LEVER	5 2002	<i>Place of his Birth</i>MCHALE	6 2227
<i>Sweet Chloe</i>LYSAGHT	6 2109	Corrig-a-Howly, castle.....	8 2857
<i>The Irish Exile</i>M'DERMOTT.	6 2189	Corry, Isaac, duel with	
<i>Humors of Donny-</i>		Henry Grattan.....	1 142, 4 1385
<i>brook Fair</i>O'FLAHERTY.	7 2713	<i>Corrymeela</i>SKRINE	8 3154
<i>Erir of Orders</i>		COSTELLO, MARY.....	2 640
<i>Gray</i>O'KEEFFE	7 2778	Costume. See <i>Dress</i> .	
<i>'Whisky, drink di-</i>		Cottage, An Irish (half-	
<i>vine!'</i>O'LEARY	7 2803	tone engraving).....	2 512
<i>Here's to the val-</i>		in Killarney (half-	
<i>den of bashful fif-</i>		tone engraving).....	4 1484
<i>teen</i>SHERIDAN	8 3117	<i>'Life in Ireland'</i>O'KENNEDY.	7 2782
Conviviality in Iceland.....	3 943	Cottonian Library, Ex-	
<i>in Ireland</i>	1 239	tract from MS. in.....	6 2348
2 521, 534, 655, 710, 797; 3 817, 997,		Couldah, The River (See	
1025, 1053, 1201; 4 1565; 5 1956,		<i>Innishowen</i>).	
1969, 1975, 1990		Count each affliction ..DE VERE	3 860
<i>in Irish humor</i>	6 x	<i>Counterfeit Footman,</i>	
Cooke, Sir Charles.....	8 2914	<i>The</i>FARQUHAR.	3 1165
JOHN.....	9 3481	<i>Countess Kathleen</i>	
Coole, Dr. Douglas Hyde		<i>O'Shea, The. Folk Lore</i>ANONYMOUS.	3 1157
at	4 1650	<i>Country Folk</i>JOHNSON	5 1694
Coolun, The. From the		Country Life in Ire-	
<i>Irish</i>FERGUSON.	3 1188	<i>land.</i>	
<i>'Cooper's Hill'</i>DENHAM	3 850	<i>The Plover</i>	2 612
<i>Copernican theory, The</i>	2 603	<i>Bindin' the Oats</i>COLEMAN	2 610
<i>Copernicus anticipated</i>		<i>Seed-Time</i>COLEMAN	2 609
<i>in Ireland</i>	8 3242	<i>Castle Rackrent</i>EDGEWORTH.	3 999
<i>Copyright in Ireland</i>	1 xxiv; 5 1919	<i>The Widow's Mes-</i>	
<i>Coracle, A</i> (half-tone		<i>sage to Her Son</i>FORRESTER.	3 1222
<i>engraving</i>).....	9 3458	<i>How Myles Mur-</i>	
<i>Coran the Druid</i>	5 1732	<i>phy got his Pon-</i>	
<i>Cork, County, A benevo-</i>		<i>ties out of the</i>	
<i>lent landlord of</i>	6 2397	<i>Pound</i>GRIFFIN	4 1483
<i>An entrance to</i>		<i>We'll See About It</i>HALL	4 1534
<i>Tirnanoge fa-</i>		<i>A Swarm of Bees</i>HAMILTON	4 1549
<i>bled to be in</i>	5 1714	<i>An Electioneering</i>	
<i>Scenery in</i>	7 2602	<i>Scene</i>HARTLEY	4 1557
<i>Harbor</i> (half-tone		<i>Picture of Ulster</i>MACNEVIN	6 2276
<i>engraving</i>).....	2 427	<i>The Exile</i>MOORE	7 2483
<i>Raleigh in</i>	3 912	<i>The Vicar of Cape</i>	
<i>Swimming to Que-</i>		<i>Clear</i>OTWAY	7 2848
<i>bec from</i>	3 1117	<i>County Dispensary, A</i>GRIFFIN	4 1499
<i>The Mayor of, A</i>		<i>of Mayo, The</i>FOX	3 1224
<i>joke on</i>	8 xvii	Court players in the	
Cormac Conlingas.....	7 2751	time of Henry VII.....	6 2347
<i>Conlingas</i>	4 1430	Courting, Irish ideas of.....	6 2204
<i>Duvlingas</i>	7 2751	Courtly (character in	
<i>mac Art at Tara</i>	4 1610	<i>'London Assurance')</i>	1 252
Cormac's Chapel, Cash-		Courtship.....	2 xii
<i>el, compared with the</i>		Coverley Family Por-	
<i>Erechtheum at Athens</i>	6 2335	traits, The.....STEELE	8 3204

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE	
Covetousness, how, came into the Church	10	3823	Cromwell's invasion. See The Irish Grand-Mother. — partition of Ire- land	4	3423	
<i>Cow Charmer, The</i>BOYLE	1	264	Crookhaven, The scen- ery around	7	2852	
Cowshra Mead Macha.....	7	2757	<i>Croppy Boy, The</i>MCMURNEY.....	6	2115	
Cows, Woman of three.....	10	3831	—.....STREET BAL- LAD	8	3278	
Cow-sports	2	xii	—.....BANIM	1	76	
Coyle, Barney, duel with George Ogle.....	1	143	'Croppy, The'	6	2108	
— Bishop	9	3684	— The Irish	10	3829	
COYNE, JOSEPH STIR- LING	2	644	Cross at Monasterboice (half-tone en- graving)	9	3486	
Cox, Watty, D. J. O'Donoghue on	6	ix	— sign of the, forever.....	10	3829	
Crabbe, the poet, on keening	9	3643	<i>Crosses and Round Tow- ers of Ireland</i>COOKE and WAKEMAN.....	9	3482	
Crabtree (character in 'School for Scandal')	8	3099	<i>Crossing the Black- water, A. D. 1603</i>JOYCE	5	1744	
Crageia. See <i>Brian's Lament</i> .			<i>Crotta Cliach, The Mountain of</i>	4	1488	
Cranbourne, Lord, on Disraeli	6	2158	CROTTY, JULIA	2	758	
Cravats as worn in Ire- land	9	3498	Cruachan, the palace of Connaught	7	2720	
CRAWFORD, MRS. JULIA.....	2	658	Cruelities in India	1	385	
<i>Credhe, Cael and</i>GREGORY ..	4	1445	<i>Cruiskeen Lawn, The</i>STREET BAL- LAD	8	3279	
Credé's house, Manner of building	4	1612	Crystallization	9	3472	
'Crescent and the Cross'.....WARBURTON.....	9	3529	<i>Cuanna's House, The Hospitality of</i>CONNELLAN.....	2	629	
		3535	Cubretan	7	2710	
Crifan	6	2355	Cuchulain	2	xii; 9 3657	
Crimall	4	1449	— Coming of'	O'GRADY	7	2756
Crimean War	8	3008	— Death of	GREGORY	4	1431
<i>Criminality of Letty Moore, The</i>ESLER	3	1096	— described	2	xiv	
'Critic, The'	8	3114	— of Muirthemne'.....GREGORY	4	1426	
Criticism. See <i>Lit- rary Appreciations</i> .			— Sagas, The	4	1613	
<i>Critics of the Stage</i>KELLY	5	1782	— The <i>Knighting of</i> O'GRADY ..	7	2756	
Croagh, Patrick	1	235	Cuchullin Cycle, Tales of the	4	1601	
Croft's 'Life of Young,' Burke on	1	397	— Saga, The'	4	1597	
Croghan, The Rath of.....	3	1162	Cucullain. See Cucu- lain.			
CROKER, JOHN WILSON (portrait)	2	675	Cucullain. (See also Cu- chulain, Cucullain and Cuchullen.)	4	1609	
— D. J. O'Donoghue on	6	ix	<i>Cuckoo Sings in the Heart of Winter, The</i>CHESSON ..	2	591	
— Mrs. B. M.	2	660	Cudgels, Irish	2	496, 607	
— on Sheridan	3	1197	Cuhoolin. See Cucu- lain.			
— THOMAS CROFTON.....	2	680	Culleagh, The mountain, 'cradle of the Shan- non'	6	2275	
— M. F. Egan on.....	6	xv	' <i>Quis dá Plé, The</i>RAFTERY ..	10	3917	
Croker's 'Fair y Le- gends'	6	2313	Cullain	4	1443	
CROLY, GEORGE	2	739	Cumann na Gael, The.....	10	xiii	
Cromeruaich, the Idol.....	7	2718, 2721	Cumberland, Richard, Goldsmith on	4	1380	
Cromlech at Dundalk (half-tone engraving).....	7	2666	Cumhal, Father of Finn.....	4	1447	
CROMMELIN, MAY	2	751	Cumscaidh	4	1617	
Cromwell and Drogheda.....	1	151	Cumulative stories	4	1649	
— and Ireland	9	ix	Cunlaid	4	1443	
— Hatred of the Irish for	4	1530; 6 2150	Curleck, Scenery near.....	1	360	
— in Ireland'	7	2567	Curlew Mountains, The.....	6	2357	
— loosed on Ireland.....	4	1530	Curlew's Pass, The, Normans at	3	829	
— On me and on my children	9	3512	<i>Curoi, The Exploits of</i>JOYCE ..	5	1749	
— on the massacre at Drogheda	7	2568, 2571	Curraachs and canoes	5	1740	
— The <i>Queen and</i>WILLS	9	3612	Curragh Beg	1	351, 357	
— See <i>The Groves of Blarney</i> .			— (half-tone engrav- ing)	9	3458	
Cromwellian confisca- tion, The	2	426	CURRAN, HENRY GRATTAN.....	2	767	
— Settlement of Ire- land, The'	8	2913	— JOHN PHILPOT (portrait)	2	770	
Cromwell's Bridge (half- tone engraving)	2	445				

	VOL. PAGE	D.	VOL. PAGE
Curran, John Philpot, and Father		Daddy O'Dowd, Bouci-	
— O'Leary	7 2793	— ault as	1 252
— a master in ora-		Dagda, The	2 xi
— tory	7 xxviii	<i>Daily Life in Ancient</i>	
— and Grattan con-		— Ireland, Food, Dress	
— trasted	7 xxii	— and	JOYCE 5 1735
— and Lord Clan-		Dalcassians, The. See	
— morris	1 143	— Kinkora.	
— Speech for Lord		Dalkey Island, Essex on	3 1234
— Edward Fitz-		— Dalling, Lord, on	
— gerald	7 xxiii	— George Canning	2 464
— Speech for Peter		D'ALTON, JOHN	2 803
— Finnerly	7 xxiii	Dame Street, Dublin	6 2107
— Prior of the		Dana	8 2099
— Monks of the		— See <i>The Power</i> .	
— Screw	5 1957	Danaanic colony, The	6 2280
— Master of the		— 'Dance light for my	
— Rolls, duel		— heart it lies, 'under	
— with Lord		— your feet, love'	WALLER ... 9 3501
— Clare	1 142	Dancing, An Irish Lass.	
— Burke on	7 xxii	— See <i>Kitty Neat</i> .	
— Meagher on	6 2422	Dangle (character in	
— secures a writ of		— Sheridan's 'The	
— <i>habeas corpus</i>		— Critic')	8 3114
— for Tone	7 2606	Daniel O'Rourke	MAGINN ... 6 2313
Curran's defense of H.		Danish Invasion, The	9 viii
— Rowan	7 xxiii	Dante's portrait by Gi-	
— genius described	7 xxiv	— otto discovered	
— quips beyond re-		— through R. H. Wilde	9 3596
— call	6 ix	Dara, King of South	
— repartees	6 ix	— Coolney	7 2749
— Witticisms, Some		Darby Doyle's <i>Voyage</i>	
— of	2 793	— to Quebec	ETTINGSALL. 3 1114
Curse, The	CARLETON .. 2 559	Dardan. See <i>Bridget</i>	
— An Irish. See <i>Neill</i>		— <i>Cruise</i> .	
— <i>Flaherty's Drake</i> .		'Darrell Blake'	CAMPBELL.. 2 448
— of Donerate, The. O'KELLY ..	7 2779	<i>Dark Girl by the Holy</i>	
— of the Boers on		— Well, The	KEEGAN ... 5 1766
— England, The	GREGORY ... 10 3929	— Man, The	CHESSON ... 2 592
Cursing at a funeral	9 3641	— Rosaleen. From	
— of Tara, The	O'GRADY ... 7 2762	— the Irish	MANGAN ... 6 2363
Cushla gal Machree	8 3271	— (cited)	1 viii
Custom, An Old	GRIFFIN ... 4 1481	— source of my an-	
Customs and Man-		— guish	CURRAN ... 2 768
— ners.		Darkly, the cloud of	
— The Battle of the		— night	9 3646
— Factions	CARLETON .. 2 472	DARLEY, GEORGE	2 807
— The Curse	CARLETON .. 2 512	Darrynaclooughery fair	9 3316
— Shane Fadk's Wed-		Darwin C. and Dr. Si-	
— ding	CARLETON .. 2 559	— gerson	8 3122
— Tim Hogan's Wake	COYNE ... 2 648	— on the divine origin	
— Castle Rackrent	EDGEWORTH. 3 995	— of life	5 1786
— Books of Courtesy		DAUNT, WILLIAM JO-	
— in the XV. Cen-		— SEPH O'NEILL	3 811
— tury	GREEN ... 4 1417	Davies, Sir John: let-	
— We'll See About It	HALL ... 4 1534	— bury	6 2276
— An Electioneering		— True character	
— Scene	HARTLEY .. 4 1557	— of	9 3394
— Food, Dress and		— Tom, the London	
— <i>Daily Life in</i>		— book-seller	7 2479
— Ancient Ireland	JOYCE 5 1735	DAVIS, THOMAS OS-	
— Their Last Race	MATHEW ... 6 2391	— BORNE	3 822
— A Budget of		— (portrait)	3 xxiv
— Stories	O'KLEFFE ... 7 2771	— See also <i>The Irish</i>	
— Keening and		— <i>Chiefs</i> .	
— Wakes	WOOD - MAR-	— (quoted)	1 xviii
'Customs of Ancient		— and Young Ireland	9 xi
— Erin, Manners		— Ferguson and	6 2219
— and'	O'CURRY ... 7 2666	— W. B. Yeats on	3 vii, ix
— Scotch	2 754	DAVITT, MICHAEL	3 832
Cyclopean style of archi-		— (portrait)	3 xxiv
— tecture	8 2881	— and the Land	
Cynick, Thomas, and		— League	9 xi
— Richard Pockrich	7 2701	— J. H. McCarthy	
		— on	6 2179

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Dawning of the Day,</i>			<i>Dechtire</i>	4	1431
<i>The</i>	WALSH	9 3507	<i>Declaration of Independ-</i>		
<i>of the Year, The</i>	BLAKE	1 189	<i>ence, The Amer-</i>		
DAWSON, ARTHUR	3	841	<i>ican</i>	5 1665; 7	2640
Day as a Monk of the			— <i>of Irish Rights</i>	GRATTAN	4 1387
Screw	5	1957	See also Moly-		
Dazzle (character in			<i>neux.</i>		
<i>'London Assurance')</i>	1	252	<i>Decline of the Bards</i>	2	xx
De Boisseleau	8	3324	<i>Decoration Day, May</i>		
De Burghs, William,			31, 1886; J. B.		
Earl of Ulster, Pro-			O'Reilly's speech	7	2825
hibition of intermar-			— <i>of Crosses in Ire-</i>		
riage by	3	1179	<i>land</i>	9	3485
De Burgo, Thomas	4	1626	Dedanann, Tuatha de	2	xi
D'Esterre, Mary, Queen of			Dedannans, Invasion of	9	vii
James II., A lament			DEENY, DANIEL	3	845
for	2	768	Deep, deep in the earth. MCCARTHY ..	6	2172
D'Esterre and O'Con-			— <i>in Canadian Woods.</i> SULLIVAN ..	9	3341
nell	7	2625	<i>Defense of Charles Ga-</i>		
De Poix, Françoise, Com-			<i>van Duffy</i>	WHITESIDE	9 3550
tesse de Chateaubri-			— <i>of the Volun-</i>		
and	6	2338	<i>teers, A</i>	FLOOD	3 1217
De Jubainville, M. d'Ar-			Deirdre, a name that		
bois	4	1608	stirs	8	2990
De la Croix, Charles	9	3420	— <i>and Naisl</i>	JOYCE	5 1746
<i>De Profundis</i>	TYNAN-		— <i>in the Woods (half-</i>		
LINKSON.	9	3455	<i>tone engraving).</i> TRENCH ..	9	3431
De Retz, Cardinal, Gold-			— <i>the renowned</i>	4	1245
smith on	4	1347	— <i>the sad-eyed</i>	7	2593
De Tourville, Admiral	7	2823	— <i>The Story of</i>	10	xvi
DE VERE, SIR AUBREY	3	851	— <i>memorized</i>	3	xviii
— AUBREY THOMAS	3	853	— <i>Wed'</i>	TRENCH	9 3431
— on G. Griffin	4	1465	— <i>and other</i>		
— on Sir Samuel			<i>Poems'</i>	TRENCH	9 3432
Ferguson's			De Jubainville, A., on		
poetry	3	1169	<i>Irish MSS.</i>	2	xi
— W. B. Yeats on	3	vii	— <i>His Work for Cel-</i>		
<i>Dead Antiquary, O'Don-</i>			<i>tic literature</i>	2	xviii
<i>ovan, The</i>	M'GEE	6 2218	Delany, Mrs., Letters of	5	1918
— <i>at Clonmacnois.</i>	ROLLESTON.	8 2979	Delights of ignorance	3	885
— <i>heat and windless</i>			Democracy, American		
<i>air</i>	TYNAN-		<i>faith in</i>	1	333
LINKSON.	9	3458	— <i>Problems of Mod-</i>		
Dean Kirwan, Eloquence			<i>ern</i>	GODKIN	4 1290
of	1	127	<i>Demon Cat, The</i>	WILDE	9 3557
Dean of Lismore's			DENHAM, SIR JOHN	3	849
Book	8	3139, 3144	— W. B. Yeats on	3	vii
<i>Dear and Darling Boy.</i>	STREET BAL-		Dennis was hearty when		
<i>'Lady Disdain'</i>	LAD	8 3280	Dennis was young	SERINE	8 3153
<i>maiden, when the</i>	MCCARTHY..	6 2134	Denon, Baron, and the		
<i>sun is down</i>	WALSH	9 3510	<i>Princess Talleyrand</i>	1	213
<i>Land</i>	O'HAGAN	7 2768	Dependence on England	9	3417
<i>Old Ireland</i>	SULLIVAN..	9 3341	Derby, Lord, on dises-		
Dearg Mór	4	1609	<i>tablishment of the</i>		
Deasy, the Fenian			<i>Irish Church</i>	6	2159
leader, Rescue of	7	2607	'Derga, The Bruidhen		
Death, 'From 'A Night-			<i>da</i>	4	1601
<i>piece on</i>	PARNELL	7 2874	<i>Dermot, The thankful-</i>		
— <i>of an Arctic Hero,</i>			<i>ness of</i>	P. O'LEARY..	10 3953
<i>The'</i>	ALEXANDER.	1 10	— <i>and Ruadhan</i>	7	2762
— <i>of Ouchulain</i>	GREGORY	4 1431	— <i>Astora</i>	CRAWFORD..	2 658
— <i>of Dr. Swift, On</i>			Derrick, D. J. O'Dono-		
<i>the</i>	SWIFT	9 3380	<i>ghue on the wit of</i>	6	xiii
— <i>of St. Columcille,</i>			Derry, Dean of	4	1380
<i>The</i>	HYDE	4 1618	— <i>Reminiscences of</i>	6	2427
— <i>of the Homeward</i>			— <i>The Maiden City</i>	9	3428
<i>Bound</i>	M'GEE	6 2222	— <i>The Siege of</i>	ALEXANDER..	1 3
— <i>of the Huntsman,</i>			<i>(reference)</i>	9	ix
<i>The</i>	GRIFFIN	4 1480	— <i>watered by Lough</i>		
— <i>of Virginia, The.</i> KNOWLES ..	4	1847	<i>Neagh</i>	6	2277
— <i>The three Shafts</i>			Derrybrien, Mary Hynes		
<i>of</i>	10	3965	<i>at</i>	9	3669
'Decay of Lying, The'	WILDE	9 3578	Derrycarn, The black-		
<i>Deception, An Heroic</i>	GWYNN	4 1512	<i>bird of</i>	7	2755
			Derrybane House (half-		
			<i>tone engraving)</i>	4	1588
			Desaix, General	9	3418

Description.	VOL. PAGE	VOL. PAGE
See Travel, etc.		
— of the Sea. From the Irish.....	O'CURRY ... 7 2664	
'Desert is Life'.....	BROOKE ... 1 300	
Deserted Cabins (half-tone engraving).....	6 2267	
Deserted Village, The.....	GOLDSMITH. 4 1367	
Deserter's Meditation, The.....	CURRAN 2 796	
Desmond. See O'Donnell Aboo.		
— Spenser in the palace of.....	6 2276	
— Waste, The.....	9 3392	
Despair and Hope in Prison.....	DAVITT 3 837	
Destruction of fortified places.....	2 xli	
— of Irish MSS.....	2 xi	
— by Norse.....	2 viii	
— of Jerusalem, Irish version of the.....	7 2672	
— of Troy, Irish version of the.....	7 2672	
Detail, Minute, in the Sagas.....	2 xv	
De Tocqueville on America.....	4 1295	
'Deus meus.' From the Irish of Maelisu.....	SIGERSON .. 8 3140	
Devenish, Ruins of an old Abbey, at.....	6 2276	
— The lake of. See Feithfailge.		
Devil, The.....	YEATS 9 3673	
Devotion of children to parents in Ireland.....	6 2197	
— of Irishmen abroad to Ireland.....	7 2618	
'Diamond Lens, The'.....	O'BRIEN ... 7 2594	
Diaries, Journals, etc.		
— Interviews with Buonaparte.....	TONE 9 3418	
— Journal of a Lady of Fashion.....	BLESSINGTON 1 193	
— Macaulay and Bacon.....	MITCHEL .. 6 2444	
— Rhapsody on Ruins, A.....	MITCHEL .. 6 2454	
Diarmid (see also A Lay of Ossian and Patrick).....	7 2752	
— servant of St. Columcille.....	4 1618	
— O'Duibhne. See The Hospitality of Cuanna's House.		
'Diary, Leaves from a Prison'.....	DAVITT. 3 832, 837	
Dick Wildgoose.....	4 1347	
Dickens, Charles; E. Dowden on.....	3 873	
— describes speech of O'Connell's.....	7 xxvi	
Did I stand on the top of bald Neftin?.....	10 3777	
— ye hear of the Widow Malone?.....	LEVER 5 1999	
Diddler, Jeremy (character in 'Raising the Wind').....	5 1805	
Dillon, Father Dominick, slain at Drogheda.....	7 2573	
— T., and the Land League.....	9 xi	
— WENTWORTH, EARL OF ROSCOMMON.....	8 2981	
Dimma's Book.....	7 2671	
Dineley, T., on funeral customs.....	9 3642	
Dingle, County Cork. An amusing story of.....	6 2199	
DINEEN, REV. PATRICK S.....	10 3959, 4025	
Dinner Party Broken Up, A.....	LEVER 5 1972	
Dinnree, Wax candles used in, before the V. Century.....	5 1737	
Dinnseanchus, The.....	4 1611; 6 2667	
Dirge of O'Sullivan Bear. From the Irish.....	CALLANAN . 2 445	
— of Rory O'More.....	DE VERE .. 3 859	
Disabilities of the Roman Catholics.		
— Women in Ireland in Penal Days.....	ATKINSON... 1 28	
— Farewell to the Irish Parliament.....	CURRAN ... 2 783	
— On Catholic Emancipation.....	CURRAN ... 2 777	
— The True Friends of the Poor and the Afflicted.....	DOYLE 3 921	
— The Irish Intellect.....	GILES 4 1282	
— The Penal Laws.....	MCCARTHY.. 6 2179	
— Justice for Ireland.....	O'CONNELL.. 7 2641	
— Ireland's Part in English Achievement.....	SHEIL 8 3057	
Disarming of Ulster, The.....	CURRAN ... 2 780	
Disestablishment of the Irish Church.....	9 ix	
— Movement for the.....	6 2159	
Disillusion.....	WILKINS .. 9 3606	
Dispute with Carlyle, A.....	DUFFY 3 951	
Disqualification of Catholics, On the Injustice of.....	GRATTAN .. 4 1405	
Disraeli, Lord Cranbourne on.....	6 2158	
'Dissechas Tracts, The'.....	4 1598	
Dissensions in Ireland.....	2 789; 9 viii	
Distances of the Stars, The.....	BALL 1 36	
Distilling, Illicit.....	1 46; 2 541	
'Divide, The Great'.....	DUNRAVEN . 3 963	
Divinities of the Irish.....	7 2721	
Divorce, Singular manner of.....	7 2857	
Dixon, a Choctaw.....	O'REILLY .. 7 2835	
— W. Mac Nille, on Sir Aubrey de Vere's 'Mary Tudor'.....	3 851	
— on Aubrey T. de Vere's poetry.....	3 854	
— on E. Dowden's verse.....	3 866	
Do you remember, long ago.....	FURLONG ... 4 1524	

	VOL.	PAGE
Dobson, Austin, on William Congreve	2	614
Dodder, The; threat to divert its stream from Dublin	7	2723
DOHENY, MICHAEL	3	864
— W. B. Yeats on	3	x
Donaghmoore, Round Towers at	9	3491
Donald Kenny	CASEY	2 574
Donald and His Neighbors	ANONYMOUS.	3 1147
— 'Donall-na-Gianna.' See D. LANE.		
Donane, Voters from, at a Ballynakill election	1	140
Donegal Fairy, A	MACLINTOCK	6 2253
— Far Darrig in	MACLINTOCK	6 2248
— Fishing at Lough Columb in	4	1520
— Humors of'	MACMANUS.	6 2254
— parishes	4	1512
— Tale, A	6	2242
— The Franciscan monastery of	1	31
— The Irish Gaelic in	6	2428
— The mountains of. See Innishoven.		
Doneraile, The Curse of. O'KELLY	7	2779
Donnach Cromduibh	7	2719
Donn of the Sand Mounds	7	2752
Donnbo, or Donnban	7	2709
— 'Donnelly and Cooper'	8	3270
Donnybrook Fair	2	607
— The Humors of	O'FLAHERTY.	7 2713
Donoughmore, Lord, traduced in The Dublin Journal	7	2640
Donovans, The	FAHY	3 1132
Dorinda (character in 'The Beaux' Stratagem')	3	1165
Dorothy Monroe, the famous beauty. See The Haunch of Venison.		
D'Orsay and Byron	6	2288
DOTTIN, G., The Red Duck	10	3779
Douglas, Dr., Canon of Windsor	4	1380
Dowden, EDWARD	3	866
— on Sir S. Ferguson's poetry	3	1170
— W. B. Yeats on	3	xiv
DOWLING, BARTHOLOMEW	3	878
— RICHARD	3	881
— Edited poems of J. F. O'Donnell	7	2678
Down. See The Muster of the North.		
— The majestic mountains of	6	2275
— 'by the salley gardens'	YEATS	9 3705
DOWNNEY, EDMUND (see also note to An Heroic Deception)	3	891
DOWNING, ELLEN MARY	3	916
— PATRICK	3	1182
Downpatrick	10	3375, 3887
DOYLE, JAMES	10	4025
— J. (biography)	3	918
— JAMES WARREN	3	918

	VOL.	PAGE
DOYLE, J. W., duel with Hely Hutchinson	1	143
— MARY	10	3875, 3887
Draherin O Machree	HOGAN	4 1593
Drake, J. R., in prison	9	3330
Drama, The.		
— Mr. Mawworm	BICKERSTAFF	1 182
— Lady Gay Spanker	BOUCICAULT.	1 252
— Gone to Death	BROOKE	1 288
— Scene from 'Cathline'	CROLY	2 747
— She Stoops to Conquer	GOLDSMITH.	4 1348
— The Counterfeit Footman	FARQUHAR	3 1165
— The Lost Saint	HYDE	4 1651
— The Twisting of the Rope	10	3989
— Mr. Diddler's Ways	KENNEY	5 1805
— The Death of Virginia	KNOWLES	5 1847
— How to Get On in the World	MACKLIN	6 2237
— The End of a Dream	MARTYN	6 2385
— How to Fall Out	MURPHY	7 2564
— Mrs. Malaprop	SHERIDAN	8 3078
— Bob Acres' Duel	SHERIDAN	8 3088
— Auctioning off One's Relatives	SHERIDAN	8 3105
— The Scandal Class Meets	SHERIDAN	8 3099
— Sir Fretful Plagiary's Play	SHERIDAN	8 3114
— The Queen and Cromwell	WILLS	9 3612
— Cathleen Ní Hoolihan	YEATS	9 3688
Drama in Ireland, Lady Gregory on	10	xxvi
— The Irish	GWYNN	10 xlii
Dramatic criticism	5	1782
— Revival, Irish	10	vii
— Society, The Irish National	10	xlii
— 'Drapier, Letters, The'	SWIFT	9 3369
Drawing Room in Dublin Castle, A	1	246, 2203
Dream, A	ALLINGHAM.	1 21
— of a Blessed Spirit	YEATS	9 3706
— The Age of a	JOHNSON	5 1699
— The End of a	MARTYN	6 2385
DRENNAN, WILLIAM	3	924
— JR., WILLIAM	3	928
— 'Dreoilin'	See FRANCIS A. FAHY.	
Dress.		
— In Africa	2	418
— In ancient Ireland	5	1737
— In the XVII. Century	1	33
— Kathleen Mavourneen (half-tone engraving)	2	658
— Of an Irish chieftain	7	2546
— Of ancient Irish (color plate)	8	3144
— Of Fergus Mac Roy	7	2750
— Of Grana Uaile	7	2858
— Of Irish women	1	33
— Of Munster women	7	2544, 2547, 2548
— Of Queen Maeve	1	33
— Of the ancient Irish	7	2747
— Of the ancient Irish	3	xiv

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
<i>Dress of the Ancient</i>		Dublin, Neighborhood,	
<i>Irish</i> WALLER . . .	9 3493	A	2 600
— Of the Bards (color		<i>News-letter, The</i>	5 1919
plate)	3 xlv	<i>Printers, The</i>	
— Of the Ollamhs		<i>Prince of</i> GILBERT . .	4 1258
(color plate)	3 xlv	— Red Hugh impris-	
— See also <i>Shane the</i>		oned in	2 635
<i>Proud</i>		— Satire on	6 2107
<i>Drimin Donn Dills</i> WALSH . . .	9 3511	— Society formed to	
— Dubh	2 442	increase the	
<i>Driminuch, The wood of</i> 4 1643	1646	price of meat in	7 2633
<i>Drimmin don dills, The</i>	7 2615	— <i>Street Arabs</i>	
— <i>Dubh Dheelish</i> STREET BAL-		<i>Three</i> HARTLEY . .	4 1568
LAD	8 3281	— <i>The Apostle of</i>	
Drink, Evils of	6 2397	<i>Temperance in</i> MATHEW . .	6 2397
<i>Drinking, Of</i> FLECKNOE .	3 1209	— theaters	5 1920
— <i>Song</i> SHERIDAN .	8 3117	— Thomas Cynick's	
<i>Dripsey stream, The</i>	1 353	attempt to con-	
<i>Drogheda; Cromwell au-</i>		vert the people	
thor of the mass-		of	7 2701
acre at	6 2150	— University	5 1914
— Crosses at	9 3486	— <i>University Review</i>	3 1150
— (half-tone engrav-		— See <i>Daniel O'Connell and Biddy</i>	
ing)	1 150	<i>Moriarty; The Gray Fog; The</i>	
— Lawrence's Gate		<i>Monks of the Screw; and</i>	
(half-tone en-		<i>Tried by his Peers</i>	
graving)	7 2568	Dubourg, the violinist	5 1919
— Parliament held		Dubthach	4 1430
before Sir Chris-		Duc de Feitre (General	
topher Preston at	7 2462	Clarke)	4 1589
— The Marquis of	1 140	Duel between D'Esterre	
— <i>The Massacre at</i> BARRY .	1 150	and O'Connell	7 2625
— <i>The Massacre at</i> MURPHY .	7 2567	— O'Connell chal-	
<i>Dromoland, County</i>		lenged by Sir R.	
Clare (half-tone en-		Peel	7 2625
graving)	7 2619	<i>Duel with Ensign</i>	
<i>Dromsdeach, The Book</i>		<i>Brady, Bob Burke's</i> MAGINN . .	6 2303
of	2 x	Duelling.	
<i>Dromsnechta, The Book</i>		Anecdotes of	1 141
of	7 2668	— Bagenal on	3 817
<i>Drover, A</i> COLUM .	2 613	— Code	1 148
Druidical order, Cos-		— See <i>An Affair of Honor and</i>	
tume of (color plate)	8 3144	<i>The Battle of the Factions</i> .	
Druidism, Sources of	7 2666	DUFFERIN, LADY (por-	
Druids and Druidism O'CURRY .	7 2666	trait)	3 932
— Julius Cæsar on		— LORD	3 937
the	7 2721	DUFFET, THOMAS	3 948
— The ancient Irish	5 1732	DUFFY, SIR CHARLES	
<i>Drumclieff</i>	6 2354	GAVAN	3 950
<i>Drumgoole</i>	5 1936	— and Repeal	9 x
DRUMMOND, WILLIAM		— and 'Young Ire-	
HAMILTON	3 930	land'	9 xi
<i>Drunkard to a Bottle of</i>		— Edward ROSSA . .	8 2983
<i>Whisky, Address of a</i> LE FANU . .	5 1946	— In <i>Defense of</i>	
<i>'Dry be that tear'</i> SHERIDAN .	8 3118	<i>Charles Gavan</i> WHITESIDE .	9 3550
<i>Dryden on R. Flecknoe</i>	3 1208	— in Prison 3 811; 6 2128, 2129, 2220	
<i>Dubhdun, King of Oriel</i>	4 1623	— in Prison, To M'GEE . .	6 2220
<i>Dubhlacha</i>	4 1608	— on faction fight at	
Dublin.		Turloughmore	9 3316
— A new student at		— on T. Furlong	4 1244
Trinity College	5 1986	— on Gerald Griffin	4 1465
— Beautiful view of		— on J. C. Mangan	6 2351
from Killiney		DUGAN, MAURICE (bi-	
Hill	7 2652	ography)	10 4011
— Castle, A Drawing		— Translation from	
Room in	1 246	the Irish of	3 1188
— On DOWLING .	3 887	Duigenan, Dr., at the	
— History of the		College visitation	9 3516
City of' GILBERT . .	4 1258	— duel with a bar-	
— in the XVIII. Cen-		rister	1 143
tury LECKY . .	5 1914	<i>Duke of Grafton, To the</i> FRANCIS . .	3 1228
— <i>Journal, The</i>		Dullahan, The, described	3 xix
O'Connell on	7 2637	Dun Angus, A visit to	
— <i>Life, Jane: A</i>		the	8 xii
<i>Sketch from</i> COSTELLO .	2 640	<i>Dunbolg, The Battle of</i> HYDE . .	4 1622
— <i>Magazine, 1825</i>	3 1142	Dunboy, The storming of	7 2744

	VOL.	PAGE
<i>Dunbwy, The Girl of</i> ..DAVIS	3	829
Dun Cow, Book of the.....	4	1600
Dundalk	2	639
— Cromlech at (half-tone engraving).....	7	2666
Dundargvals	3	931
Dundealgan	4	1427
Dundrum	7	2715
Dunfanaghy. See <i>An Heroic Deception and The Phantom Ship</i>		
Dungan, Garrett	7	2570
Dungannon	2	639, 786
<i>Dunkerron, The Lord of</i> ..CROKER	2	736
Dunleckny, Bagenal at home at	3	817
Dunluce	4	1255
— Castle (color plate)	7	2853
— The ruins of	6	2278
DUNRAVEN, EARL OF.....	3	963
— Lord, on Round Towers	9	3490
Durrow, The Book of.....	7	2671
— Gospels, Ornaments and Initials from (color plate)	4	1620
Dursey Island	6	2314
<i>'Dust Hath Closed Helen's Eye'</i>YEATS	9	3666
Duties of a Representative, The	1	394
Duty of Criticism in a Democracy, The	4	1290
Duvac Dael Ulla	7	2751
Dying Girl, The.....WILLIAMS	9	3609
— Mother's Lament, The	5	1764
E.		
Each nation master at its own fireside.....INGRAM	5	1661
— poet with a different talent	8	2981
Eagle of Cashel, The.....	4	1591
Eamania, The palace of.....	9	3493
Eanachbuidhe (Rosebrook)	6	2277
'Earl of Essex, The'.....BROOKE	1	288
'Early Christian Architecture'	8	3238
— humor of Irish Celts	6	vii
— <i>Irish Literature</i>HYDE	2	vii
— Irish satirists	6	vii
— <i>Stage, The</i>MALONE	6	2346
Earrennamore	6	2393
<i>Earth and Man, The</i>BROOKE	1	299
— <i>Spirit, The</i>RUSSELL	8	2996
Ease often visits shepherd swains	6	2109
East India Company	1	373, 383
— West, Home's best.....O'FARRELLY	10	3967
<i>Eiré, The Fair Hills of</i> ..SIGERSON	10	3937
ECCLES, CHARLOTTE O'CONOR	3	967
Ecclesiastical Property, Confiscation of.....	9	3391
— Remains, Ancient Irish	8	2880
<i>Echo, The</i>HAYES	10	3983
Echthe Hills, The.....	4	3669
Economics and Sociology.		
— <i>Extracts from 'The Querist'</i>	1	177

	VOL.	PAGE
Economics and Sociology.		
— <i>National Characteristics as Molding Public Opinion</i>	1	331
— <i>Position of Women in the United States</i>	1	343
— <i>The True Friends of the Poor and the Afflicted</i>DOYLE	3	919
— <i>A Scene in the Irish Famine</i> ..HIGGINS	4	1573
— <i>Amusements of the People</i>	7	2620
Edain	7	2667
Eden, Mr.....	4	1403
EDGEWORTH, MARIA (portrait)	3	993
— M. F. Egan on.....	5	vii; 8 ix
— RICHARD LOVELL.....	3	1073
Edgeworthstown, County Longford, home of R. L. Edgeworth	3	1073
Edinburgh reviewer, Macaulay on	6	2444
Editorial work on 'IRISH LITERATURE'.....	2	xix
Education.		
— <i>Childhood in Ancient Greece</i> ..MAHAFFY	6	2329
— <i>Gaelic Movement, The</i>	8	2908
— in America	1	334
— in Ireland	1	34
— <i>Irish as a Spoken Language</i>	4	1603
— <i>Irish Intellect, The</i>GILES	4	1280
— not completed without a duel.....	1	145
— of the Catholic Irish	4	1283
— <i>Plea for the Study of Irish, A</i>O'BRIEN	7	2614
— The Board of National	4	1603, 1609
— Greek	6	2328
Edward L., removal of the Jacob's Stone to London	7	2718
— <i>Duffy</i>	8	2983
EGAN, MAURICE FRANCIS (portrait)	3	1080
— on Irish novels.....	5	vii
Egan's Duel with Roger Barrett	1	142
Eglinton, John....See WILLIAM K. MAGEE.		
Egypt	7	2512, 2537
— Burton on	2	409
Eighteenth Century, Children's reading in the	3	1073
— Dress in the	1	33
— <i>Dublin in the</i>LECKY	5	1914
— <i>'Eighty-Five Years of Irish History'</i>DAUNT	3	811, 817
<i>Eileen Aroon</i>	4	1251
—	4	1509
Eirenach	See	DOHENY.
Eiric, Bishop, and Brigit	8	3256
— El Medinah and Mecca, Pilgrimage to'	2	408

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
'Elder Faiths of Ireland, Traces of the'.	WOOD-MARTIN 9 3640	Emigration.	
Election incident at Ballynakill	1 140	— <i>The Irishman's Farewell</i>	ANONYMOUS. 8 3287
Electioneering in England	2 448	— <i>Song of an Exile</i>	7 2840
— In Ireland. See <i>An Irish Mistake and Castle Rackrent</i> .		— <i>The Exodus</i>	9 3570
— <i>Scene, An</i>	HARTLEY . . 4 1557	— <i>A Farewell to America</i>	9 3599
Elections of 1868, The	6 2160	'Eminent Irishmen in Foreign Service' . . .	ONAHAN . . 7 2814
<i>Elegy, An, on Madam Blaise</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4 1382	Emmet, Robert.	
'Elfinstown, The End of'	BARLOW . . 1 116	— (portrait)	3 1093
Elizabeth, Queen.		— absent from college visitation	9 3519
— and Grana Ualle	7 2858	— Death of	CAMPION . . 2 463
— and Granua Wall	10 4013	— expelled from University	9 3526
— and Hugh Roe	2 632	— first against Union	9 ix
— O'Donnell	2 632	— Lord Norbury at the trial of	3 1093
— and Ireland	7 2745; 9 ix	— Plunket prosecutor of	8 2894
— and Sir Walter Raleigh	3 909	— secretary of United Irishmen	9 3523
— and the Earl of Essex	1 288	— The betrothed of	7 2533
— and the Stage	6 2349	— See <i>A Song of Defeat and When He Who Adores Thee</i> .	6 2166
— Ireland under	8 3266; 10 3853	— Thomas Addis	
— Players during the reign of	6 2349	'Emotions, An Essay on the'	COBBE . . 2 605
Ellis, Mr., on Poetry	9 3664	<i>En Attendant</i>	WYNNE . . 9 3649
Elopements	2 xii	<i>Enchanted Woods</i>	YEATS . . 9 3679
Eloquence.		<i>Enchantment of Georoidh Iarla</i>	KENNEDY . . 5 1801
— Irish	4 1289	<i>End of a Dream, The</i>	MARTYN . . 6 2385
— <i>Pulpit, Bar and Parliamentary</i>	BARRINGTON. 1 127	'— Elfinstown, The'.	BARLOW . . 1 116
— <i>Last Speech of Robert Emmet</i>	EMMET . . 3 1087	<i>Engine-Shed, In the</i>	WILKINS. . 9 3600
— See Oratory.		<i>England and Ireland</i>	BRYCE . . 1 346
Elrington the actor	5 1918	— and the American war	4 1389
"Elzevir, The Oak-footed." See G. Faulkner.		— cannot govern Ireland	8 2931
Emain	4 1433	— Enlisting in	1 358
— Macha	7 2759	'— History of'	LECKY . . 5 1914
Emancipation and Reform	8 3058	— <i>in Shakespeare's Youth</i>	DOWDEN . . 3 869
— Catholice	2 773; 6 2161	— The Curse of the Boers on (Trans.) . . .	GREGORY . 10 3929
— Lincoln's proclamation of	5 1665	England's Battles fought by Irishmen	9 3554
— On Catholic	CURRAN . . 2 773	— Empire	9 3588
Emer, Wife of Cuchulain	4 1426, 1433	'— Parliament, Ireland's Cause in' . . .	MCCARTHY. 6 2161
'Emerald Isle, The'. See DRENNAN.		<i>English Academy, The</i>	BANIM . . 1 60
'Emergency Men, The'.	JESSOP . . 5 1688	— Achievement, Ireland's Part in . . .	SHEIL . . 8 3057
<i>Emerson and Newman</i>	MULLANEY . 7 2556	— Bribery by the	2 792
— on folk tales	3 xxiii	— Buck	1 145
<i>Emigrant in America, The Song of the Irish</i>	FITZSIMON. 3 1206	— Bull, An	3 1057
— <i>Lament of the Irish</i>	DUFFERIN . 3 933	— <i>Constitution, On</i>	CANNING . . 2 465
Emigrants, Character of	KICKHAM . . 5 1817	— freedom	2 466
Emigration.		— indebtedness to Irish literature	2 xviii
— 'I'm very happy where I am'.	BOUCICAULT. 1 257	— institutions satirized	9 3355
— <i>A Scene in the South of Ireland</i>	BUTT . . 2 427	'— Misrule and Irish Misdeeds'	DE VERE . . 3 854
— <i>Donal Kenny</i>	CASEY . . 2 574	— of the Pale, The	9 3391
— <i>Lament of the Irish Emigrant</i>	DUFFERIN . 3 933	— Irish writers in, in XVII. and XVIII. Centuries	1 ix
— <i>Terence's Farewell</i>	DUFFERIN . 3 934	Engus	2 804
— <i>The Exile's Return</i>	LOCKE . . 5 2003	<i>Enlightened by a Cow-Stealer</i>	7 2654
— <i>A Memory</i>	MACALEESE. 6 2111		
— <i>The Passing of the Gael</i>	MACMANUS. 6 2267		
— <i>The Exile</i>	MOORE . . 7 2483		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Enlisting in England.....	1	358	Essays and Studies.		
Enna	5	1725	— <i>Happiness and</i>		
Ennis	7	2611	— <i>Good-Nature</i> ...GOLDSMITH. 4	1345	
Enniscorthy	1	80	— <i>Mountain Theology</i> GREGORY .. 4	1455	
Enniskillen	9	3620	— <i>Ireland, Visible and</i>		
Ensign Epps, the Color-	7	2818	— <i>Invisible</i>JOHNSTON . 5	1702	
bearer	O'REILLY .. 7	2830	— <i>A Quiet Irish Talk</i> KEELING .. 5	1769	
Eochaidh Airemh, King			— <i>Moral and Intel-</i>		
of Erinn	7	2667	— <i>lectual Differ-</i>		
Epilogue to Fand	5	1875	— <i>ences between the</i>		
Epitaph on Doctor Par-			— <i>Sewes</i>LECKY 5	1920	
nell	4	1333	— <i>What is the Rem-</i>		
— on Edward Purdon	4	1333	— <i>nant?</i>MAGEE 6	2292	
Eric, Son of Calibre	4	1433	— <i>The Irish in Amer-</i>		
Fretheum of Athens.....	6	2335	— <i>ica</i>O'BRIEN ... 7	2617	
Erigal	1	258	— <i>Monotony and the</i>		
Erin	3	924	— <i>Lark</i>RUSSELL .. 8	3005	
— <i>History of the Il-</i>			— <i>Sir Roger and the</i>		
— <i>lustrious Women</i>			— <i>Widow</i>STEELE 8	3198	
— <i>of</i>	1	32	— <i>The Coverley Fam-</i>		
— <i>The Buried Forests</i>			— <i>ily Portraits</i>STEELE 8	3203	
— <i>of</i>	6	2437	— <i>The Art of Pleas-</i>		
— <i>Manners and Cus-</i>			— <i>ing</i>STEELE 8	3206	
— <i>toms of Ancient</i> O'CURRY ... 7	2666		— <i>The Story of Yor-</i>		
— <i>The Old Books of</i> O'CURRY ... 7	2670		— <i>ick</i>STERNE 8	3213	
Erin's Lament for			— <i>The Story of Le</i>		
O'Connell	8	3269	— <i>Fevre</i>STERNE 8	3220	
Erne, Lord	7	2612	— <i>'Dust Hath Closed</i>		
— <i>The</i> 6	2354, 2363,	2365	— <i>Helen's Eye</i> '...YEATS 9	3666	
Erigal	6	2436	— <i>Village Ghosts</i> '...YEATS 9	3673	
Erskine, Lord, Sheridan			— <i>Enchanted Woods</i> YEATS 9	3679	
on	8	3125	— <i>Essex, The Earl of</i> ...BROOKE .. 1	288	
Erwin, Bishop, of Kil-			— <i>(reference)</i>	7	2744
lala	6	2232	— <i>"Essex-street, The</i>		
Escape of Hugh Roe...CONNELLAN. 2	635		— <i>Wooden man in"</i>	4	1259
ESLER, MRS. E. REN-			— <i>Esthetic sensibility of</i>		
TOUL	3	1096	— <i>Pagan Irish</i> 2	xviii	
'Essay on Irish Bulls' EDGEWORTH. 3	1055		— <i>'Ethelstan'</i>DARLEY .. 2	809	
— <i>on the Emotions</i> COBBE 2	605		— <i>Ethical content of an-</i>		
— <i>on the State of Ire-</i>			— <i>cient Irish literature</i>	8	2973
— <i>land in 1720</i>TONE 9	3415		— <i>Ethnic legends of Ire-</i>		
— <i>on Translated</i>			— <i>land</i> 9	vii	
— <i>Verse, From the</i> ROSCOMMON. 8	2981		— <i>ETTINGSALL, THOMAS</i>	3	1114
'Essays'WISEMAN .. 9	3627		— <i>O'Donoghue on</i> 6	xlv	
Essays and Studies.			— <i>Eulogy of Washington</i> PHILLIPS .. 8	2891	
— <i>True Pleasures</i> ..BERKELEY .. 1	174		— <i>Europe, Irish scholars</i>		
— <i>The View from</i>			— <i>in</i> 9	3395	
— <i>Honeyman's Hill</i> BERKELEY .. 1	176		— <i>European literature,</i>		
— <i>A Gentleman</i> ...BROOKE ... 1	285		— <i>Ireland's influence on</i>	4	vii
— <i>The Preternatural</i>			— <i>Evangelistarium of St.</i>		
— <i>in Fiction</i>BURTON ... 1	404		— <i>Molling, The</i> 7	2671	
— <i>The Contagion of</i>			— <i>Evening Hymn, The</i> ...TRENCH .. 9	3437	
— <i>Love</i>COBBE 2	605		— <i>Evensong</i>ROLLESTON. 8	2977	
— <i>Despair and Hope</i>			— <i>Events of 1798, The</i>	6	2229
— <i>in Prison</i>DAVITT 3	837		— <i>Ever eating</i>SWIFT ... 9	3389	
— <i>The Originality of</i>			— <i>Eviction, An</i>BARLOW .. 1	98	
— <i>Irish Bulls Ex-</i>			— <i>Evolution, Doctrine of</i>	9	3466
— <i>amined</i>EDGEWORTH. 3	1055		— <i>Sir J. Herschel on</i>	5	1787
— <i>The Gentleman in</i>			— <i>of Species</i> 5	1786	
— <i>Black</i>GOLDSMITH. 4	1317		— <i>Execution of Lady Jane</i>		
— <i>Advice to the La-</i>			— <i>Grey</i> 3	851	
— <i>dies</i>GOLDSMITH. 4	1322		Executions.		
— <i>Beau Tibbs</i>GOLDSMITH. 4	1326		— <i>The Manchester</i>		
— <i>Liberty in England</i> GOLDSMITH. 4	1331		— <i>martyrs</i> 7	2607	
— <i>The Love of</i>			— <i>'The Night before</i>		
— <i>Freaks</i>GOLDSMITH. 4	1334		— <i>Larry was</i>		
— <i>The Worship of</i>			— <i>stretched'</i> 9	3308	
— <i>Pinchbeck Heroes</i> GOLDSMITH. 4	1338		— <i>'Trust to luck'</i>	9	3319
— <i>Whang and his</i>			— <i>Exile, The</i>MOORE 7	2483	
— <i>Dream of Dia-</i>			— <i>Song of an</i>ORR 7	2840	
— <i>monds</i>GOLDSMITH. 4	1341		— <i>The Irish</i>MCDERMOTT. 6	2189	
— <i>The Love of Quack</i>			— <i>Exile's Christmas Song,</i>		
— <i>Medicines</i>GOLDSMITH. 4	1343		— <i>The Kilkenny</i>KENEALY ... 5	1788	

VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE	
<i>Exile's Return, or Morn-</i>		<i>Fairy Brugh of Shieve-</i>	
<i>ing on the Irish</i>		<i>nation, The</i>	8 2971
<i>Coast, The</i>	LOCKE 5 2003	<i>Court, The</i>	DARLEY 2 809
<i>Exiles, Our</i>	SULLIVAN 9 3328	<i>Fiddler, The</i>	CHESSON 2 592
<i>Ereodus, The</i>	WILDE 9 3570	<i>Gold</i>	TODHUNTER, 9 3411
— <i>The Great</i>	4 xii; 9 3395	<i>Greyhound, The</i>	ANONYMOUS, 3 1154
<i>Expeditions</i>	2 xii	<i>Legends and Tra-</i>	
<i>Exploits of Curoi, The</i>	JOYCE 5 1749	<i>ditions'</i>	CROKER, 2 695, 736
<i>Exports and Imports,</i>		<i>Poetry</i>	3 xx
<i>Irish</i>	9 2364	<i>Shoemaker, The</i>	
<i>Extract from the 'Jour-</i>		<i>Leprecaun or</i> ... ALLINGHAM, 1 20	
<i>nal to Stella'</i>	SWIFT 9 3378	<i>Tales, Irish</i>	LEAMY 5 1899
— <i>from the Life of</i>		— <i>importance of,</i>	
<i>Bright, From the</i>		— <i>to Irish-Ameri-</i>	
<i>Irish</i>	STOKES ... 8 3246	<i>cans</i>	3 xxiii
<i>Extracts from a Letter</i>		— <i>Tales. See Folk</i>	
<i>to a Noble Lord</i>	BURKE 1 379	<i>Lore.</i>	
— <i>The Querist</i>	BERKELEY ... 1 177	— <i>The Selfish Giant</i>	9 3584
<i>Extraordinary Phenom-</i>		— <i>The Story of</i>	
<i>enon, An</i>	IRWIN 5 1669	<i>Childs Charity</i>	1 314
F.		<i>Faith of a Felon, The</i>	LALOR 5 1855
F. M. Allen.....	See DOWNEY.	<i>'Faiths of Ireland'</i> ... WOOD-MAR-	
<i>Fabian Dei Franchi</i>	WILDE 9 3593	<i>TIN</i>	9 3640
<i>Society, The</i>	8 3035	<i>Falls of Killarney, The</i>	
<i>Facetious Irish Peer, A</i>	DAUNT 3 811	<i>(half-tone engraving)</i>	5 1876
<i>Facsimile of first Irish</i>		<i>Fallon, Squire</i>	1 145
<i>newspaper</i>	4 1258	<i>Famine,</i>	
— <i>title page of first</i>		— <i>and the Plague in</i>	
<i>book printed in</i>		<i>Ireland, The</i>	1 85
<i>Gaelic in Ireland</i>	7 2041	— <i>A Lay of the</i> ... STREET BAL-	
<i>Facsimiles. See 'Irish</i>		<i>LAD</i>	9 3295
<i>MSS., Illuminated,'</i>		— <i>A Scene in the</i> ... KEARY 5 1755	
<i>'Irish MSS,' 'Ancient</i>		— <i>A Scene in the</i>	
<i>Irish MSS.'</i>		<i>Irish</i>	HIGGINS .. 4 1573
<i>Faction Fight, The</i>	MATHEW .. 6 2391	— <i>Drimlin Donn Dills</i>	9 3511
<i>Factories and Work-</i>		— <i>The great</i>	6 2391
<i>shops Bill of 1878</i>	6 2178	— <i>of 1879, The</i>	6 2861
<i>Fairy Fool, The</i>	CHESSON 2 593	— <i>of 1845, The</i>	9 xi
— <i>Song, A</i>	YEATS 9 3704	— <i>Year, The (half-</i>	
<i>Fahan</i>	6 2427	<i>tone engraving)</i>	WILDE 9 3575
<i>Fairy, FRANCIS A.</i>	3 1124	<i>Fand, Epilogue to</i>	LARMINIE ... 5 1875
<i>Faint are the breezes</i>	DOWNING ... 3 916	<i>Fannet. See Jamie Free!</i>	
<i>Faintly as tolls the eve-</i>		— <i>and the Young Lady</i>	
<i>ning chime</i>	MOORE 7 2540	— <i>and Rambling Remi-</i>	
<i>Fair Amoret has gone</i>		<i>niscences.</i>	
<i>astray</i>	CONGREVE ... 2 614	<i>Far are the Gaelic</i>	
— <i>An Irish Pig (half-</i>		<i>tribes</i>	M'GEE 6 2218
<i>tone engraving)</i>	7 2484	— <i>Darrig, The</i>	WELSH, 3 xvii, xix
— <i>Hills of Ebré, The</i>		— <i>in Donegal</i>	MAC L I N-
— <i>From the</i>		<i>TOCK</i>	6 2248
<i>Irish of Mac</i>		— <i>Farewell, A</i>	SIGERSON ... 8 3142
<i>Conmara</i>	SIGERSON .. 10 3937	— <i>Gorta, The</i>	3 xx
— <i>From the Irish</i>		— <i>the gray loch runs</i>	TRENCH ... 9 3432
<i>of Mac Con-</i>		<i>Far-Away</i>	SIGERSON .. 8 3138
<i>mara</i>	MANGAN ... 6 2378	<i>Farewell</i>	SULLIVAN .. 9 3331
— <i>of Ireland, The</i>		— <i>but whenever you</i>	
<i>(half-tone en-</i>		<i>welcome the</i>	
<i>graving)</i>	FERGUSON ... 3 1185	<i>hour</i>	MOORE 7 2525
— <i>Rent, fixity of ten-</i>		— <i>my more than fa-</i>	
<i>ure, and fair sale</i>		<i>therland</i>	WILDE 9 3599
<i>(the 'Three F's')</i>	6 2179	— <i>the doom is</i>	
<i>Fairest! put on awhile</i>	MOORE 7 2529	<i>spoken</i>	SIGERSON .. 8 3133
<i>Fairhead, or Benmore</i>	6 2278	— <i>to America, A</i>	WILDE 9 3599
<i>Fairies.</i>		— <i>to the Irish Par-</i>	
— <i>or No Fairies</i>	CROKER 2 720	<i>liament</i>	CURRAN 2 788
— <i>The</i>	ALLINGHAM, 1 18	<i>Farm life in Ireland</i>	4 1467
— <i>The Fitting of the</i>	BARLOW ... 1 116	<i>Farmer in Ireland, The</i>	4 1574
— <i>The history of the</i>		<i>FARQUHAR, GEORGE</i>	3 1164
<i>Sidhe</i>	9 3707	<i>Farran, Miss, Sheridan</i>	
<i>Fairy, A Donegal</i>	MACINTOCK 6 2253	<i>on</i>	8 3122
— <i>and Folk Tales,</i>		<i>Far-Shee, The. See</i>	
<i>Irish</i>	WELSH 3 xvii	<i>Banshee.</i>	
— <i>and Folk Tales of</i>		<i>Fate of Frank M'Kenna,</i>	
<i>Ireland</i>	ANONYMOUS, 3 1156	<i>The</i>	CARLETON ... 2 553
		<i>'Father Connell'</i>	BANIM 1 60

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Father Gilligan, The</i>			Fiction. All works of fiction,		
<i>Ballad of</i>YEATS	9	3702	short stories, etc., are in-		
<i>Lalor is Promoted.</i> BLUNDELL	1	225	dexed under their titles and		
<i>O'Flynn</i>GRAVES	4	1412	the authors' names.		
<i>O'Leary, Some An-</i>			— <i>The Preternatural</i>		
<i>ecdotes of</i>	7	2793	inBURTON	2	404
— <i>Prout</i>See MAHONY.			'Fictions of the Irish		
— <i>personalities of</i>	6	ix	Celts, <i>Legendary</i> 'KENNEDY	5	1796
Faulkner, George	4	1258; 5	1799, 1801, 1803		
Feasts	2	xii	Fielding, The humor of	3	873
Féis, The, of Tara	4	1611; 5	<i>Fifteenth Century,</i>		
<i>Feithfáilge</i>MACMANUS	6	2269	<i>Books of Courtesy in</i>		
<i>Felire Aengusa</i> (the			theGREEN	4	1417
<i>Festology of Aengus)</i>	7	2673	<i>Figaro, The Novel in</i>		
<i>Felon, The Faith of a.</i> LALOR	5	1855	theO'MEARA	7	2805
'Felon-setting,' Ste-			<i>Fight of the "Arm-</i>		
<i>phens' article on</i>	7	2799	<i>strong" Privateer</i>ROCHE	8	2961
Fena, The	5	1722	<i>Fighting Race, The.</i>CLARKE	2	598
<i>The Last of the.</i>JOYCE	5	1714	Files (áilas) in Ancient		
Fencing with the small-			Ireland	2	xviii
<i>sword</i>	1	147	Fin. See Finn.		
Fenian Brotherhood,			<i>Fineen the Rover</i>JOYCE	5	1743
The	9	xi	Fingegas, the poet of the		
— <i>Cycle, The</i>	2	xi	Boinn	4	1449
— <i>movement, Poets</i>			Fingal, Lord, O'Connell		
<i>of the. W. B.</i>	3	xi	on	7	2635, 2640
Fenian Movement, The.			Finley, Michael. See		
— <i>The Irish Church.</i>MCCARTHY	6	2148	note to <i>Phaudrig Cio-</i>		
— <i>A Young Ireland</i>			<i>hoore.</i>		
— <i>Meeting</i>	6	2180	<i>Finn, The Coming of.</i>GREGORY	4	1447
— <i>Why Parnell Went</i>			— or <i>Fionn, mac</i>		
<i>into Politics</i>O'BRIEN	7	2607	<i>Cumhall or Mac-</i>		
— <i>Charles Kickham</i>			Cool, <i>Glory of</i>	4	1524
<i>and 'The Irish</i>			— and his people	2	630
<i>People'</i>	7	2798	— and the Fena	5	1715; 7
— <i>The Irishman's</i>			— and the <i>Princess.</i>MCCALL	2	594
<i>Farewell</i>ANONYMOUS	8	3287	— <i>Banner of</i>	5	2052
'Fenian Nights' Enter-			— <i>Cleft of</i>	2	591
<i>tainments, The'</i>MCCALL	6	2117	— <i>Horn of</i>	8	2990
'Fenians and Fenianism,			— <i>Influence of the le-</i>	9	3642
<i>Recollections of'</i>O'LEARY	7	2798	— <i>gends of</i>	2	xii
Feral, The Lake of	6	2276	— <i>Keen of</i>	2	xii
Fera-Ros, The King of	7	2708	— <i>in the third Cycle.</i>	2	xii
Fergal, King	7	2709	— <i>Mac Gorman,</i>		
Fergus, Son of a Noble			<i>Bishop of Kil-</i>		
Sire	2	804	<i>dare</i>	4	1600
— <i>Son of Flaithrí.</i>	4	1624	— or <i>Ossianic cycle.</i>	2	629
— <i>The wars of</i>	5	1705	Finnachta and the Cler-		
FERGUSON, SIR SAMUEL			— <i>ics</i>O'DONOVAN	7	2706
— (portrait)	3	1168	— <i>Became Rich, How.</i>O'DONOVAN	7	2708
— (reference)	6	2219	Finnerty, P., Grattan's		
— <i>M. F. Egan on</i>	5	xiv	— <i>speech on</i>	7	xxiii
— <i>Sir H. Plunkett on.</i>	8	2911	Fintan Street	3	930
— <i>W. B. Yeats on</i>	3	x	Fionn Ghallí (Normans		
<i>Ferguson's Speech on</i>			— or English)	2	635
<i>Robert Burns</i>FERGUSON	3	1170	Fionn's monument on		
Fermoy, an adventure			Nephin	6	2231
— <i>at</i>	7	2730	<i>Fionnuala</i>MILLIGAN	6	2437
— <i>The Book of'</i>	5	1724	— <i>From</i>ARMSTRONG	1	25
<i>Fern, The Mountain.</i>GEOGHEGHAN	4	1255	— <i>The Song of</i>MOORE	7	2534
Ferocity in Irish hu-			Firbolgs, The	7	2752; 9
— <i>mor</i>	6	xi	— <i>Buildings of the.</i>	8	2482
'Festology of Aengus'			— <i>Fire-Eaters, The</i>BARRINGTON	1	141
<i>of Cathal Ma-</i>			Fires, Druidical	7	2667
<i>guire, The</i>	7	2674	'Fireside Stories of Ire-		
Feudal tenure, The	7	2862	<i>land, The'</i>KENNEDY	5	1789
Feuquière, Marquise de	2	677	'Firing of Rome, The'.CROLY	2	739
Few Mountains in Ar-			<i>First Boycott, The</i>O'BRIEN	7	2611
— <i>magh, The</i>	2	639	— <i>Irish newspaper.</i>	4	1258
— <i>Fiacha Mac Hugh</i>			— <i>Lord Liftinait,</i>		
<i>(O'Byrne)</i>	2	636	TheTRENCH	4	1233
— <i>Son of Conga</i>	4	1453	— <i>printed book in</i>		
— <i>Fianna, The.</i>4 1447, 1524; 6 2231; 7 2755			Gaelic. Facsimile		
— <i>After the. From</i>			of	7	2741
<i>Oisín</i>SIGERSON	8	3139	— <i>Sight of the Rocky</i>		
			<i>Mountains</i>BUTLER	2	415

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>First Step towards Home</i>			Foley's, J. H., O'Connell		
<i>Rule, The</i> REDMOND ..	8	2923	monument (half-	7	2645
<i>Steps, The</i> BLAKE . . .	1	190	Statue of Burke..		
<i>Voyage, The</i> MOLLOY . .	6	2459	(half-tone en-		
Fisher Folk life 1 103, 114;	2	693	graving)	1	397
<i>The Young</i> GWYNN . . .	4	1516	Statue of Grattan		
Fisheries Bill, The Irish	6	2176	(half-tone en-		
Fishing-curragh (half-	9	3458	graving)	4	1384
Fitzgerald, Amby	1	145	<i>Folk and Fairy Tales,</i>		
Fireeater; Duel			Irish WELSH . . .	3	xvii
with Lord Nor-			<i>Folk Lore and Fairy Tales.</i>		
bury	1	143	<i>The Ban-Shee</i> ALLINGHAM.	1	17
Lord Edward and			<i>The Fairies</i> ALLINGHAM.	1	18
'98	4	1531; 9	<i>The Leprecaun, or</i>		
Sir Boyle Roche			<i>Fairy Shoemaker</i> . ALLINGHAM.	1	20
on	1	137	<i>Flitting of the</i>		
Curran's speech			<i>Fairies</i> BARLOW . . .	1	116
for	7	xxiii	<i>From Finnuala.</i> ARMSTRONG.	1	125
MAURICE (biograp-			<i>To the Leanan</i>		
hy)	10	4011	<i>Sidhe</i> BOYD	1	258
Translation from			<i>Ned Geraghty's</i>		
the Irish of	1	280	<i>Luck</i> BROUGHAM..	1	301
PERCY HETHERING-			<i>The Story of Child</i>		
TON	3	1190	<i>Charity</i> BROWNE . .	1	314
FITZPATRICK, WILLIAM			<i>The Fairy Fiddler</i> . CHESSON . .	2	592
JOHN	3	1199	<i>The Fairy Fool.</i> CHESSON . . .	2	593
FITZSIMON, MRS. ELLEN.		3 1203	<i>The Hospitality of</i>		
Fitzwilliam (Lord),			<i>Cuanna's House</i> . CONNELLAN.	2	620
Character of	6	2164	<i>The Confessions of</i>		
— recalled	8	2930	<i>Tom Bourke</i> CROKER . .	2	681
Five Ends of Erin, The	2	442	<i>The Soul Cages</i> CROKER . .	2	695
Fixity of tenure, Isaac			<i>The Haunted Cel-</i>		
Butt on	2	425	<i>lar</i> CROKER	2	707
J. H. McCarthy on	6	2179	<i>Teigue of the Lee</i> . CROKER . . .	2	714
Flanders, Irish soldiers			<i>Fairies or No Fair-</i>		
in the battle of			<i>ies</i> CROKER	2	720
Fontenoy	3	823, 842	<i>Flory Cantillon's</i>		
Sarsfield at	7	2816	<i>Funeral</i> CROKER . . .	2	724
The battle of	7	2830	<i>The Banshee of the</i>		
FLAVELL, THOMAS (bi-			<i>MacCarthy's</i> CROKER . .	2	727
ography)	10	4011	<i>The Brewery of</i>		
<i>The County of</i>			<i>Egg-Shells</i> CROKER . .	2	731
<i>Mayo</i> by	3	1224	<i>The Story of the</i>		
FLECKNOE, RICHARD.	3	1208	<i>Little Bird</i> CROKER . .	2	734
Fleming, Colonel, slain			<i>The Lord of Dun-</i>		
at Drogheda	7	2568	<i>kerron</i> CROKER . . .	2	736
'Flitters, Tatters, and			<i>Little Woman in</i>		
the Counselor' HARTLEY ..	4	1568	<i>Red, A</i> DEENY . . .	3	846
<i>Flitting of the Fairies,</i>			<i>Strange Indeed!</i> DEENY . .	3	847
<i>The</i> BARLOW . . .	1	116	<i>Will O' The Wisp</i> . ANONYMOUS.	3	1136
Flood, Sir Frederick.	1	130	<i>Loughleagh</i> ANONYMOUS.	3	1142
HENRY	3	1210	<i>Donald, and his</i>		
the first real Irish			<i>Neighbors</i> ANONYMOUS.	3	1147
orator	7	x	<i>Queen's County</i>		
and Grattan	3	1210; 4	<i>Witch</i> ANONYMOUS.	3	1150
and the Monks of			<i>Rent-Day</i> ANONYMOUS.	3	1160
the Screw	2	797	<i>The Only Son of</i>		
Grattan on	7	2421	<i>Aoife</i> GREGORY . .	4	1426
Opposed to Ameri-			Conversion of King		
can Liberty	4	1402	<i>Laoghair's</i>		
<i>Philippic against</i> . GRATTAN . .	4	1400	<i>Daughters</i>	3	1162
<i>Flood's Reply to Grat-</i>			<i>Death of Cuchul-</i>		
<i>tan's Invective</i> FLOOD . . .	3	1212	<i>ain</i> GREGORY . . .	4	1431
Florida Gardens	1	165	<i>Cael and Credhe.</i> GREGORY . .	4	1445
<i>Flory Cantillon's Fu-</i>			<i>The Coming of</i>		
<i>neral</i> CROKER	2	724	<i>Finn</i> GREGORY . .	4	1447
Flotow, Irish influence			<i>Mountain Theol-</i>		
on	3	vii	<i>ogy</i> GREGORY . .	4	1455
Flower of the young			<i>Hard-Gum, Strong-</i>		
and fair FURLONG . . .	3	1252	<i>Ham, Swift-</i>		
<i>Flowers I Would Bring</i> . DE VERE . .	3	861	<i>Foot, and the</i>		
Flying, Wings invented			<i>Eyeless Lad</i> HYDE	4	1625
by Pockrich for	7	2698	<i>Neil O'Carree</i> HYDE	4	1638
			<i>The Hags of the</i>		
			<i>Long Teeth</i> HYDE	4	1642

VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE	
Folk Lore and Fairy Tales.		Folk Tales 10 3735 et seq.	
— <i>Munachar and Manachar</i> HYDE 4 1647		— Collectors of 3 xxii	
— <i>Oisín in Tirnánoge</i> JOYCE 5 1714		— Elements of the 8 2972	
— <i>The Voyage of the Sons of O'Corra</i> JOYCE 5 1724		— Irish' LARMINIE 5 1866	
— <i>Conna of the Golden Hair</i> JOYCE 5 1731		— Nature in 9 3658	
— <i>The Exploits of Curoi</i> JOYCE 5 1749		— of Ireland, <i>Fairy and</i> ANONYMOUS. 3 1136	
— <i>The Lazy Beauty and her Aunts</i> KENNEDY .. 5 1789		— Fomor of the Blows 5 1717	
— <i>The Haughty Princess</i> KENNEDY .. 5 1793		— Fomorians, The 5 1746	
— <i>The Kildare Pooka</i> KENNEDY .. 5 1796		— Fomorians, The 9 vii	
— <i>The Witches' Exorcism</i> KENNEDY .. 5 1799		— Fontenoy DAVIS 3 823	
— <i>The Enchantment of Gearoidh Iarla</i> KENNEDY .. 5 1801		— The Brigade at DOWLING .. 3 878	
— <i>The Long Spoon</i> KENNEDY .. 5 1803		— Battle of (half-tone engraving) 3 880	
— <i>The Red Pony</i> LARMINIE .. 5 1866		— (reference) 2 599	
— <i>The Nameless Story</i> LARMINIE .. 5 1871		— Father Anthony's father slain at 9 3445	
— <i>The Changeling</i> LAWLESS .. 5 1877		— Food, Dress and Daily Life in Ancient Ireland JOYCE 5 1735	
— <i>The Golden Spears</i> LEAMY 5 1899		— 'Fool and his Heart, The' CONNELL 2 616	
— <i>King O'Toole and Saint Kevin</i> LOVER 5 2046		— Footing, Paying the 4 1482	
— <i>Mac Cunnail and the Princess</i> MCCALL 6 2117		— Foot-warmer, The 6 2233	
— <i>Jamie Freel and the Young Lady</i> MACLINTOCK 6 2242		— For, now returned from golden lands GREENE 4 1424	
— <i>Far Darrig in Donegal</i> MACLINTOCK 6 2248		— For thee I shall not die HYDE 4 1656	
— <i>Grace Connor</i> MACLINTOCK 6 2251		— Forbide 4 1430	
— <i>Daniel O'Rourke</i> MAGINN 6 2313		— Foreclosure of mortgage 8 3230	
— <i>Fionnuala</i> MILLIGAN 6 2437		— Foreign languages in Greece 6 2332	
— <i>Account of King Eochaidh Airemh</i> O'CURRY ... 7 2667		— 'Service, Eminent Irishmen in' ONAHAN .. 7 2814	
— <i>Finnachta and the Clerics</i> O'DONOVAN. 7 2706		— Fore-Song to 'Malmorda' CLARKE 2 596	
— <i>How Finnachta Became Rich</i> O'DONOVAN. 7 2708		— Forests of Erin, The Buried MILLIGAN .. 6 2437	
— <i>The Battle of Almhain</i> O'DONOVAN. 7 2709		— Foreword WELSH 1 xvii	
— <i>Queen Meave and her Hosts</i> O'GRADY ... 7 2746		— Forging of the Anchor, The FERGUSON .. 3 1174	
— <i>The Burthen of Ossian</i> O'GRADY ... 7 2752		— Forrester, Mrs. Ellen 3 1222	
— <i>The Knighting of Cuculain</i> O'GRADY ... 7 2756		— Forsaken TODHUNTER. 9 3406	
— <i>The Cursing of Tara</i> O'GRADY ... 7 2762		— Forts, Circular Stone 8 2882	
— <i>Caeille's Lament</i> O'GRADY ... 7 2766		— Crosses, and Round Towers of Ireland WAKEMAN and COOKE. 9 3482	
— <i>The Lament of Maeve Leith-Dherg</i> ROLLESTON. 8 2975		— 'Forty-eight' 7 2872	
— <i>The Demon Cat</i> WILDE 9 3557		— Forus Feasa, The 10 3959	
— <i>The Horned Women</i> WILDE 9 3558		— Fosbery's, E. portrait of Charles Welsh 9 viii	
— <i>The Priest's Soul</i> WILDE 9 3561		— Fosterage explained 1 35; 5 1739	
— <i>Seanchán the Bard and the King of the Cats</i> WILDE 9 3566		— Found Out BLESSINGTON 1 200	
— <i>The Black Lamb</i> WILDE 9 3589		— Founding of The Nation 3 950	
— <i>The Selfish Giant</i> WILDE 9 3584		— Fouquier-Tinville, Trial of 2 677	
— <i>The Devil</i> YEATS 9 3673		— Fountain of Tears, The O'SHAUGHNESSY 7 2845	
— <i>Enchanted Woods</i> YEATS 9 3679		— Four Courts, Dublin, The 8 3065	
— <i>Village Ghosts</i> YEATS 9 3673		— 'ducks on a pond' ALLINGHAM. 1 15	
— <i>Miraculous Creatures</i> YEATS 9 3678		— Masters, Annals of the (see also M. O'Clery) 2 629	
— <i>The Old Age of Queen Maeve</i> YEATS 9 3697		— 632, 635; 6 2232, 2353, 2377	
— <i>A Faery Song</i> YEATS 9 3704		— 7 2663, 2674, 2705; 10 4018	
— <i>The Hosting of the Sidhe</i> YEATS 9 3707		— 'things did Finn dislike' (Irish Rann) HYDE 10 3839	
Folk Songs 10 3713 et seq.		— FOX, GEORGE 4 1224	
		— Burke on 1 397	

	VOL.	PAGE
Gaelic Writers.		
— Twisting of the Rope, The	HYDE, DOUG- LAS	10 3989
— Biography	K EATING, GEOFFREY	10 4012
— Vision of Vlands, The	M A C C O N - G L I N N E, A N I A R	8 3134
— Fair Hills of Eiré, O	M A C C O N - M A R A, D O N O G H	6 2378
— 'Tis not War we Want to Wage ..	M A C D A I R E, T E I G E	4 1657
— Claragh's Lament.	M A C D O N - N E L L, J O H N	2 803
— Biography	M A C F O R B E S, D O N A L D	10 4014
— Kinkora	M A C L I A G	6 2377
— Deus Meus	M A E L I S U	8 3140
— Lament of the Mangaire Sugach	M A G R A T H, A N D R E W	9 3508
— Ode on leaving Ire- land	N U G E N T, G E R A L D	3 930
— Bridget Cruise ..	O' C A R O L A N, T U R L O U G H	4 1244
— Gentle Brideen ..	O' C A R O L A N	8 3143
— Grace Nugent ..	O' C A R O L A N	3 1186
— Mary Maguire ..	O' C A R O L A N	4 1246
— Mild Mabel Kelly	O' C A R O L A N	3 1186
— O'More's Fair	O' C A R O L A N	4 1252
— Daughter	O' C A R O L A N	4 1252
— Peggy Browne ..	O' C A R O L A N	4 1252
— Why, 'Liquor of Life?	O' C A R O L A N	2 805
— Biography	O' C L E R Y, M I - C H A E L	10 4018
— Love's Despair ..	O' C U R N A N, D I A R M A D	8 3137
— East, West, Home's Best	O' F A R R E L L Y, A	10 3967
— Thankfulness of Dermot, The	O' L E A R Y, P A T R I C K	10 3953
— Seadna's Three Wishes	O' L E A R Y, F A T H E R P E T E R	10 3941
— Lament, A	O' N E A C H T A N, J O H N	2 768
— Maggy Ladir	O' N E A C H T A N, J O H N	4 1249
— Shane the Proud ..	O' S H E A, P. J.	10 3843
— After the Fianna ..	O I S I N	8 3139
— In Tirnanoge	O I S I N	5 1714
— Things Delightful ..	O I S I N	8 3144
— How long has it been said	R A F T E R Y	10 3923
— The Cuis da plé ..	R A F T E R Y	10 3917
— Poem on Mary Hynes	R A F T E R Y	9 3668
— Jesukin	S T. I T A	8 3141
— Hymn Called Saint Patrick's Breast- plate, The	S T. P A T R I C K	8 3244
— Lament	W A R D, O W E N	6 2352
— Dawning of the Day, The	A N O N Y M O U S	9 3507
— Description of the Sea	A N O N Y M O U S	7 2664
— Dirge of O'Sull- van Bear	A N O N Y M O U S	2 445

	VOL.	PAGE
Gaelic Writers.		
— Extract from the Life of Brigit ..	A N O N Y M O U S	8 3248
— Fair Hills of Ire- land, The	A N O N Y M O U S	3 1185
— Have You Been at Carrick?	A N O N Y M O U S	9 3506
— Hospitality of Cu- anna's House ..	A N O N Y M O U S	2 629
— I Shall Not Die for Thee	A N O N Y M O U S	4 1658
— King Ailill's Death	A N O N Y M O U S	8 3261
— Lament of Maev Leith-Dherg ..	A N O N Y M O U S	8 2975
— Lament of O'Gnive, The	A N O N Y M O U S	2 443
— Little Child, I Call Thee	A N O N Y M O U S	4 1655
— Love Ballad	A N O N Y M O U S	6 2371
— Man Octipartite ..	A N O N Y M O U S	8 3262
— Murmurs of Love ..	A N O N Y M O U S	7 2676
— O Were You on the Mountain? ..	A N O N Y M O U S	4 1656
— Outlaw of Loch Lene, The	A N O N Y M O U S	1 141
— Pastheen Fion ..	A N O N Y M O U S	3 1184
— Pearl of the White Breast	A N O N Y M O U S	7 2886
— Roisin Dubh	A N O N Y M O U S	4 1247
— She is my Love ..	A N O N Y M O U S	4 1413
— Since We Should Part	A N O N Y M O U S	4 1413
— White Cockade, The	A N O N Y M O U S	2 442
Galang, The hero of ..		6 2370
Galatians, The		9 3549
Gallo-Greclians		9 3549
Galtees, The		6 2675
Galtimore		5 1938
Galway, A Letter from	M A X W E L L	6 2412
— advantages of, for trading		7 2916
— Bay		2 575
— Duelling in		1 145
— Monastery in		1 81
— The Clearing of ..	P R E N D E R G A S T	8 2913
— The Man for	L E V E R	5 1975
Ganconagh described ..		3 xix
Garden of God, The ..	K E R N A H A N	5 1809
Garmoyle		6 2113
Garnavilla, Kate of ..	L Y S A G H T	6 2108
Garnett, Sir R., on W. Maginn		6 2300
Garrick, David. See A Goodly Company.		
— as Hamlet in Dub- lin		5 1919
— Epitaph on Sterne ..		8 3211
— Goldsmith on		4 1346
— on Goldsmith		4 1380
— Stevens' retort on ..		8 3227
Garristown. (See also Gavra)		5 1714
Garrovagh, Scenery around		1 353
Garry, King of Leinster ..		6 2118
Garryowen	S T R E E T B A L - L A D	8 3283
Gates of Dreamland ..	R U S S E L L	8 2997
Gauger, Condy Cullen and the	C A R L E T O N	2 541
Gauntlet, O'Keefe fol- lowing his servant through a		7 2776
Gavra, ancient name of Garristown		5 1714
Gay, Letter by		4 1695

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Gay Spanker, Lady</i> ... BOUICICAULT	1	252	<i>Glance, A, at Ireland's</i>		
<i>Gearoidh Iarla, En-</i>			<i>History</i> ... WELSH	9	vii
<i>chantment of</i> ... KENNEDY	5	1801	<i>Glastonbury Thorn, The</i> ...	9	3366
<i>Genealogy of Jesus</i>			<i>Gleeman and Actor, The</i> ...	9	3681
<i>Christ (color plate)</i> ...	2	ix	<i>The Last</i> ... YEATS	9	3683
<i>Genevieve, The Story of</i> JAMESON	5	1679	<i>Gleeman's funeral, The</i> ...	9	3681
<i>Geniality of the Irish</i>			<i>Glen Dun, The Song of</i> SKRINE	8	3156
<i>people</i> ...	8	vii	<i>Glennan, A Song of</i> ... SKRINE	8	3157
<i>Genius of English is un-</i>			<i>Glenarm</i> ...	7	2551
<i>Irish</i> ...	9	3421	<i>Glenasmole</i> ...	5	1722
<i>the national</i> ...	8	2990	<i>Glenalough</i> ...	5	2118
<i>True</i> ...	9	3377	<i>(color plate)</i> ...	5	Front
<i>Genoa, Byron and the</i>			<i>A Legend of</i> ... LOVER	5	2046
<i>Blessingtons at</i> ... MADDEN	6	2286	<i>Glengall</i> ...	5	1937
<i>Gentle Brideen, From</i>			<i>Glengariff, See Daniel</i>		
<i>the Irish</i> ... SIGERSON	8	3143	<i>O'Rourke</i> ...	2	636
<i>Gentleman, A</i> ... BROOKE	1	285	<i>Glenmalure</i> ...	4	1423
<i>Gentleman in Black,</i>			<i>Glen-na-Smoel</i> ... FURLONG	4	1241
<i>The</i> ... GOLDSMITH	4	1317	<i>Glenveigh</i> ...	6	2259
<i>What is a</i> ... O'DONOGHUE	7	2703	<i>Glimpse of his Country-</i>		
<i>of the Kingdom</i>			<i>House near Newpport,</i>		
<i>Gently! — gently! —</i>			<i>A</i> ... BERKELEY	1	175
<i>down!</i> ... DARLEY	2	809	<i>Glin, The Knight of</i> ...	4	1590
<i>Gentry and their Re-</i>			<i>Glinisk</i> ...	1	146
<i>tainers, Irish</i> ... BARRINGTON	1	138	<i>Glory of Ireland, The</i> ... MEAGHER	6	2420
<i>GEOFFEGAN, ARTHUR</i>			<i>Glossary</i> ...	10	4031
<i>GERALD</i> ...	4	1254	<i>Gloucester, Duchess of</i> ...	1	166
<i>George II, on the Irish</i>			<i>Lodge</i> ... BELL	1	165
<i>soldiers of Louis</i>			<i>Gluck and Pockrich's</i>		
<i>XV</i> ...	7	2815	<i>musical glasses</i> ...	7	2692
<i>III, on Catholic</i>			<i>Glyn-Nephin, old songs</i>		
<i>emancipation</i> ...	6	2163	<i>and traditions in</i> ...	6	2230
<i>'Geith of Fen</i>			<i>"Glynnes" or valleys</i> ...	6	2275
<i>Court'</i> ... RIDDELL	8	2949	<i>Go not to the hills of</i>		
<i>Geraldines, The</i> ... G 2417;	8	3018	<i>Erin</i> ... SHORTER	7	3127
<i>Spoke Gaelic</i> ...	7	2670	<i>'Go where glory waits</i>		
<i>Gesticulation, Italian</i> ... WISEMAN	9	3627	<i>thee'</i> ... MOORE	7	2339, 2530
<i>Ghosts</i> ...	9	3681	<i>Gobbin cliffs</i> ...	3	955
<i>Village</i> ... YEATS	9	3673	<i>God bless the gray</i>		
<i>Giant, The Selfish</i> ... WILDE	9	3584	<i>mountains</i> ... DUFFY	3	961
<i>Giant's Causeway, The</i> ...	6	2278	<i>God save Ireland</i> ... SULLIVAN	9	3399
<i>Gifford, Countess of. See LADY DUFFERIN.</i>			<i>(reference)</i> ...	8	3270
<i>Gifford, Earl of</i> ...	3	932	<i>send us peace</i> ... O'REILLY	7	2831
<i>GILBERT, LADY (ROSA</i>			<i>GODKIN, E. L.</i> ...	5	1290
<i>MULHOLLAND)</i>			<i>on imagination</i> ...	4	1597
<i>portrait</i> ...	4	1265	<i>'Gods and Fighting</i>		
<i>M. F. Egan on</i> ...	5	xv	<i>Men'</i> ... GREGORY	4	1445
<i>SIR JOHN T.</i> ...	4	1257	...		1447
<i>'Gile Machree'</i> ... GRIFFIN	4	1507	<i>Goethe, W. K. Magee on</i> ...	6	2296
<i>GILES, HENRY</i> ...	4	1280	<i>Goibniu</i> ...	4	1449
<i>Gillana-naomh O'Huid-</i>			<i>'Goidelica'</i> ... STOKES	8	3244
<i>rin</i> ...	7	2706	<i>Going to Mass by the</i>		
<i>Gilray the caricaturist</i> ...	1	168	<i>Well of God</i> ...	9	3668
<i>Girl I Love, The</i> ... CALLANAN	2	440	<i>Gold found in Ulster</i> ...	6	2280
<i>of Dunboy, The</i> ... DAVIS	3	829	<i>Gold, To</i> ... WILDE	9	3596
<i>'of the red-mouth'</i> MACDERMOTT	6	2191	<i>'Golden Sorrow, A'</i> ... HOBY	4	1578
<i>Gladstone and Home</i>			<i>Spears, The</i> ... LEAMY	5	1899
<i>Rule</i> ...	9	xi	<i>Gold-mining in Montana</i> ...	3	966
<i>and Land Pur-</i>			<i>GOLDSMITH, OLIVER</i>		
<i>chase</i> ...	9	xi	<i>(portrait)</i> ...	4	1298
<i>and the National</i>			<i>D. J. O'Donoghue</i>		
<i>League</i> ...	6	2164	<i>on</i> ...	6	xlv
<i>and the Great</i>			<i>on the musical</i>		
<i>Home Rule De-</i>			<i>glasses</i> ...	7	2690
<i>bate</i> ... O'CONNOR	7	2656	<i>W. B. Yeats on the</i>		
<i>on O'Connell</i> ...	7	2624	<i>poetry of</i> ...	3	vii
<i>on Sheil</i> ...	7	xxviii	<i>(See A Goodly</i>		
<i>on Sheil's oratory</i> ...	8	3055	<i>Company).</i>		
<i>Gladstone's first resolu-</i>			<i>Goll</i> ...	4	1451, 1609
<i>tions</i> ...	6	2157, 2160	<i>Gollam (Milesius), an-</i>		
<i>Home Rule Bill,</i>			<i>cestor of the O's and</i>		
<i>Redmond on</i> ...	8	2929	<i>the Mac's</i> ...	2	444
<i>personality</i> ...	7	2656	<i>Gomarians, The</i> ...	9	3549
<i>policy for Ireland</i> ...	6	2153	<i>Gombeen Man, The</i> ... STOKER	8	3228
<i>triumph in 1868</i> ...	6	2160	<i>Gomerus-Gallus</i> ...	9	3549
			<i>Gonconer, The, described</i> ...	3	xix

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Gone in the Wind</i>	MANGAN	6 2359	Grattan and Catholic		
<i>'Gone to Death'</i>	BROOKE	1 288	emancipation	6	2164
Gonne, Miss Maud, as			— and Curran con-		
an actress	10	xxi	trasted	7	xxii
<i>'Good and Evil, Ideas</i>			— and Flood	3	1210; 4 1384
of'	YEATS, 9	3654, 3661	— and Pitt	7	xv
<i>Good Luck to the Pri-</i>			— as a Monk of the		
<i>ars of Old</i>	LEVER	5 1958	Screw	2	797
— men and true! in			— Duel with Chancel-		
this house who			lor Corry	1	142
dwell	MCBURNEX..	6 2115	— <i>Invective, Flood's</i>		
— people all, with			<i>Reply to</i>	FLOOD	3 1212
one accord	GOLDSMITH..	4 1382	— Lord Brougham on.....	6	2421
— <i>Ship Castle Down,</i>			— Opposition of, to		
<i>The</i>	MCBURNEX..	6 2113	the Act of Union.....	6	2170
<i>Goodly Company, A.</i>	MOORE	7 2468	— Oratorical methods		
Gore House	1	193	of	7 xi, xiii	
Gorey	6	2115	— Oratory of	7 x, xi	
Gort, County Galway	4	1455	— described	7	xx
Gortaveha	4	1455	— statute of (half-		
Gosse, E., on Parnell's			tone engraving).....	4	1384
poems	7	2874	— tribute of, to Dr.		
— on Sir John Den-			Kirwan	7	xvii
ham	3	849	— See <i>The Irish</i>		
— on Thomas Moore	7	2508	<i>Chieftains.</i>		
Göttingen, University of.....	4	466	<i>Grave, the Grave, The.</i> MANGAN	6	2380
<i>Gougane Barra</i> (half-			GRAVES, ALFRED PERCE-		
tone engraving)	CALLANAN..	2 439	VAL	4	1409
Goulbourn, Mr.	7	2652	— on Sir Samuel Fer-		
Gounod on Mrs. Alex-			guson's poetry.....	3	1169
ander	1	1	— on J. S. Le Fanu.....	5	1927
Government. See Pol-			— Dr.	9	3521
itics.			— Early Christian, in		
— by consent	9	3362	Ireland	9	3484
— newspaper, A.	7	2639	Gray, John, and Repeal.....	9	x
— of Ireland under			in prison	3	811; 4 2123
Henry II.	7	2741	— <i>Fog, The</i>	CHESSON	2 591
— the Tudors	7	2741	— gray is Abbey Asa-		
— Principles of'.....	O'BRIEN	7 2620	roe	ALLINGHAM.	1 13
"G. P. O." and W. M.			— the poet, on music-		
Thackeray	8	xvi	al glasses	7	2691
<i>Grace Connor</i>	MACLINTOCK..	6 2251	Gray's portrait of W.		
— <i>Nugent.</i> From the			Carleton	2	469
Irish	FERGUSON..	3 1186	<i>Greatly, and Mullen,</i>		
— of the Heroes. See			<i>Sorrowful Lamenta-</i>		
Grace O'Mealley.			<i>tion of Callaghan.</i> STREET BAL-		
— O'Mealley	7	2856	LAD	9	3316
<i>Gracie Og Machree</i>	CASEY	2 573	<i>Great Breath, The</i>	RUSSELL	8 3004
<i>Grady, Harry Deane</i> ..	O'FLANAGAN.	7 2728	— <i>Cry and Little</i>		
— duels with Coun-			Wool	7	2653
sellors O'Mahon			— <i>Diamond</i>	4 8	
and Campbell	1	143	— <i>tained and Used.</i> O'BRIEN	7	2594
<i>Grafton, To the Duke of</i> FRANCIS	3	1228	— Divide, The'....	DUNRAVEN	3 963
<i>'Gra-gal-machree'</i>	8	3270	— Irish Struggle,		
Graham's, P. P., por-			The'	O'CONNOR	7 2656
trait of G. Griffin	4	1464	— Lone Land, The'.BUTLER	2	415
<i>'Grammont, Memoirs of</i>			— <i>Risk, A</i>	HOEY	4 1578
the Count de'.HAMILTON	4	1542	Greece, Age of begin-		
— Sir W. Scott on.....	4	1542	ning education in		
Grana O'Maille of the			ancient	6	2334
Uisles	7	2859	— <i>Childhood in An-</i>		
— Uaile and Queen			cient	MAHAFFY	6 2328
Elizabeth	7	2858	<i>'Greek Education'</i>		6 2323
— <i>The Story of</i>	OTWAY	7 2856	— families small	6	2332
Granna Wall and Queen			— origin of Irish		
Elizabeth	10	4013	people, The	1	viii
Grand Jury Reform Bill,			— and Irish com-		
The	6	2176	pared	4	1285
— <i>Match, The</i>	SKRINE	8 3153	Green, in the wizard		
— Sarah	See MACFALL.		arms	TODHUNTER.	9 3409
Granee	6	2223	— <i>Little Shamrock of</i>		
<i>'Grania'</i>	LAWLESS	5 1877	Ireland, The'....	CHERRY	2 587
GRATTAN, HENRY	4	1384	— J. R. on Steele.....	8	3196
— a master in ora-			— Mrs. J. R.	4	1417
tory	6	xxviii	Greencastle	6	2113

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
GREENE, GEORGE AR-		Half a league, half a	
THUR	4 1433	league	TENNYSON.. 8 3014
— on A. P. Graves'		Half-Red Maeve of Lein-	
poetry	4 1410	ster, The	7 2748
— and the Rhymer's		HALL, MRS. S. C.	4 1533
Club	5 1693	— describes Lady	
— on Jane Barlow's		Morgan	7 2543
stories	1 98	— M. F. Egan on ..	5 xv
GREGORY, LADY AUGUSTA		— on Maria Edge-	
(portrait)	4 1426	worth	3 995
— cited on 'The Lost		— Mr. and Mrs., on	
Saint'	4 1650	wakes and keen-	
— M. F. Egan on ..	5 vii	ing	9 3641
— on Home Rule ..	1 xvii	HALPINE, CHARLES GRA-	
— on the drama in		HAM	4 1539
Ireland	10 xxvi	— as a humorist ..	6 xv
— W. B. Yeats on the		HAMILTON, COUNT ..	4 1542
translations of ..	3 xlv	— MISS	4 1549
— work of, for Celtic		— 'Single Speech' ..	7 ix
literature	2 xvii	— Sir John Stuart ..	1 129, 131
— <i>The Curse of the</i>		Hampden's Fortune,	
<i>Boers</i>	10 3928	Burke on	1 375
— <i>The grief of a</i>		HAND, JOHN	7 3265
<i>girl's heart</i>	10 3933	'Handbook of Irish An-	
Grey of Macha, Cuchu-		tiquities'	WAKEMAN
lain's warhorse ..	2 xviii	and COOKE.	9 3482
'Greydrake, Geoffrey.'		Handel in Dublin ..	5 1918
See ETTINGSALL.		Hand-wail of Ulster ..	4 1616
Grifiron, The	5 2063	Hannah Healy, the	
<i>Grief of a Girl's Heart</i> .	10 3933	Pride of Howth ..	STREET BAL-
GRIFFIN, GERALD (por-		LAD	8 3284
trait)	4 1464	Happiness and Good Na-	
— M. F. Egan on ..	5 vii	ture	GOLDSMITH. 4 1345
— inherently Irish ..	1 xi	Happy the Wooing	
— 'The Collegians'		that's Not Long a Do-	
his masterpiece ..	1 xi	ing	TYNAN-
Grimpat	3 1097	HINKSON.	9 3439
Guðrun and Ireland ..	4 viii	'Happy Prince and	
Guernsey and Ireland		Other Tales, The' ..	WILDE 9 3584
compared	7 2865	Harcourt, Sir (charac-	
Guesses	O'DONNELL. 7 2687	ter in 'London Assur-	
Guiccioli, The Countess		ance')	1 252
of, and Byron	6 2288	Harcourt's Ministry,	
<i>Guide to Ignorance</i> , A. .	DOWLING . 3 881	Grattan on	4 1403
Guiney, L. I., on J. C.		Hardcastle (character	
Mangan	6 2352	in 'She Stoops to	
<i>Gulliver Among the</i>		Conquer')	4 1352
<i>Giants</i>	9 3354	<i>Hard-Gum, Strong-Ham,</i>	
— <i>the Pigmies</i> .. SWIFT	9 3346	<i>Sweet-Foot and the</i>	
'Gulliver's Travels' ..	SWIFT. 9 3346, 3354	<i>Eyeless Lad</i>	HYDE 4 1625
<i>Guillotine in France,</i>		Hardiman on John Mac-	
<i>The</i>	CROKER . 2 676	Donnell	10 4013
Guizot	1 153, 154	Hardiman's 'Irish Min-	
Gull Mac Morna	4 1525, 1526	strels'	4 1251; 6 2230
Gutter Children	4 1568	Hardy, Gathorne, on the	
'Guy Mannerling,' Lord		Irish Church	6 2158
Derby's quotation		— The Art of	
from	6 2159	Thomas'	JOHNSON ... 5 1694
GWYNN, STEPHEN (por-		Hark! a martial sound	
trait)	4 1512	is heard	BUGGY 1 558
— on the poetry of		'Hark! the vesper	
"A. E."	8 2987	hymn'	MOORE 7 2537
Gymnasium of Elo-		Harleian MSS., The	
quence, A	7 x	(color plate)	8 Front
		' <i>Harp that once through</i>	
		<i>Tara's halls, The</i> ' ..	MOORE 7 2535
		Harris, Walter, trans-	
		lator of the Works of	
		Sir James Ware	9 3544
Habeas Corpus Bill, The	4 1395	Harrison, Cozey	1 145
Hacketstown	6 2123	'Harry Lorrequer' ..	LEVER 5 1979
Had I a heart for false-		HARTLEY, MRS. (MAY	
hood framed	SHERIDAN.. 8 3118	LAFFAN)	4 1557
<i>Hags of the Long Teeth,</i>		— M. F. Egan on ..	5 vii
<i>The</i>	HYDE 4 1642	Harvard, Chan-hooks at	3 xxi
Hail to our Celtic		<i>Harvest Hymn, The</i>	
brethren	M'GEE . 6 226	<i>Irish Reaper's</i>	KEEGAN 5 1765
Hal Godfrey	See MISS ECCLES.		

VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE	
Has summer come with- out the rose	O'SHAUGH- NESSY ... 7 2844	Henrys, Ireland under the	10 3845
Hastings (character in 'She Stoops to Conquer')	4 1349	<i>Her Majesty the King</i>	8 2959
— Warren, <i>Extract from 'The Im- peachment of'</i>	BURKE 1 383	— <i>Voice</i>	9 3593
— Sheridan's Speech on	1 129	Hercules, Pillars of	2 747
— Meagher on	6 2424	Here is the road	6 2273
Hats in Ireland	9 3496	— lies Nolly Gold- smith	4 1380
<i>Haughty Princess, The</i>	KENNEDY ... 5 1793	— poor Ned Pur- don	4 1383
<i>Haunch of Venison, The</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4 1377	Heredity in the Sheri- dan family	8 3068
<i>Haunted Cellar, The</i>	CROKER ... 2 707	Here's first the toast	4 1249
'Have you been at Car- rick?'	WALSH ... 9 3507	— to the maiden of bashful fifteen	8 3117
— Garnavilla?	LYSAGHT ... 6 2108	Hermann Kelstach, an ancient idol	7 2718
Hawkesworth on 'The Arabian Nights'	2 405	'Hero, The Death of an Arctic'	1 10
Hayes, 'Ballads of Ire- land'	5 1788	Herodotus, Keating the Irish	10 3065
— THOMAS (biogra- phy)	10 4027	Heroes, National leg- endary	8 2990
— <i>The Cavern, by</i>	10 3977	— The Irish mythical, not represented in art	9 3665
— <i>The Echo, by</i>	10 3983	Herold Cycle, The	2 xi
Hazlett on George Far- quhar	3 1164	— <i>Deception, An</i>	4 1512
— on R. B. Sheridan	8 3070	Heron on 'The Arabian Nights'	2 406
"He dies to-day," said the heartless judge	CAMPION ... 2 463	Herschel, Sir John, on evolution	5 1787
He found his work, but far behind	LECKY 5 1913	'Herself'	1 98
He grasped his ponder- ous hammer	JOYCE 5 1741	— and <i>Myself</i>	6 2125
He planted an oak	LECKY 5 1926	'Hesperia'	9 3596
'He said that he was not our brother'	BANIM 1 58	<i>Hesperus and Phosphor, The Planet Venus</i>	2 601
He that goes to bed, and goes to bed sober	3 997	Hi Fianna, The	6 2232
He that is down is trampled (Irish prov- erb)	10 3901	Hibernian Tales, The	3 xx
Head-dress, Ancient	9 3495	— <i>Tales, a Chap- book (fairy and folk lore)</i>	4 1136 1147
Headings by Brigit	8 3251, 3255	HIGGINS, MATTHEW JAMES	4 1572
Heardst thou over the Fortress	ALLINGHAM. 1 17	High Church Ritualists and Irish Roman- ists, Disraeli al- leges conspiracy between	6 2158
Heartiness of Irish hu- mor	6 viii	— Kings of Ireland, The	2 xii
<i>Heather, Among the</i>	ALLINGHAM. 1 16	— upon the gallows tree	9 3339
— Field, The'	MARTYN ... 6 2385	'Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Stage, An'	6 2346
Hedge-school, The	1 34; 4 1283	— <i>Character of Na- poleon, An</i>	8 2888
Hedgehogs, Supersti- tions about	9 3680	— <i>Essay on the Dress of the An- cient and Mod- ern Irish</i>	9 3493
Heine, H., on Ireland	8 xxi	— Map of Ireland	9 3708
<i>Hélas</i>	WILDE ... 9 3595	— Society, the foun- dation of Irish eloquence	7 x
Helen	9 3660	History.	
'Hell-fire Club,' The	5 1916, 1917	— <i>Women in Ireland in Penal Days</i>	1 28
Hemans, Mrs., A Keen by	9 3646	— <i>Lynch law on Vin- egar Hill</i>	1 77
Henley, W. E., on Os- car Wilde	9 3571	— <i>A Nation's History</i>	1 398
Hennesys, The	3 941	— <i>Capture of Hugh Roe O'Donnell</i>	2 632
Henry II. and the con- quest of Ireland	9 viii		
— VII., Extract from a daily expense- book of	6 2347		
— VIII., Ireland un- der	7 2742		
— King, declared head of Church	9 3390		
— Policy of, to- ward Ireland	9 ix		
— Patrick	6 2114		

History.		VOL. PAGE			VOL. PAGE
— <i>Escape of Hugh Roe</i>	CONNELLAN.	2 635	' <i>History of England</i> '	LECKY	5 1914
— <i>Guillotines in France</i>	CROKER	2 676	— of Ireland, Critical and Philosophical '	O'GRADY	7 2752
— <i>Repealers in Prison and Out</i>	DAUNT	3 811	— 'A Literary' '	HYDE	4 1603
— <i>England in Shakespeare's Youth</i>	DOWDEN	3 869	— as told in her Ruins '	BURKE	1 398
— <i>Books of Courtesy in the Fifteenth Century</i>	GREEN	4 1417	— of my Horse Saladin, The '	BROWNE	1 323
— <i>Scene in the Irish Famine</i>	HIGGINS	4 1573	— of Our Own Times, A '	MCCARTHY.	6 2148
— <i>Death of St. Columcille</i>	HYDE	4 1618	— of the City of Dublin '	GILBERT	4 1258
— <i>Splendors of Tara</i>	HYDE	4 1610	— of the Guillotine, The '	CROKER	2 676
— <i>Food, Dress, and Daily Life in Ancient Ireland</i>	JOYCE	5 1735	— of the Illustrious Women of Erin '		1 32
— <i>Scenes in the Insurrection of 1798</i>	LEADBEATER.	5 1886	— of the Lombards, Irish version of the		7 2672
— <i>Dublin in the Eighteenth Century</i>	LECKY	5 1914	— Relation of myths and legends to		1 vii
— <i>Beginnings of Home Rule</i>	MCCARTHY.	6 2174	— Two Centuries of Irish '	BRYCE	1 346
— <i>The Irish Church</i>	MCCARTHY.	6 2148	Hitchinson, Francis, duel with Lord Mountmorris		1 143
— <i>An Outline of Irish History</i>	MCCARTHY.	6 2174	Hobart, Major (dinner party)		1 134
— <i>The Early Stage</i>	MALONE	6 2346	Hoche, General		9 3419
— <i>Picture of Ulster</i>	MACNEVIN.	6 2274	— JOHN CASHEL		4 1578
— <i>Irish in the War</i>	MAGUIRE	6 2321	HOGAN, MICHAEL		4 1588
— <i>Massacre at Drogheda</i>	MURPHY	7 2567	— M. P. '	HARTLEY	4 1591
— <i>Capture of Wolfe Tone</i>	O'BRIEN	7 2604	Hogarth, view of life		3 871
— <i>The First Boycott</i>	O'BRIEN	7 2611	— <i>Hold the Harvest</i>	PARNELL	7 2871
— <i>Gladstone and the Great Home Rule Debate</i>	O'CONNOR.	7 2656	Holland, described in 'The Traveller'		4 1363
— <i>Druids and Druidism</i>	O'CURRY	7 2666	Holmes, Oliver Wendell, on Moore		7 2505
— <i>Old Books of Erin</i>	O'CURRY	7 2670	Holy was good St. Joseph		10 3807
— <i>Idolatry of the Irish</i>	O'FLAHERTY.	7 2718	— Well, The Dark Girl by the	KEEGAN	5 1766
— <i>Lia Fail; or Jacob's Stone</i>	O'FLAHERTY.	7 2717	Hollywood		6 2113
— <i>Tried by his Peers</i>	O'FLANAGAN.	7 2723	Home manufactures in Ireland		9 3363
— <i>Pacata Hibernia</i>	O'GRADY	7 2740	— Swift on		9 3416
— <i>Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan</i>	ONAHAN	7 2814	— market, O'Connell on the		7 2647
— <i>Shane the Proud</i>	O'SHEA	10 3843	— Rule Association, The		9 xi
— <i>Story of Granuaile</i>	OTWAY	7 2856	— Bill (the second) 1893		9 xi
— <i>Clearing of Galway</i>	PRENDERGAST	8 2913	— Debate, Gladstone and the Great	O'CONNOR	7 2656
— <i>Balaklava</i>	RUSSELL	8 3008	— in Canada		6 2175
— <i>Marriage of Florence MacCarthy More</i>	SADLER	8 3018	— in the Australasian colonies		6 2175
— <i>Sarsfield's Ride</i>	SULLIVAN	9 3323	— Isle of Man		6 2175
— <i>A Century of Subjection</i>	TAYLOR	9 3390	— United States		6 2176
— <i>Interviews with Buonaparte</i>	TONE	9 3418	— Gladstone and		9 xi
— <i>Origin of the Irish</i>	WARE	9 3547	— Lady Gregory on		1 xvii
— <i>A Glance at Ireland's History</i>	WELSH	9 vii	— Redmond on		8 2929
— <i>History and Biography</i>		9 vii	— <i>Beginnings of</i>	MCCARTHY.	6 2174
— <i>and Literature</i>		9 vii	— <i>First Step towards</i>	RICHMOND.	8 2926
— <i>Eighty-Five Years of Irish</i>	DAUNT	3 811	— vs. Local Self-Government		3 833
— <i>Lectures on Manuscript Materials of Irish</i>	O'CURRY	7 2670	— <i>Homeward Bound</i>	LOVER	5 2024
— <i>Not only a record of War</i>		4 vii	— <i>Honey Fair, The</i>	RHYS	8 2940
			— <i>Honey-sweet, sweet as honey</i>	TYNAN-HINKSON.	9 3457

	VOL.	PAGE
Honor of the Irish people	7	2533
<i>Honor, An Affair of</i>CASTLE	2	576
Hoods worn by Irish ladies	9	3498
' <i>Hope, thou nurse of young desire</i> '	BICKERSTAFF	1 187
Hopper, Nora	See CHESSON.	
Horneck, Mary (The Jessamy Bride)	4	1301
<i>Horned Women, The</i>WILDE	9	3558
Horse, St. Columcille's....	2 xvii; 4	1619
Horse-dealing in Ireland	8	3182
Horsemanship	8	2935
Horse-racing in Ireland	8	3166
Hose, Gentlemen's	9	3498
— in ancient times	7	2496
Hospitality	5	1724, 1736
— in Ireland	1	29, 33
— of <i>Cuanna's House, The</i> . From the Irish	CONNELLAN.	2 629
<i>Host of the Air, The</i>YEATS	9	3701
Hostelries, Ancient	5	1736
<i>Hosting of the Sidhe, The</i>YEATS	9	3707
Hotel life in Ireland	8	xx
Hotels, Dr. Magee on	8	xxi
'Hours of Exercise in the Alps'	TYNDALL ..	9 3478
'House by the Churchyard, The'	LE FANU ..	5 1934
— spirits described	3	xx
Household occupations	1	35
Houses, Ancient, in Ireland	4	1613
<i>How Covetousness Came into the Church</i> (folk song)	HYDE	10 3823
— dimmed is the glory	CALLANAN ..	2 443
— <i>Finnachta Became Rich</i>	O'DONOVAN..	7 2708
— happy is the sailor's life	BICKERSTAFF	1 186
— <i>Ireland Lost Her Parliament</i>	MCCARTHY..	6 2161
— 'IRISH LITERATURE' was made	2	xxiii
— justly alarmed is each Dublin cit.	LYSAGHT...	6 2107
' — <i>Long Has it Been Said</i> '	RAFTERY ...	10 3923
— <i>Myles Murphy got his Ponies out of the Pound</i>	GRIFFIN ...	4 1483
' — <i>sad is my case</i> '	HYDE	10 3835
— Irish Rann	ALEXANDER..	1 10
— shall we bury him?		
— the Anglo-Irish Problem Could be Solved	DAVITT	3 832
— to Become a Poet	FAHY	3 1124
— get on in the World	MACKLIN ..	6 2237
— govern Ireland. De Vere	3	854
Howth and Killiney	6	2132
— scenery around	7	2652
Hudden, Dudden, and Donald	3	xxi, 1147
Hugh O'Neill	4	1530
— <i>Roe O'Donnell</i> , Capture of	CONNELLAN.	2 632
— <i>The Escape of</i>	CONNELLAN.	2 635

	VOL.	PAGE
Hughes, Joseph	1	131
Huguenot influence on Irish dress	9	3496
HULL, ELEANOR	4	1597
— Work of, for Celtic literature	2	xviii
Humor, American	1	332
— Conviviality in	6	x
— Ferocity in	6	ix
— Greek and Irish, compared	1	viii
— Heartiness of Irish	6	viii
— Imaginative character of Irish	3	943
— in Iceland	6	xii, xiii
— in Anglo-Irish literature	6	xii, xiii
— Irish	8	xvi
— sense of	8	xvi
— wit and, D. J. O'Donoghue on	6	vii
— Merriment in	6	ix
— Theories of	6	x
— of <i>Shakespeare, The</i>	DOWDEN ..	3 870
— Pathos of	6	viii
— Political	6	ix
— Prevalence of	6	x
— Sources of	6	ix
— See <i>The Sunniness of Irish Life</i> .		
Humorists, The Irish. See <i>Irish Wit and Humor</i> , D. J. O'Donoghue.		
Humorous Poems.		
— <i>The French Revolution</i>	BARRY	1 151
— <i>Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder</i>	CANNING ..	2 467
— <i>Song</i>	CANNING ..	2 466
— <i>The Sprig of Shillelagh</i>	CODE	2 607
— <i>Monks of the Screw</i>	CURRAN ...	2 797
— <i>Bumpers, Squire Jones</i>	DAWSON ...	3 841
— <i>Katey's Letter</i>	DUFFERIN ..	3 935
— <i>Elegy on Madam Blaize</i>	GOLDSMITH.	4 1382
— <i>Extracts from 'Retaliation'</i>	GOLDSMITH.	4 1380
— <i>Haunch of Venison</i>	GOLDSMITH.	4 1377
— <i>Father O'Flynn</i>	GRAVES ...	4 1412
— <i>Paddy MacCarthy</i>	HOGAN	4 1594
— <i>An Irish Thing in Rhyme</i>	KEELING ..	5 1772
— <i>Why Are You Wandering Here?</i>	KENNEY ...	5 1807
— <i>Good Luck to the Friars of Old</i>	LEVER	5 1958
— <i>The Man for Galway</i>	LEVER	5 1975
— <i>Larry McHale</i>	LEVER	5 2001
— <i>The Pope He Leads a Happy Life</i>	LEVER	5 2002
— <i>The Widow Malone</i>	LEVER	5 1999
— <i>Barney O'Hea</i>	LOVER	6 2080
— <i>I'm Not Myself at All</i>	LOVER	6 2083
— <i>The Low-Backed Car</i>	LOVER	6 2079
— <i>Molly Carew</i>	LOVER	6 2076

	VOL.	PAGE
Humorous Poems.		
— Rory O'More	LOVER	6 2084
— The Whistlin'		
— Thief	LOVER	6 2081
— Widow Machree	LOVER	6 2078
— A Prospect	LYSAGHT	6 2107
— Herself and Myself	MCCALL	6 2125
— Groves of Blarney	MILLIKEN	6 2439
— Orator Puff	MOORE	7 2541
— Humors of Donnybrook Fair	O'FLAHERTY	7 2713
— Friar of Orders		
— Gray	O'KEEFE	7 2778
— Curse of Doneraile	O'KELLY	7 2779
— The V-A-S-E	ROCHE	8 2966
— Kitty of Coleraine	SHANLY	8 3032
— The Legend of Stiffenbach	WILLIAMS	9 3610
— Brian O'Linn	ANONYMOUS.	8 3273
— Garryowen	ANONYMOUS.	8 3283
— Langan's Ball	ANONYMOUS.	8 3293
— Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye	ANONYMOUS.	8 3290
Humorous and Satirical Prose.		
— Modern Mediævalism	BARRETT	1 120
— Montmorenci and Cherubina	BARRETT	1 123
— The Seven Baronnets	BARRINGTON.	1 129
— The Cow Charmer	BOYLE	1 264
— The Rival Swains	BULLOCK	1 360
— Burke, Wise and Witty Sayings of		1 396
— Condy Cullen and the Gauger	CARLETON	2 541
— Biddy Brady's Banshee	CASEY	2 565
— An Affair of Honor	CASTLE	2 578
— A Blast	CROTTY	2 758
— Curran's Witticisms, Some of		2 798
— Guide to Ignorance	DOWLING	3 881
— On Dublin Castle	DOWLING	3 887
— Portlaw to Paradise	DOWNNEY	3 891
— King John and the Mayor	DOWNNEY	3 900
— Raleigh in Munster	DOWNNEY	3 909
— An Icelandic Dinner	DUFFERIN	3 942
— Originality of Irish Bulls Examined	EDGEWORTH.	3 1055
— Darby Doyle's Voyage to Quebec	ETTINGSALL.	3 114
— How to Become a Poet	FAHY	3 1124
— First Lord Liftin'ant	FRENCH	3 1233
— Advice to the Ladies	GOLDSMITH.	4 1322
— Beau Tibbs	GOLDSMITH.	4 1326
— Love of Freaks	GOLDSMITH.	4 1334
— Love of Quack Medicines	GOLDSMITH.	4 1343
— 'We'll See About It'	HALL	4 1534
— An Extraordinary Phenomenon	IRWIN	5 1669
— Poet and Publisher	JOHNSTONE.	5 1709
— An Irish Thing in Prose	KEELING	5 1771

	VOL.	PAGE
Humorous Prose.		
— The Thrush and the Blackbird	KICKHAM	5 1824
— The Quare Gander	LE FANU	5 1920
— Dinner Party Broken Up	LEVER	5 1972
— Major Bob Mahon's Hospitality	LEVER	5 1964
— Monks of the Screw	LEVER	5 1953
— My First Day in Trinity	LEVER	5 1986
— My Last Night in Trinity	LEVER	5 1990
— Othello at Drill	LEVER	5 1979
— Barny O'Reirdon	LOVER	5 2008
— The Gridiron	LOVER	5 2063
— King O'Toole and St. Kevin	LOVER	5 2046
— New Potatoes	LOVER	6 2071
— Paddy the Piper	LOVER	5 2055
— Fionn macCumhaill and the Princess	MCCALL	6 2117
— Nathaniel P. Cramp	MCCARTHY.	6 2134
— Love Making in Ireland	MACDONAGH	6 2193
— Jim Walsh's Tin Box	MACINTOSH.	6 2233
— Macklin, Anecdotes of		6 2241
— Why Thomas Dubh Walked	MACMANUS.	6 2254
— O'Connell and Biddy Moriarty	MADDEN	6 2281
— Bob Burke's Duel	MAGINN	6 2303
— Daniel O'Rourke	MAGINN	6 2313
— Rogueries of Tom Moore	MAHONY	6 2337
— The Captain's Story	MAXWELL	6 2400
— A Letter from Galway	MAXWELL	6 2412
— Loan of a Congregation	MAXWELL	6 2411
— A Goody Company	MOORE	7 2468
— O'Rory Converses with the Quality	MORGAN	7 2549
— O'Connell, Some Anecdotes of		7 2651
— Paddy Fret, the Priest's Boy	O'DONNELL.	7 2678
— Father O'Leary, Anecdotes of		7 2793
— Her Majesty the King	ROCHE	8 2959
— Sheridan, Bons Mots of		8 3119
— Lisheen Races, Second-Hand	SOMERVILLE.	8 3166
— Trinket's Colt	SOMERVILLE.	8 3182
— Sterne, Some Bons Mots of		8 3227
— Widow Wadman's Eye	STERNE	8 3211
— Rackrenters on the Stump	SULLIVAN	9 3333
— Gulliver among the Giants	SWIFT	9 3354
— Gulliver among the Pigmies	SWIFT	9 3346
— 'Humors of Donegal'	MACMANUS.	6 2254
— of Donnybrook Fair	O'FLAHERTY.	7 2713
— Humphrey attacked by Lord Santry		7 2723

	VOL.	PAGE
Hunchback Quasimodo,		
Hugo's description of,	6	2343
<i>Hunt, The</i> LEVER	5	1995
Hunting, Irish love of	8	xiii
Hunting Song	4	1490
— Tom Moody CHERRY	2	588
<i>Huntsman, The Death</i>		
of the	4	1489
Hush! hear you how		
the night wind STREET BAL-		
LAD	8	3295
Hutchinson, Hely, duel		
with Doyle	1	143
Huxley, Professor T. H.,		
on the origin of		
life	4	1785
— on Bishop Berke-		
ley	1	1734
Huzza for McDonnell,		
Dunluce is our own	7	2856
<i>Hy-Brasail; The Isle of</i>		
<i>the Blest</i> (see also		
I-Breasail)	4	1510
HYDE, DOUGLAS (por-		
trait)	4	1603
— M. F. Egan on	5	vii
— on antiquity of		
Irish litera-		
ture	3	xvii
— early Irish lit-		
erature	2	vii
— Kennedy's col-		
lection of folk		
tales	5	1789
— Eugene O'Curry	7	2663
— J. O'Donovan and		
'The Annals		
of the Four		
Masters'	7	2705
— Mrs. Clement		
Shorter's verse	8	3126
— Dr. Sigerson's		
poetry	8	3132
— The plays of	10	xiii
— <i>The Twisting of</i>		
<i>the Rope</i>	10	3989
— Work of, for Cel-		
tic literature	2	xviii
— W. B. Yeats on		
translations of	3	xiv
Hy-Many, Connacht	7	2762
— 'The Tribes and		
Customs of'	7	2705
<i>Hymn Before Tarah, St.</i>		
<i>Patrick's. From</i>		
<i>the Irish</i> MANGAN ...	6	2360
— <i>Called St. Pat-</i>		
<i>rick's Breast-</i>		
<i>plate, The</i> STOKES ...	8	3244
— 'to Contentment,'		
<i>From</i> PARNELL ..	7	2876
Hymns.		
— <i>There is a Green</i>		
<i>Hill Far Away</i> .. ALEXANDER. ...	1	3
— <i>Litany</i> MONSELL ..	7	2465
— <i>Soon and Forever</i> .. MONSELL ..	7	2466
— <i>Sound the Loud</i>		
<i>Timbrel</i> MOORE	7	2537
— <i>This World is All</i>		
<i>a Fleeting Show</i> .. MOORE	7	2538
— <i>Thou Art, O God</i> .. MOORE	7	2538
Hynes, Mary, and Raf-		
tery	9	3667
Hyperbole in Irish lit-		
erature	2	xiii
'Hypocrite, The' BICKERSTAFF	1	182

	I.	VOL.	PAGE
I am a friar of orders			
gray	O'KEEFFE ..	7	2778
— a wand'ring min-			
strel man	WALSH ...	9	3503
— desolate	SIGERSON ..	8	3137
— 'God's Martin'			
(Irish Rann) ..	HYDE	10	3841
— the tender voice ..	RUSSELL ..	8	2999
— bind myself to day			
to a strong vir-			
the	STOKES ...	8	3244
— 'do not love thee!'	NORTON ...	7	2589
— drink to the			
Graces, Law,			
Physic, Divinity ..	LEVER	5	1993
— found in Innisfall			
the fair	MANGAN ...	6	2375
— 'give my heart to			
thee'	O'GRADY ...	7	2760
— go to knit two			
clans together ..	DE VERE ..	3	860
— grieve when I			
think	HOGAN	5	1593
— groan as I put out ..	TYNAN-		
	HINKSON. ...	9	3458
— 'hate a castle on			
bog land built'			
(Irish Rann) ..	HYDE	10	3839
— 'hate poor hounds			
about a house'			
(Irish Rann) ..	HYDE	10	3839
— heard a distant			
clarion blare ..	ARMSTRONG. ...	1	25
— the dogs howl in			
the moonlight			
night	ALLINGHAM. ...	1	21
— hope and pray			
that none may			
kill me'	HYDE	10	3833
— 'knew by the			
smoke'	MOORE	7	2529
— know a lake	O'BRIEN ...	7	2602
— a maiden; she is			
dark and fair ..	O'DONNELL. ...	7	2687
— what will hap-			
pen, sweet	SULLIVAN ...	9	3340
— who won the			
peace of God ..	STOKES ...	8	3261
— left two lovers ..	M'GEE	7	2224
— love you, and I			
love you	FURLONG ...	4	1242
— loved a love—a			
royal love	LEAMY	5	1910
— made another gar-			
den, yea	O'SHAUGH-		
	NESSY ...	7	2844
— met an ould cail-			
lach	SKRINE ...	8	3152
— 'Mind not being			
drunk, but then'			
(Irish Rann) ..	HYDE	10	3833
— placed the silver			
in her palm	CAREY	2	573
— said my pleasure ..	RUSSELL ..	8	3001
— sat within the val-			
ley green	JOYCE	5	1746
— saw the Master of			
the Sun	DE VERE ..	3	858
— sell the best brandy			
and sherry	MAGRATH ..	10	4016
— shall not die for			
love of thee ..	GRAVES	4	1414
— Die for Thee ..	HYDE	4	1656
— sit beside my dar-			
ling's grave	O'LEARY ...	7	2796

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
I tell you an ancient story	GWINN	4 1523	Imaal, The crags of	6	2267
— thank the goodness and the grace	4	1610	Image of beauty, when I	8	3000
— walked in the lonesome evening	ALLINGHAM	1 14	Imageries of dreams revealed	JOHNSON	4 1699
— want no lectures from a learned master	GRIFFIN	4 1382	'Imagination and Art in Gaelic Literature'	ROLLESTON	8 2968
— watched last night the rising moon	KENEALY	5 1788	— <i>Scientific Limit of the</i>	TYNDALL	9 3471
— wear a shamrock in my heart	GILBERT	4 1279	— Scientific use of the	1	xvii
— will arise and go now	YEATS	9 3707	Imaginative character of Irish wit	6	viii
— would I were on yonder hill	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3315	— element in the Irish character	4	1287
I-Breasail (see also Hy-Brasail)	MACMANUS	6 2268	Imogen, Shakespeare's love of	3	875
Ibsen and the Irish drama	10	xx	'Impeachment of Warren Hastings'	BURKE	1 383
Iceland, Manners and customs in	3	943	<i>Imperatrix, Ave</i>	WILDE	9 3588
<i>Icelandic Dinner, An</i>	DUFFERIN	3 942	Imports and exports, Irish	9	3364
Icilius, the Roman lover of Virginia	5	1850	Impressionism	9	3582
I'd rock my own sweet childie	GRAVES	4 1411	Imtheacht na Tromd-haimhe, The	2	629
— wed you without herds	3	1181	In a quiet watered land	ROLLESTON	8 2979
'Ideals in Ireland'	RUSSELL	8 2989	— a slumber visional	SIGERSON	8 3134
'Ideas of Good and Evil'	YEATS	9 3654, 3661	— <i>Defense of Charles Gavan Duffy</i>	WHITESIDE	9 3550
<i>Idler in France, The</i>	BLESSINGTON	1 212	— Egypt's land, contagious to the Nile	9	3685
<i>Idoltry of the Irish</i>	O'FLAHERTY	7 2718	— <i>Ecile, Australia</i>	ORR	7 2837
If I had thought thou couldst have died	WOLFE	9 3634	— France they called them <i>Troubadours</i>	LOVER	5 2007
— I'm the Faery fool, Dalua	CHESSON	2 593	— Ireland 't is even-ing	ORR	7 2840
— sadly thinking, with spirits sinking	CURRAN	2 796	Pulchram Lactiferam	MAHONY	6 2340
— you go over desert and mountain	O'SHAUGHNESSY	7 2845	<i>Saint Patrick's Ward</i>	BLUNDELL	1 215
'— hope to teach, you must be a fool' (Irish Rann)	HYDE	10 3833	<i>September</i>	TODHUNTER	9 3406
— searched the county o' Carlow	6	2122	— Siberia's wastes	6	2368
— would like to see FAHY	3	1132	— the airy whirling wheel	ROLLESTON	8 2976
'Ignorant Essays'	DOWLING	3 881	— <i>The Engine-Shed</i>	WILKINS	9 3600
Ilbrec, son of Mananan	4	1449	— <i>The Gates of the North</i>	O'GRADY	7 2746
Illicit distilling	1 46; 2 541; 4	1456	— the gloomy ocean bed	8	2964
Illuminated MSS., Ancient Irish	2	xx	— the gold vale of Limerick	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3310
— ornaments and initials (color plate)	4	1620; 8 Front 9 Front	— the heart of a German forest	ROLLESTON	8 2977
I'm a bold undaunted Irishman	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3275	— the heart of high blue hills	FURLONG	4 1241
— left all alone like a stone	GRAVES	4 1414	— the Kingdom of Kerry'	CROKER	2 660
— <i>Not Myself at All</i>	LOVER	6 2083	— the town of Athy one Jeremy Langan	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3293
— sittin' on the stile Mary	DUFFERIN	3 933	— the Valley of Shanganagh	MARTLEY	6 2382
— up and down and round about	SWIFT	9 3389	— the wet dusk silver sweet	RUSSELL	8 3003
— very happy where I am	BOUCICAULT	1 257	— Thoughtland and Dreamland'	KEELING	5 1769 1771, 1772
			— yonder well there lurks a spell	MAHONY	2 680
			Inchegelagh	3	114
			Inchy	4	1650

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
<i>Income-Tax, Speech in</i>		<i>Invasion, The Danish</i>	9 viii
<i>Opposition to Pitt's</i>		<i>Invasions, caused dis-</i>	
<i>First</i>SHERIDAN ..	8 3072	<i>persions of MSS.</i>	7 2670
<i>Independence, Declara-</i>		— of Ireland.....	9 vii
<i>tion of American</i>	4 1665	<i>Inver Bay, My</i>MACMANUS..	6 2264
<i>India. See Warren</i>		— <i>Seine</i>	4 1484
<i>Hastings.</i>		<i>Iona, The Abbey of</i>	4 1618
— <i>cruelties in</i>	1 385	<i>Iona's ruined cloisters</i>	6 2226
<i>Indian Chief, Capture</i>		<i>Iota</i>See CAFFYN ..	2 429
— <i>of an</i>REID	8 2935	<i>Ireland</i>GWYNN	4 1532
— <i>horsemanship</i>	8 2935	— <i>A Literary History</i>	
— <i>Tale, An</i>	4 1323	— <i>of</i>HYDE	4 1603
<i>India's diadems</i>	7 2511	— <i>1610, 1613, 1618</i>	
<i>Individual ownership</i>		— <i>A Sorrowful La-</i>	
— <i>of land</i>	7 2866	— <i>ment for</i>GREGORY ..	4 1459
<i>Individuality of Irish</i>		— <i>Ancient Legends</i>	
<i>literature</i>	2 xvii	— <i>of</i>WILDE	9 3557
<i>Indo-European family,</i>		— <i>3561, 3566</i>	
<i>Irish part of an</i>	3 xvii	— <i>and the Arts</i>YEATS	7 3661
<i>Industries, Irish</i>	9 3362	— <i>Annals of</i>O'DONOVAN..	7 2706
<i>Infanticide in ancient</i>		— <i>2708, 2709</i>	
<i>Greece</i>	6 2332	— <i>Antiquity of</i>	1 399
<i>Influence of Irish learn-</i>		— <i>Cromwell in</i>MURPHY ..	7 2567
<i>ing and art</i>	4 1599	— <i>Fair Hills of</i>FERGUSON ..	3 1185
— <i>the Irish Lan-</i>		— <i>Food, Dress and</i>	
<i>guage, The</i>O'BRIEN ..	7 2614	— <i>Daily Life in An-</i>	
INGRAM, JOHN KELLS.....	4 1659	— <i>cient</i>JOYCE	5 1735
<i>Inheritance</i>RUSSELL ..	8 3002	— <i>her own or the</i>	
<i>Inis Fall, the Isle of</i>		— <i>world in a blaze</i>	8 3067
— <i>Destiny</i>	2 443; 5 1708	— <i>Historic and Pic-</i>	
<i>Inisfall</i>	5 1745	— <i>turesque</i>JOHNSTON ..	5 1702
— <i>Aldfrid's Itinerary</i>		— <i>How to Govern</i>DE VERE ..	3 854
— <i>in</i>	6 2375	— <i>in 1720, Essay on</i>	
— <i>See Ode written on</i>		— <i>the State of</i>TONE	9 3415
— <i>Leaving Ireland</i>		— <i>in 1727, A Short</i>	
— <i>and Ways of</i>		— <i>View of</i>SWIFT	9 3362
<i>War.</i>		— <i>in 1798, The State</i>	
<i>Inisfallen</i>	5 1875	— <i>of</i>TONE	9 3421
— <i>Killarney (half-</i>		— <i>in Penal Days,</i>	
<i>tone engraving)</i>	8 3020	— <i>Women in</i>ATKINSON ..	1 28
— <i>ruined abbey at</i>	8 3020	— <i>in Summer (half-</i>	
— <i>The beauty of</i>	5 1875	— <i>tone engraving)</i>	5 1703
<i>Inishmaan</i>	5 1884	— <i>in the New Cen-</i>	
<i>Inismore, The Prince of</i>		— <i>tury</i>PLUNKETT ..	8 2908
<i>MORGAN</i>	7 2543	— <i>in the Past Gen-</i>	
<i>Injustice of Disqualifi-</i>		— <i>eration, Revela-</i>	
<i>cation of Catholics,</i>		— <i>tions of</i>MADDEN ..	6 2281
— <i>Of the</i>GRATTAN ..	4 1405	— <i>JOHN, ARCH-</i>	
<i>Innisboffin, Island of</i>	4 1266	— <i>BISHOP (portrait)</i>	5 1662
<i>Inniscarra</i>BUCKLEY ..	1 351	— <i>Justice for</i>O'CONNELL..	7 2641
<i>Innisdoyle</i>	2 758	— <i>Letters on the</i>	
<i>Innisfree, The Lake Isle</i>		— <i>State of</i>DOYLE	3 919
— <i>of</i>YEATS	9 3707	— <i>Love-making in</i>MACDONAGH	6 2193
<i>Innishowen</i>DUFFY	3 961	— <i>Meeting, A Young</i>MACCARTHY..	6 2180
<i>Innistull</i>	2 632	— <i>No Snakes in</i>O'KEEFFE ..	7 2771
<i>Inny (river), The</i>	2 573, 575	— <i>of His Day, The</i>FERGUSON ..	3 1170
<i>Inscription</i>ALEXANDER..	1 8	— <i>oh Ireland! cen-</i>	
<i>Inscriptions (Petrie's</i>		— <i>ter of my long-</i>	
— <i>Christian cited)</i>	9 3684	— <i>ings</i>GWYNN	4 1532
<i>Insularity of the Greeks</i>	6 2332	— <i>On the Policy for</i>MEAGHER ..	6 2415
<i>Insurrection of Tyrone</i>		— <i>St. Patrick, Apos-</i>	
— <i>and Desmond, The</i>	7 2862	— <i>tle of</i>TODD	9 3400
<i>Intellectual achievement</i>		— <i>Sixty Years Ago</i>WALSH ..	9 3513
— <i>and moral force</i>	9 2468	— <i>Sketches in</i>OTWAY	7 2848
— <i>awakening caused</i>		— <i>2853</i>	
— <i>by The Nation</i>	9 xi	— <i>The Cromwellian</i>	
<i>Intermarriage of Irish</i>		— <i>Settlement of</i>PRENDER-	
— <i>and English prohib-</i>		— <i>GAST</i>	8 2913
<i>ited</i>	9 ix	— <i>The Glory of</i>MEAGHER ..	6 2420
<i>Interpretation of Lite-</i>		— <i>The National Mu-</i>	
<i>ature, The</i>DOWDEN ..	3 866	— <i>sic of</i>BURKE	2 400
— <i>Interview between Fion</i>		— <i>The Northmen in</i>STOKES ..	8 3238
— <i>Ma Cubhall and Can-</i>		— <i>The Pillar Towers</i>	
<i>nan</i>	9 3494	— <i>of</i>MACCARTHY..	6 2130
<i>Interviews with Buona-</i>		— <i>The Story of</i>SULLIVAN ..	9 3323
— <i>parte</i>TONE	9 3418		
<i>Into the Twilight</i>YEATS ..	9 3705		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
'Ireland, The Whole Works of Sir James Ware Concerning'	WARE	9 3544	Irish Grandmother, The. STREET BAL-	LAD	8 3288
		3546, 3547	— History, An Outline of'	MCCARTHY..	6 2174
— To	WILDE	9 3573			2179
— 'Traces of the Elder Faiths of'	WOOD-MARTIN	9 3640	— Eighty-Five Years of'	DAUNT	3 811
— Visible and Invisible	JOHNSTON	5 1702	— Lectures on Manuscript Materials of	O'CURRY	7 2670
N. B. The foregoing are the titles in which the word "Ireland" occurs: to index all references to Ireland would have taken too much space and is scarcely necessary.			— House of Commons, October, 1783		4 1400
'Ireland's Cause in England's Parliament'	MCCARTHY..	6 2161	— Ideas'	O'BRIEN	7 2617
— Influence on European literature.	SIGERSON	4 vii	— Idylls'	BARLOW	1 98
— Part in English Achievement	SHEIL	8 3057	— in America, The.	MAGUIRE	6 2321
— Wrongs, Carlyle on		3 951	— in America, The.	O'BRIEN	7 2617
Iris Olkryn	See MILLIGAN.		— in the War, The.	MAGUIRE	6 2321
Irish, A Plea for the Study of	O'BRIEN	7 2614	— Intellect, The	GILES	4 1280
— Antiquities, Hand book of'	WAKEMAN and COOKE.	9 3482	— Land Bill of 1876		6 2177
— As a Spoken Language	HYDE	4 1603	— Language of the Ancient	WARE	9 3544
— Astronomy	HALPINE	4 1540	— prohibited		9 ix
— Bar, The'	O'FLANAGAN.	7 2723	— Life, The Sunniness of		8 vii
		2728	— Literature, Characteristics of		2 xviii
— Bear, An		7 2794	— wrongly classed as English		2 xviii
— Borough Franchise Bill, The		6 2176	— Continuity of		2 xviii
— Bulls Examined, Originality of.	EDGEWORTH.	3 1055	— England's indebtedness to		2 xviii
— 'Celts, Legendary Fictions of the'	KENNEDY	5 1796	— Individuality of		2 xviii
		1799, 1801, 1803	— National spirit in		2 xviii
— Chiefs, The	DUFFY	3 959	— Racial flavor of		2 xviii
— Church, The	MCCARTHY..	6 2148	— (special article) MCCARTHY.		1 vii
— Confederation, The		6 2419	— Love Song, An	FURLONG	4 1242
— contingent of Louis XV., The		7 2815	— Lullaby	GRAVES	4 1411
— Cry, The	WILSON	9 3617	— Manuscripts. (See Ancient Irish Manuscripts.)		
— Doomsday Book		7 2705	— Melodies, Moore's		6 2337
— Dress of the Ancient	WALKER	9 3493	— Minstrelsy, Hardiman's		4 1251
— Ecclesiastical Remains, Ancient	PETRIE	8 2880	— Misdeeds, English Misrule and'	DE VERE	3 854
— Emigrant in America, Song of the	FITZSIMON.	3 1206	— Mistake, An	READ	8 2918
— Lament of the. DUFFERIN	3 933		— Molly O	FAHY	3 1133
— Exile, The	MACDERMOTT	6 2189	— Molly O	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3288
— Fairy and Folk Tales	WELSH	3 xvii	— Municipal Franchise Bill, The		6 2176
— 'Tales'	LEAMY	5 1899	— Privileges Bill		6 2176
— Famine, A Scene in the	HIGGINS	4 1573	— Music	PETRIE	1 401
— Farmer in Contemplation, The (color plate)		1 xvi	— Musical Genius, An	O'DONOGHUE	7 2690
— Felon, The'	LALOR	5 1855	— Novels	EGAN	5 vii
— Fisheries Bill, The		6 2176	— Parliament, Independence of		9 x
— Folk Tales'	LARMINE	5 1866	— Speech in		3 1212, 1217
— See Irish Fairy Tales.			— Patriot, The Ambition of the	PHILLIPS	8 2892
— Gentry and their Retainers	BARRINGTON.	1 138	— Peasant to his Mistress, The.	MOORE	7 2536
			— Justin McCarthy on Moore's		6 2148
			— People and the Irish Land, The'	BUTT	2 427
			— not represented by the Irish Parliament		6 2162
			— Prose'		10 3959
			— question an American question		9 3329

	VOL.	PAGE
Irish railways, The bill for purchase of.....	6	2176
— <i>Rapparees, The</i>	3	957
— <i>Reaper's Harvest Hymn, The</i>	5	1765
— Registration of Voters Bill, The.....	6	2176
— <i>Rights, Declara- tion of</i>	4	1387
— Romanists and Rit- ualists, Disraeli alleges conspi- racY between.....	6	2155
— scholars in Europe.....	9	3395
— <i>School of Oratory, The</i>	7	vii
— 'Sketch Book,' Thackeray's (quoted).....	3	xxi
— <i>Spinning Wheel, The</i>	4	1410
— State Church,.....		
— Gladstone on.....	6	2156
— <i>Surnames of the Ancient</i>	9	3546
— <i>Idolatry of the</i>	7	2718
— <i>The Origin of the</i>	4	3547
— <i>Thing in Prose, An</i>	5	1771
— <i>in Rhyme, An</i>	5	1772
— <i>Wit and Humor</i>	6	vii
— 'Wits and Wor- thies'.....	3	1199
— 'LITERATURE,' Ob- jects of, defined.....	1	xiv
— See N. B. at end of Ireland, ante.....		
Irish-Australians.....	7	2618
Irishman, The.....	7	2839
Irishman's Farewell to his Country.....	8	3287
Irishmen as Rulers, On.....	3	938
— in Foreign Ser- vice, Eminent.....	7	2814
Irreverent Milton! bold I deem.....	7	2561
Irony. See Humor. — of Dean Swift.....	6	xii
IRWIN, THOMAS CAUL- FIELD.....	5	1668
Is he then gone?.....	1	288
— it thus: O Shame.....	8	3024
— thy will that I should wax and wane.....	9	3592
— there one desires to hear.....	5	1875
Island Fisherman, An.....	9	3458
— of Atlantis, The.....	2	749
— of Saints and Scholars.....	9	viii
— Ireland the.....	2	vii
Islandbridge.....	7	2634
'Isle in the Water, An'.....	9	3444
— of the Blest, The.....	4	1510
It is far and it is far.....	6	2438
— not beauty I de- mand.....	2	807
— not travel makes the man.....	3	1209
— was long past the noon.....	8	3028
— on the Mount Citharon.....	9	3604

		VOL.	PAGE
It was the fairy of the			
place	RUSSELL ..	8	3002
— very early in the			
spring	STREET BAL-		
	LAD	8	3278
<i>Italian Gesticulation</i>	WISEMAN ..	9	3627
Italy described in Gold-			
smith's <i>The Travel-</i>			
<i>ler</i>		4	1359
It's a lonely road			
through bog-land	RUSSELL ..	8	2997
— 'To mix-without-			
<i>fault</i> ' (Irish			
Rann)	HYDE	10	3835
Its edges foamed with			
amethyst	RUSSELL ..	8	3004
Ivara		2	439
<i>Ivor, Lament for King</i> .	STOKES ..	8	3260
J.			
J. J. W.	See JOHN WALSH.		
J. W.	See JOHN WALSH.		
J. K. L.	See DOYLE.		
'Jack Hinton'	LEVER. 5 1952,	1964	
Jackets, Women's		9	3495
Jackson, Andrew, of the			
Ship Castledown		6	2114
Jacob Omnium.	See HIGGINS.		
Jacobinism		2	443
Jacobite cause, The.		9	3445
<i>Jacob's Stone</i> (half-tone			
engraving)	O'FLAHERTY.	7	2717
'Jail Journal, John			
Mitchel's'	MITCHEL ..	6	2444
			2454
James II., Curran on.		2	780.
— and Ireland		9	181
— Memoirs of (cited).		9	3324
— Sarsfield's loyalty			
to		7	2817
JAMESON, MRS.		5	1678
Jamie Freel and the			
<i>Young Lady</i>	MACLINTOCK	6	2242
Jane: <i>A Sketch from</i>			
<i>Dublin Life</i>	COSTELLO ..	2	1640
— Grey, Execution of			
Lady		3	851
<i>Janus</i>	RUSSELL ..	8	3000
Japhet, Ireland de-			
scended from		9	3548
<i>Jarvey</i> (comic paper) ..		6	x
Jaunting-car (half-tone			
engraving)		2	788
Jephson's anecdote of			
Faulkner		4	1262
Jeffers, Lady		6	2440
Jefferson, J., as Bob			
Acres (portrait)		8	3088
<i>Jenny from Ballinasloe</i> .	STREET BAL-		
	LAD	8	3285
Jeremy Diddler (char-			
acter in 'Raising the			
Wind')		5	1805
Jerrold, B., on 'Father			
Prou't'		6	2336
'Jessamy Bride, The' ..	MOORE ..	7	2468
(Mary Horneck)		4	1301
JESSOP, GEORGE H.		5	1688
'Jesuskin'	SIGERSON ..	8	3141
<i>Jim Walsh's Tin Box</i> ..	MACINTOSH.	6	2233
Jocelyn, Robert		7	2724
John O'Dwyer of the			
Glen	FURLONG ..	4	1247
— of the Two Sheep.	HYDE ..	4	1631
Johnsen	SKERINE ..	8	3154

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye</i>	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3230	Kauffmann, Angelica, The Art of.....	7	2473
JOHNSON, LIONEL.....		5 1693	KAVANAGH, ROSE.....	5	1752
— and the Rhy- mers' Club.....		5 1693	<i>Kearsage, The</i>	ROCHE	8 2964
— on W. Alling- ham's verse.....	1	11	KEARY, ANNIE.....		5 1755
— on J. C. Man- gan.....	6	2351	KEATING, GEOFFREY (bi- ography).....	10	4012
— W. B. Yeats on.....	3	xlii	— P. S. Dineen on.....	10	3959
— Dr. S., and Mack- lin.....	6	2241	Keating's cave in Aher- low Glen.....	7	2615
— on E. Burke.....	1	369	Keats, Celtic influence on.....	9	3655
— on Sir John Den- ham.....	3	849	KEEGAN, JOHN.....	5	1762
— on Ireland's learning.....	1	xvii	KEELING, ELSA D'Es- TERRE.....	5	1769
— on the Earl of Roscommon.....	8	2981	Keenan, Sir Patrick.....	4	1603
— on 'The Tem- pest'.....	2	407	<i>Keening and Wake</i>	WOOD-MAR- TIN	9 3640
— See <i>A Goodly Com- pany and The Haunch of Vent- son</i>			— of the <i>Three Marys</i> (folk song).....	10	3789
Johnson's Dictionary.....	7	2479	KEIGHTLEY, SAMUEL ROBERT.....	5	1774
Johnston, Anna. See MACMANUS.			— M. F. Egan on.....	5	xlii
— CHARLES.....	5	1702	Kelkar, Son of Uther.....	7	2759
JOHNSTONE, CHARLES.....	5	1709	Kells.....	5	1738
Jonathan Freke Slingsby.....			— Book of.....	5	1737
Jones, Mr. Bence, Boy- cotting of.....	7	2613	— (color plate).....	9	Front
Jordan, Mrs.....	5	1920	— Crosses at.....	9	3485
Jordan's Banks.....	7	2517	Kelly, Eva Mary.....		See O'DOHERTY.
Josephus on the dis- persal after Babel.....	9	3548	— HUGH.....	5	1781
<i>Journal of a Lady of Fashion</i>	BLESSING- TON	1 193	— D. J. O'Dono- ghue on wit of.....	6	xlii
'— to Stella, The'. SWIFT.....	9	3378	— Goldsmith on.....	4	1381
<i>Journey in Disguise</i> , A. BURTON.....	2	408	— Margaret.....	9	3503
<i>Journeys End in Lovers Meeting</i>	KICKHAM	5 1815	— the Fenian leader, Rescue of.....	7	2607
'Jove's Poet'. See MOORE.			KELVIN, LORD (SIR WIL- LIAM THOMPSON).....	5	1783
Joy! Joy! the day is come at last.....	DUFFY	3 954	Kenealy, Dr., D. J. O'Donoghue on.....	6	xlv
JOYCE, PATRICK WES- TON (portrait).....	5	1713, 1730	— WILLIAM.....	5	1788
— ROBERT DWYER.....	5	1741	Kenmare, Rinucini's journey from.....	1	32
Judge's Bill, The.....	4	1395	KENNEDY, PATRICK.....	5	1789
July the first of a morning clear.....	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3271	Kennedys, The.....	3	941
Junius, the Letters of.....	3	1226	KENNEY, JAMES.....	5	1805
Jupiter's moons.....	1	38	— D. J. O'Donoghue on wit of.....	6	xlii
Just after the war, in the year.....	LE FANU	5 1937	Kenstington and Rane- lagh Gardens.....	1	165
<i>Justice for Ireland</i>	O'CONNELL.	7 2641	Keogh, <i>Anecdotes of</i> ... FITZPATRICK	3	1199
K.			— Jimmy.....	1	145
Kalavala.....	9	3654	KERNAHAN, COULSON (portrait).....	5	1809
Kant on materialism.....	9	3464	Kerry "a fit cradle for O'Connell".....	4	1588
Kate Kearney.....	MORGAN	7 2555	— Ancient families of.....	4	1590
— of Arraglen.....	LANE	5 1863	— <i>Dance, The</i>	MOLLOY	6 2457
— of Carnavilla.....	LYSAGHT	6 2108	— In the Kingdom of.....	CROKER	2 660
<i>Kate's Letter</i>	DUFFERIN	3 935	— Number of Irish words used in.....	4	1607
Kathleen M Houlihan.....		6 2268	— The Knight of.....	4	1590
— <i>Ny-Houlahen</i> . From the Irish.....	MANGAN	6 2380	Kerry's pride and Mun- ster's glory.....	8	3066
'Kathleen Mavourneen' (half-tone en- graving).....	CRAWFORD	2 658	Key-Shield of the Mass.....	10	3965
— <i>O'More</i>	REYNOLDS	8 2939	KICKHAM, CHARLES JO- SEPH.....	5	1855
			— and the 'Irish Peo- ple'.....	O'LEARY	7 2798
			— as a humorist.....	6	xv
			— D. J. O'Donoghue on.....	5	xvii
			— M. F. Egan on.....	5	vii, xvi

	VOL.	PAGE
Kickham, W. B. Yeats on	3	xi
Kieran, St., and Clon- macnoise	9	3484
Kilbride, Carlow to	3	1182
Kilcoe, The Glens of	4	1255
Kilcrea	1	353
Kilcullen	5	1894, 1898
Kildare, Bishop of	4	1600
— Bright at	8	3253
— landlord, A	4	1574
— The House of	7	2741
— Pooka, The	KENNEDY	5 1796
— The Curragh of	5	1802
Kilkee	5	1740
Kilduff	2	647
'Kilhwch and Olwen'	4	1598
<i>Kilkenny Eve's Christ- mas Song, The.</i> KENEALY ..	5	1788
— Man, The	See CAMPION.	
— Statute of	9	3391
— The 'holy well' near	5	1766
Kill, Bhélate	4	1623
Killaan	2	689
Killala	4	1575
Killlala	6	2232
— The Bishops of	9	3697
— The French at		
— The Scene of <i>Cathleen ni Hool- ihan</i>	10	xxi
Killaloe	6	2377
Killarney. See <i>Dermot Astore.</i>		
— Colleen Bawn Rock (half-tone en- graving)	4	1494
— Echo at the lake of	3	1056
— The beauty of	5	1876
— The Falls of (half- tone engraving)	5	1876
— The Lake of. See <i>Rent-day.</i>		
— The Lakes of (color plate)	4	Front
— Oisín at	5	1714
— Mountain Cottage in (half-tone en- graving)	4	1484
— O'Connell at	7	2652
Killenaule affair, The	7	2798
Killbegs	5	1575
Killllee	6	2354
Killlnee	6	2132
Killiney	4	1424
— Bay	7	2651
— Hill		
Kilmartin	See JOHN WALSH.	
Kilrush	5	1958
Kiltown Abbey	6	2250
Kilwarden, Lord	2	797
Kilworth	2	681
— Mountains, The	7	2730
Kimbay Macfontann	7	2757
King Ailill's Death	8	3261
— <i>Bagenal</i>	3	817
— Charles he is King James's son	2	442
— <i>John and the Mayor</i>	3	1900
— <i>of Denmark's Ride, The</i>	7	2587
— <i>England pro- claimed King of Ireland</i>	9	3390
— <i>Ireland's Son, The</i> (see also <i>The Red Duck</i>) CHESSON ..	2	590

	VOL.	PAGE
King of Prussia, The, and feudal land tenure	7	2866
— <i>the Black Des- ert, The.</i> From fairly and folk lore	10	3713
— <i>the Cats, Sean- chan the Bard and the</i>	9	3566
— <i>O'Toole and St. Kevin</i>	5	2046
— RICHARD ASHE	5	1833
— William	3	967
Kingly Power, The	2	780
Kingstown	7	2651
<i>Kinkora.</i> From the Irish of Mac-Liag	6	2377
Kinnegad	5	1961
Kinsale Fisherman, A.	5	2009
— The battle of	7	2744
— The landing of the Spaniards at	7	2740
Kinvara	3	1134
Kinvarra (Kenn-Mara)	5	1729
KIRWAN, WALTER BLAKE.	5	1842
— as an Orator	3	1202
— Eloquence of	1	127
— Glattan's tribute to	7	xvii
— not a plagiarist	1	128
— Mount	6	2413
<i>Kish of Brogues, A.</i>	1	264
Kitty Neal	9	3500
— of Coleraine	8	3032
<i>Knife-Grinder, Friend of Humanity and the.</i> CANNING ..	2	467
<i>Knight of the Sheep</i>	4	1466
— <i>Tricks, The.</i>	10	3751
<i>Knighting of Cuchulain.</i> O'GRADY ..	7	2756
Knights of Tara	1	146
Knock-na-Fian	7	2754
'Knocknagow'	5	1815
Knockthul, The Hill of	4	1255
KNOWLES, JAMES SHEP- IDAN (portrait)	5	1846
Kylemore	6	2391
Knowledge, Injury of	3	882

L.

L. N. F.	See MRS. FITZSIMON.	
<i>La Cruce and Kitty of Coleraine</i>	8	3032
La Hogue, Sea fight off	7	2823
La Touche, the Banker	6	2106
<i>Ladies, Advice to the.</i> GOLDSMITH.	4	1322
— Irish, Dress of	9	3497
<i>Lady Gay Spanker (character in 'London Assur- ance')</i>	1	252
— <i>Jane Grey</i>	3	851
— <i>of Fashion, Jour- nal of a</i>	1	193
— Teazle, Ada Rehan as	8	3105
Laeg, Son of Riangabra	4	1433
Laegaire, King, and St. Patrick. (See also Laogar, or Laoghaire)	4	1601
Laeghaire (Leary)	4	1616
Laffan, May. See MRS. HARTLEY.		
Laffans, The	3	941
La Gloconda (half-tone engraving)	3	877

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Lalgaire	4 1443	Land tenure, Frederick	
Lake Isle of Innisfree, The	YEATS	William of	
— of the Dismal Swamp, The	MOORE 7 2539	Prussia	7 2866
Lakes of Killarney (color plate)	4 Front	Froude cited on	7 2866
— or loughs of Ulster, The	6 2275	John Bright on	7 2867
'Lalla Rookh'	MOORE 7 2509	On	2 422
— Father Prout on	6 2342	See also	5 1855; 7 2862
— Meagher on	6 2421	Landen, The battle of	3 957; 7 2824
LALOR, JAMES FINTAN	5 1855	Landlords and Tenants	2 422
Lambert, Nannie... See Mrs. POWER		Landlordism	10 3919
O'DONOGHUE.		LANE, DENNY	5 1863
Lambert, Old Lady (character in 'Mr. Mawworn')	1 182	Language, fossil poetry	9 3434
Lament, From the Irish of Owen Ward	6 2352	— Irish as a Spoken. HYDE	4 1603
— A. From the Irish CUBRAN	2 768	— of the Ancient Irish	9 3544
— Claragh's. From the Irish	D'ALTON .. 2 803	Langue d'oïl and langue d'oc, Irish older than	2 vii
— for Ireland, A Sorrowful	GREGORY ... 4 1459	Languish, Lydia (character in 'The Rivals')	8 3078
— for King Ivor	STOKES ... 8 3260	Lanigan's Ball	8 3293
— O Dalcassians! the Eagle	HOGAN 4 1591	Laogar, King	7 2719
— of Maev Leith-Dherg, The. From the Irish	ROLLESTON. 8 2975	Laogar's daughters, converted by St. Patrick	7 2720
— of O'Gnive, The. From the Irish	CALLANAN .. 2 443	Laoghaire's Daughters, Conversion of King (fairly and folk tale). ANONYMOUS. 3 1162	
— of the Irish Emigrant	DUFFERIN .. 3 933	Laol na mná móire	4 1609
— of the Irish Maiden, The	LANE 5 1865	Lapful of Nuts, The	FERGUSON .. 3 1183
— of the Mangateer Sugach. From the Irish	WALSH ... 9 3508	Larkin executed at Manchester	7 2608; 9 3339
— over the Ruins of the Abbey of Timoleague	FERGUSON .. 3 1177	Larks	TYNAN
Lamentation of Hugh Reynolds, The	STREET BAL-LAD	LARMINIE, WILLIAM	5 1866
Lancashire cotton mills	1 37	Larry M'Hale	LEVER 5 2001
Land Act, Irish	2 426	Last Desire, The	ROLLESTON. 8 2973
— of 1870, The	6 2178; 9 xi	— Gleeman, The	YEATS 9 3683
— The motion of 1875 for inquiry into the workings of the	6 2176	— Music, The	JOHNSON ... 5 1700
— Agents. See Casile Rackrent and The Gombeen Man.		— Rose of Summer, The	MOORE 7 2528
— Bill of 1876, the Irish	6 2177	— Speech of Robert Emmet	EMMET 3 1087
— Fairies described	3 xviii	'Latitudes, Letters from High'	DUFFERIN .. 3 942
— improvement in Ireland	9 3365	Latnamard	3 958
— Individual ownership of	7 2866	Lauderdale, Lord, Sheridan on	8 3123, 3125
— League, The Irish National	9 xi	Lavalla, The Lake of	6 2230
— of Cokaigine, The	8 3134	Law	
— of St. Lawrence, From the	EGAN 3 1080	Penal Laws, The. MCCARTHY. 6 2179	
— ownership	5 1855	Nation's Right, A. MOLYNEUX. 6 2460	
— purchase scheme, Gladstone's	9 xi	Tried by his Peers. O'FLANAGAN 7 2723	
— question, The. See An Eviction.		LAWLESS, EMILY	5 1877
— Parnell on the	6 2178	M. F. Egan on	5 viii
		Lawrence's Gate, Drogheda (half-tone engraving)	7 2568
		Lawrence's, Sir T., portrait of Lady Blessington	1 192
		Laws of coinage, The	9 3375
		Lay of Ossian and Patrick, A	GWYNN 4 1523
		— of the Famine, A. STREET BAL-LAD	8 3295
		— of Gudrun, The, and Ireland	4 viii
		Lazy Beauty and her Aunts, The	KENNEDY ... 5 1789
		LE FANU, JOSEPH SHERIDAN	5 1927
		— as a comic writer	6 xv
		— on landlordism	10 3919
		— W. P.	5 1937, 1945
		Le Ferre, The Story of. STERNE	8 3220
		'Leabhar Breac,' The	7 2615, 2663
		— na-h-Uidhre	7 2668

	VOL.	PAGE
<i>Leabhar nah Uidhre, The</i> (Book of the Dun Cow)	4	1600
LEADBEATER, MARY	5	1886
— 'Papers, The'	5	1886
LEAMY, EDMUND	5	1899
<i>Leanan Sidhe, To the</i> BOYD	1	258
Leannhaun Shee, The, de- scribed	3	xx
Lear, The august sor- rowful	9	3660
Learning and Art, Irish	4	1599
— in Ancient Ireland	9	viii
'Leaves from a Prison Diary'	3	832, 837
Lebanon	7	2517
'Lebor Breac'	8	3141
Lecain, The Book of (see also Lecain)	7	2663
Lecale	3	957
Lecan, The Book of (see also Lecain)	2	629
LECKY, WILLIAM E. H.	5	1912
— (portrait)	5	1916
— on Flood	3	1212
— Home Rule	6	2175
— William Smith O'Brien	7	2619
— O'Connell	7	2624
'Lectures and Essays on Irish Subjects'	4	1280
Lee, The (river)	1	353; 2 718
—	3	878; 6 2344
<i>Legend of Glendalough</i> LOVER	6	2046
— of Stiffenbach, The WILLIAMS	9	3610
'Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts' KENNEDY	5	1796
—	1799, 1801, 1803	
— Heroes	8	2990
Legends	9	3404
— ancient Irish, Ethical content of	8	2973
Legends and Myths.		
— From Fionnuala	1	25
— To the Leanan Sidhe	1	258
— Lord of Dunker- ron	2	736
— Story of the Little Bird	2	734
— Cael and Credhe	4	1445
— Coming of Finn	4	1447
— Death of Cuchu- lain	4	1431
— Only Son of Aoife	4	1426
— Lay of Ossian and Patrick	4	1523
— Battle of Dunbolg	4	1622
— Story of Mac- Dathó's Pig and Hound	4	1613
— Connla of the Golden Hair	5	1731
— Exploits of Curoi	5	1749
— Fineen the Rover	5	1743
— Naisi Receives his Sword	5	1746
— Oisín in Tirnanoge	5	1714
— Enchantment of Gearoidh Iarla	5	1801
— Epilogue to Fand	5	1875
— Fionnuala	6	2437
— Battle of Almhain	7	2709
— Knighting of Cucu- lain	7	2756
— Queen Meave and her Hosts	7	2746

	VOL.	PAGE
Legends and Myths.		
— King Ailill's Death	7	3261
— Strand of Balar	9	3404
— Deirdre in the Woods	9	3431
— Children of Iar	9	3460
— Saint Francis and the Wolf	9	3451
— The Priest's Soul	9	3561
— Old Age of Queen Maev	9	3697
— Wakeman on	9	3482
'Legends and Stories' and Traditions,	6	2055, 2071
— Fairy	3	695, 736
— of Ireland	9	vii
— Ancient	9	3557
—	3558, 3561, 3566	
— Archbishop Mc- Hale on	6	2231
— of the Fairies, The	3	xx
— of the Pyramids	9	3534
— See also Folk and Fairy Tales.		
Leinster	3	956; 4 1249; 5 1722
— Aldfrid in	6	2376
— Fionn MacCumhail in	6	2117
— The battle of Alm- hain in	7	2709
— The Book of	4	1600, 1613
—	5	1738, 2884
— described	2	xii
— See <i>The Battle of Dunbolg</i> and <i>The Story of MacDathó's Pig</i> and Hound.		
Leith-Culinn	6	2357
Leitrim	2	613
— Lord, Lord Car- lisle's story of	1	234, 241
Lelx	3	859
Leland on the Catholic priests in war time	3	955
Lenane	1	243
Lenihan's History of Limerick (cited)	9	3326
Lens, Peter, and the 'Hell-fire Club'	5	1916
Leo		See CASEY.
Leonardo's "Mona Lisa"	3	877
Lepers healed by Brigit	8	3255
Leprecaun, or Fairy Shoemaker, The ALLINGHAM	1	20
— Description of the	3	xix
Leprechawn, The (see also Leprechaun or Leprehaun)	4	1287
Leprechaun, The	1	301
Leprehauns	4	1631
'Lesbia hath a beaming eye'	6	2340
—	7	2523
— semper hinc et inde	6	2340
Lest it may more quar- rels breed	9	3388
Let Bacchus's Sons	8	3283
— schoolmasters puz- zle their brain	4	1349
— the farmer praise his grounds	8	3279

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Let them go by	DOWDEN	3 876	Limerick, Sarsfield at.....	4 1593; 5 1742	
— us go to the moun-			— destroys sup-		
tain	10 3789		— plies for seige	7 2820	
Leth-Chiwm	7 2709		— Surrender of	3 957	
Letter from Galway, A MAXWELL ..	6 2412		— The Blacksmith of JOYCE	5 1741	
— the Place of his			— Irish Rapparees at	3 958	
Birth	M'HALE	6 2227	— The Treaty of	3 957; 9 x	
Letterbrick, Famine and			— Treaty Stone at		
pestilence at	4 1573		(half-tone en-		
Letterkenny	4 1512; 6 2249, 2252		graving)	3 957	
— Tone arrested at	7 2605		Lincoln's Proclamation		
'Letters from High			of Emancipation.....	5 1665	
Latitudes'	DUFFERIN	3 942	Lindsay, Lord, on the		
Levarcham	4 1430		building of the Pyra-		
LEVER, CHARLES JAMES			mids	9 3533	
(portrait)	5 1948		Linen Manufacture, The	9 3423	
— M. F. Egan on	5 vii, xii		— Trade in Dublin	5 1916	
— Genius and pur-			Lines	GREENE	4 1424
pose of novels of	1 xii		— by Robert Emmet	3 1094	
Living Authors in Irish			— from the Centenary		
Literature	2 xx		Ode to the Mem-		
Lewines	9 3418		ory of Moore	MACCARTHY, 6 2131	
Lia Fail; or Jacob's			— Written to Music, WOLFE	9 3634	
Stone, The	O'FLAHERTY, 7 2717		'Lion of the Fold of		
— The	8 2970		Juda, The'	See M'HALE.	
Lia Macha	7 2757		Liquor of Life	D'ALTON	2 805
Liber Hymnorum, The	7 2672		Lir	8 2990	
Liberty in England	GOLDSMITH, 4 1331		— The Children of	TYNAN-	
— of the Irish	9 3418		HINKSON, 9 3460		
— Press, The	CURRAN	2 778	Lisheen Races, Second-		
— Press	DE VERE	3 852	Hand	SOMERVILLE	
— The Native Land			and ROSS, 8 3168		
of	IRELAND	5 1662	Lismore	2 631	
— the right of all			— The Book of	7 2766; 8 3246	
men	6 2461		Lissadill	6 2354	
License, The first grant-			Litany	MONSELL	7 2465
ed to comedians in			— of St. Aengus	8 2884	
England	6 2346		Literary Appreciations.		
'Life and Letters of F.			— Humor of Shakes-		
W. Robertson' BROOKE	1 291		peare	DOWDEN	3 870
— Literature	9 3579		— Shakespeare's Por-		
— Art, and Nature	9 3578		traiture of wo-		
— in Death	7 2652		man	DOWDEN	3 875
— of Brigit	8 3246		— Speech on Robert		
— of Canning'	BELL	1 165	Burns	FERGUSON	3 1170
— of C. S. Parnell' O'BRIEN	7 2607		— Country Folk	JOHNSON	5 1694
	2611		— Macaulay and Ba-		
' — of Owen Roe			con	MITCHEL	6 2444
O'Neill, A'	TAYLOR	9 3340	— Emerson and New-		
— The Origin of	KELVIN	5 1784	man	MULLANEY	7 2556
Liffey, The	2 637; 5 1914		— Shakespeare	WISEMAN	9 3628
— Dublin Castle on			'Literary History of		
the	3 887		Ireland, A'	HYDE	4 1603
Lifford	6 2357		1610, 1613, 1618		
Light o' the World	MCCALL	6 2124	— impulse of The		
Light, Speed of	1 38		Nation	9 xi	
'Like a fire kindled be-			— Qualities of the		
neath a lake' (Irish			Saga	HULL	4 1597
rann)	HYDE	10 3833	— Revival, Modern	10 3711	
Like a Stone in the			— The, Lady Greg-		
Street	GRAVES	4 1414	ory on	1 xvii	
'Lily Lass'	MACCARTHY, 6 2180		— Society of New		
Limerick	1 58		York, The Irish	10 xxvi	
— Bridge and Castle			— Theater, The Irish	10 xxiii	
(half-tone en-			Literature.		
graving)	5 1742		— Præternatural in		
— The defense of	9 ix		Fiction	BURTON	1 404
— electors, Harry			— England in Shake-		
Deane Grady and	7 2728, 2732		peare's Youth	DOWDEN	3 869
— Irish titles in	4 1590		— Interpretation of		
— Lenihan's history			Literature	DOWDEN	3 866
of (cited)	9 3326		— Literary Qualities		
— The Mayor of	8 xvii		of the Saga	HULL	4 1597
— method of fighting			— Irish as a Spoken		
streets in 1719	5 1916		Language	HYDE	4 1603

Literature.

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
— <i>What is the Rem- nant?</i>	MAGEE	6 2292	Lombards, Irish version of the history of the	7 2672	
— <i>Plea for the Study of Irish</i>	O'BRIEN	7 2614	'London Assurance'	BOUCICAULT	1 252
— <i>Old Books of Erinn</i>	O'CURRY	7 2670	— <i>View of</i>	DENHAM	3 850
— <i>Gaelic Movement</i>	PLUNKETT	8 2908	— <i>London-derry</i>		7 2867
— <i>On the 'Colloquy of the Ancients'</i>	ROLLESTON	8 2968	— (half-tone engrav- ing)		1 7
— <i>Life, Art and Na- ture</i>	WILDE	9 3578	Lone and weary as I wandered	FERGUSON	3 1177
— <i>Celtic Element in Literature</i>	YEATS	9 3654	— <i>is my waiting here?</i>	TODHUNTER	9 3408
— <i>and History</i>		9 vii	— <i>Lake, half lost amidst</i>	GREENE	4 1423
— <i>and Life</i>		9 3579	Lonely from my home I come	MANGAN	6 2371
— <i>of the Modern Irish Language</i>	HYDE	10 3711	Long Deserted	MULVANY	7 2562
— <i>The antiquity of Irish</i>		3 xvii	— <i>Dying, The</i>	DE VERE	3 863
— <i>Irish, from first to last</i>		1 xv	— <i>Long ago beyond the misty</i>	M'GEE	6 2223
— <i>Irish, of many blends</i>		4 x	— <i>Reddy</i>		1 145
— <i>The Celtic Ele- ment in</i>	YEATS	9 3654	— <i>Spoon, The</i>	KENNEDY	5 1803
— <i>Effect of National movement on</i>		1 xlii	— <i>they pine in dreary woe</i>	MANGAN	6 2380
— <i>Effect of Repeal movement on</i>		1 xlii	— <i>this night, the clouds delay</i>	SIGERSON	8 3139
— <i>Effect of Union on</i>		1 xli	Longford		7 2668
— <i>Ireland's Influence on European</i>	SIGERSON	4 vii	Longing	TODHUNTER	9 3408
— <i>Interpretation of</i>	DOWDEN	3 866	Looe		4 1519
— <i>The Story of Early Gaelic</i>	HYDE	4 1622	Lookin' Back	SKRINE	8 3155
— <i>Value of ancient Irish</i>		4 xl	— <i>Seaward</i>	FERGUSON	3 1185
— <i>Young Ireland party and</i>		1 xlii	Looting		9 3636
Litigation, Love of		3 1000	Loquacious Barber, The	THE GRIFFIN	4 1503
Little Black Rose, The, DE VERE		3 858	Lord Beaconsfield	O'CONNOR	7 2660
— <i>Black Rose, The</i>		4 1247	Lord Edward. See Fitz- gerald.		
— <i>Britons</i>	CAFFYN	2 429	— <i>Lieutenant's Ad- venture, The</i>	BODKIN	1 232
— <i>child, I call thee</i>	HYDE	4 1655	— <i>Verulam and the Echo</i>		3 1056
— <i>cowboy what have you heard</i>	ALLINGHAM	1 20	— <i>of Dunkerron, The</i>	CROKER	2 736
— <i>Dominick</i>	EDGEWORTH	3 1060	Lorne, Lord		3 939
— <i>Mary Cassidy</i>	FAHY	3 1135	Lost Saint, The	HYDE	4 1650
— <i>Woman in Red, A</i>	DEENY	3 846	— <i>Tribune, The</i>	SIGERSON	8 3133
Lives of Irish saints		7 2672	Louane		1 114
— <i>of the Mothers of the Irish Saints</i>		1 32	Loud roared the dread, ful thunder	CHERRY	2 586
— <i>of the Sheridans, The</i>	FITZGERALD	3 1190	Lough, Bray	KAVANAGH	5 1753
Llandaff, Lord, duel with Lord Clonmell		1 142	— <i>Bray</i>	O'GRADY	7 2760
Loan of a Congregation	MAXWELL	6 2411	— <i>Columb</i>		4 1522
Local Government Act		9 xi	— <i>Dan (half tone en- graving)</i>		4 1424
— <i>Self-Government v. Home Rule</i>		3 833	— <i>Dergh</i>		7 2552
Loch Finn		6 2271	— <i>Drummond</i>		4 1522
— <i>Glynn, Folk tale of</i>		4 1642	— <i>Erne</i>		4 1255; 6 2276
— <i>Ina</i>	O'BRIEN	7 2602	— <i>Foyle</i>		6 2277
— <i>Lena, Outlaw of</i>	CALLANAN	2 441	— <i>Ine</i>		4 1255
— <i>Lein</i>		4 1448	— <i>Lein (Killarney)</i>		5 1714
— <i>Mask</i>		4 1625	— <i>na Mrack</i>		4 1521, 1522
— <i>Quinlan</i>		4 1595	— <i>Neagh</i>		3 1180; 5 1753
— <i>Swilly</i>		7 2605	— <i>Healing and pet- rifying powers</i>		6 2277, 2280
— (see also Lough).			— <i>Outer</i>		6 2277
Lochan		5 1725	— <i>Sheelin</i>		6 2277
Lochavar, An Irish		5 1945	— <i>Swilly (half-tone engraving)</i>		2 633
Locke, JOHN		5 2003	— <i>one of the lead- ing lakes of Ulster</i>		4 1518; 6 2427
Locker-Lampson, F.		5 1809	— <i>See also Loch.</i>		
Logic in Irish literature		2 xlii	Loughlle		3 1136
Loma		3 861	Loughleagh (Lake of Healing)	ANONYMOUS	3 1142
			Louis XV. and his Irish contingent		7 2815

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Louis Philippe; few execu- tions under his rule	2	679	Ludlow on the massacre at Drogheda	7	2568, 2573
— See <i>The French Revolution</i>	3	940	Ludlow's 'Memoirs'	7	2568
Louise, Princess	6	2275	Lugach	4	1525
Louth	7	2615	Lugaird	4	1484, 1443
Louvain, Lynch's cell in	7	2673	Luganure	5	2052
— Collection, The	7	2673	Lugduff	5	2051
— Franciscan College of, Collection of Irish MSS. in the	7	2673	Lugdala	1	25
<i>Love Ballad</i> . From the Irish	6	2371	Lugh, the long-handed	2	xi
— in a Village'	1	185	Lugnaquilla	6	2121
— is the soul of a neat Irishman	6	2193	'Luke Delmege'	8	3044
— not'	7	2589	Lumpkins, Tony (char- acter in 'She Stoops to Conquer')	4	1348
— of Dubhlacha for Mongan, The'	4	1608	Lundy Foot	2	800
— Fair Play, Irish	3	857	Luttrell, Henry, the Irish traitor	7	2821
— <i>Freaks, The</i>	4	1334	— D. J. O'Donoghue on wit of	6	xiv
— Nature in Irish sagas	2	xv	'Lying, the Decay of'	9	3578
— <i>Quack Medi- cines, The</i>	4	1343	LYNCH, HANNAH	6	2088
— <i>Songs of Connacht</i>	10	3735	— <i>Law on Vinegar Hill</i>	1	76
— <i>The Contagion of</i>	2	605	Lynch's cell in Louvain	7	2615
— <i>The Pity of</i>	9	3704	Lyndhurst, Lord, and Sheil on "Irish allens"	7	xxvii
— will you come with me	6	2124	LYSAGHT, EDWARD	7	2106
<i>Lovely Mary Donnelly</i>	1	12	— D. J. O'Donoghue on wit of	6	xiv
— Mary of the Shan- non Side'	8	3270	Lysaght's quips beyond recall	6	ix
<i>Love-making in Ireland</i>	6	2193	Lytton, on Gulliver	9	3343
— in <i>Paddy Land</i>	5	1772	— on Swift	9	3343
<i>Lover and Birds, The</i>	1	15			
LOVER, SAMUEL (por- trait)	5	2006	M.		
— as a comic love poet	6	x	Maam, The inn at	1	233
— as a humorist	6	viii	Mab, Mave (Meve and Meave become Mab in Shakespeare)	4	ix
— the Irish arch-hu- morist	6	xiv	Mabinogion, The	9	3655
— M. F. Egan on	5	vii, xli	<i>Macaulay and Bacon</i>	6	2444
— on 'Bumpers', Squire Jones'	3	841	— J. W. Croker	2	675
— Father Prout's addition to <i>The Groves of Blarney</i>	6	2441	— on Burke	1	372
— W. H. Maxwell	6	2400	— Irish soldiers in French army	7	2815
<i>Love's Despair</i> . From the Irish of Diar- mad O'Curran	8	3137	— 'Junius'	3	1227
— <i>Young Dream</i>	7	2521	Macaulay's Lay of Ho- ratus and <i>Ballad of Naseby</i> , Mitchel on	6	2454
<i>Low-Backed Car, The</i>	5	2079	Mac, meaning of	9	3546
Loyalty, Irish	1	348	MACALEESE, D. A.	6	2111
Lua's lake	3	864	McBURNIE, WILLIAM B.	6	2113
Luath Luachar	2	629	McCALL, PATRICK J.	6	2117
Lucan, Lord, at Bala- klava (see also Patrick Sars- field)	8	3009	— version of Bryan O'Linn by	8	3273
— after the Treaty of Limerick	3	957	MCCANN, MICHAEL JO- SEPH	6	2126
— <i>Patrick Sarsfield</i> , <i>Earl of</i>	7	2814	MACCARTHY, DENIS FLORENCE	6	2128
Lucas, Mrs. Seymour, Granny's Wonderful Chair (half-tone en- graving)	1	314	— poem to O'Con- nell by (cited)	6	2219
'Luck of a Lowland Laddie, The'	2	751	— JUSTIN (photogravure por- trait)	6	2133
			— <i>Irish Literature</i> by	1	vii
			— on G. Griffin	4	1465
			— Lecky	5	1912
			— Sheil	8	3055
			— JUSTIN HUNTLEY	5	2174
			— Florence	4	1590
			— 'More'	8	3018
			MacCaura, The Clan of	6	2128
			MacCein	2	804
			MacConglinne, Gleeman	9	3684

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
MacConglinne, The Vision of	6 vii	Macreddin	6 2125
MacCon-Mara, Donough	6 2378	MacRoich, Fergus	4 1600
— DUNCADH	10 3937, 3939	Macroom	1 354
MacCool, Finn; mac-Cumhail, Finn. See Finn MacCumhail.		MacRoy, Fergus, Captain of Queen Meave's guards	7 2746
MacCorse, The Tale of	2 xii	— Description of	7 2750
MACDAIRE, TEIGE (biography)	10 4023	MacSweeney of Faut	2 633
— From a Poem by HYDE	4 1657	MacSycophant, Charles Egerton (character in 'How to Get on in the World')	6 2237
MacDáth's Pig and Hound, Story of	4 1613	MADDEN, DANIEL OWEN	6 2281
MACDERMOTT, MARTIN	6 2189	— on Grattan	4 1387
MACDONAGH, MICHAEL (portrait)	6 2193	— Mary A.	See MRS. SADLER.
— on The Sunniness of Irish Life	8 vii	RICHARD ROBERT	6 2286
MacDonnell, Bishop, of Killala	6 2232	Maddyn or Madden, Daniel Owen	6 2281
— JOHN (biography)	10 4013	'Maelduin, The Voyage of'	4 1601
— (reference)	2 803	Mael-mic-Faillbhe, Tenth Abbot of Hy	7 2710
MacEgan, Nehemias, Vellum book of	7 2709	Maev Leith-Dherg, The Lament of	8 2975
MACFALL, FRANCES E. (SARAH GRAND)	6 2206	Maev. See Meve.	
MACFIBBIS, DUALD (biography)	10 4014	— of Leinster, The Half Red	7 2748
— cited by Archbishop McHale	6 2231	— The great army of	4 1432
— The Genealogy of	7 2614	— and Cuchulain	4 1437
M'GEE, THOMAS D'ARCY	6 2217	Magee, on Irish Hotels	8 xxi
MacGillcuddy of the Reeks	4 1590	— WILLIAM K. (JOHN EGLINTON)	6 2202
McGinley, Mr., The plays of	10 xiv	Magennis, Miss	See FORRESTER.
MacGorman, Finn	4 1660	Maggy Ladrir	4 1249
MacGrath's, W., On the Old Sod (color plate)	1 xvi	'Magh Leana, The Battle of'	O'CURRY .. 7 2664
M'Guire, Conor	9 ix	Magh Life	4 1448
Macha, The Grey of	4 1435	MAGINN, WILLIAM (portrait)	6 2300
— Monga-Rue	7 2757	— as a parodist	6 xiv
— the Empress	9 3493	— M. F. Egan on	5 xv
— the Red-Haired	7 2749	— on Conviviality	6 x
McHALE, ARCHBISHOP JOHN	7 2227	— spurious Irish songs	6 xii
MACINTOSH, SOPHIE	6 2233	Maglone, Barney	See WILSON.
Mackenna's Dream	8 3296	Magog, son of Japhet	9 3549
— Popularity of	8 3270	MAGRATH, ANDREW (biography)	10 4015
McKernie, James	See MCBURNEY.	— (reference) Lament of the Man-gaire Sugach	9 3508
MACKLIN, CHARLES	6 2236	Maguire, Hugh	2 639
— Anecdotes of	6 2241	— JOHN FRANCIS	6 2321
— the first considerable reviver of Shakespeare	5 1919	— J. H. McCarthy on	6 2154
MacLean, M., on W. Stokes as a Celtist	7 3243	— The Bard O'Hussey's Ode to the Mangan	6 2369
McLennan, William, M. F. Egan on	6 2377	— Father Tom	8 3275
Mac-Lag, The poems of	6 2242	MAHAFFY, JOHN PENTLAND	6 2328
MACLINTOCK, LETITIA	6 2420, 2422	Mahon, Brian's Lament for King	4 1591
MacLise, Meagher on	2 629	MAHONY, FRANCIS SYLVESTER [FATHER PROUT] (portrait)	6 2336
MacLughaidh	3 941	Maid of Cloghroe, The	STREET BAL-LAD .. 9 3299
MacMahon, Marshal		Maiden City, The	TONNA .. 9 3428
MACMANUS, JAMES (SEUMAS)	6 2254	Maill	4 1252
— M. F. Egan on	5 xiii, xvii	Mailligh Mo Stoir (Molly Astore)	OGLE .. 7 2734
— MRS. SEUMAS (ANNA JOHNSTON)	6 2267	Maine, Son of Maeve	4 1443
— T. and Young Ireland	9 xi	Mairgreud ni Chealladh	WALSH .. 9 3503
MacNessa, Conobar	7 2748	Major Bob Mahon's Hospitality	LEVER .. 5 1964
— Conor	6 2274	Make thyself Known, Sibyl	DOWDEN .. 3 877
McNEVIN, THOMAS	6 2231		
Macpherson			

	VOL.	PAGE
<i>Malaprop, Mrs.</i> (character in 'The Rivals')	SHERIDAN..	8 3078
Malinmore	5	1866
Mallock	2	439
<i>Mallow, The Rakes of.</i> STREET BAL-LAD	9	3312
'Malmorda; A Metrical Romance'	CLARKE ...	2 596
Malone, A	7	1x
— EDMUND	6	2346
Malplaquet, Battle of	9	3445
Malvern Hill	6	2423
'Man of the World, The'	MACKLIN ...	6 2237
— for <i>Galway, The</i>	LEVER	5 1975
— is no mushroom growth	INGRAM ...	4 1660
— <i>Octipartite</i> . From the Middle Irish	STOKES ...	8 3262
Man-a-nan M'Lir	6	2223
Mananan, the sea-god. See <i>Naisi Receives his Sword</i> .		
Manchester Martyrs, The	7 2608; 9 3323,	3339
— Rescue, The	6	2153
<i>Mangaire Sugach, Lament of the</i>	WALSH ...	9 3508
MANGAN, JAMES CLARENCE (portrait)	6	2350
— The Woman of three Cows	10	3831
— W. B. Yeats on	3	1x
— See <i>The Dead Antiquary</i>	6	2218
Mangan's delight in rivers	6	2455
'Manifold Nature, Our'	MACFALL ...	6 2206
Manners and Customs in Ireland	2 xx; 3	943
— of the Ancient Irish	2	629
— of Ancient Erin'	O'CURRY ...	7 2666
— of Ireland in olden times	7	2771
— The Squire's running footman	7	2772
— See <i>Castle Rackrent and Keening and Wake</i> ; also Customs and Manners.		
— Morals (see also Customs and Manners)	1-286; 4	1417
Manning, Mr. See note to <i>An Heroic Deception</i> .		
'Manuscript Materials of Irish History, Lectures on'	O'CURRY ...	7 2670
Manuscripts.		
— Dispersion of, by invasions	7	2680
— Irish; collection in the Bodleian Library at Oxford	7	2673
— British Museum	7	2672
— Burgundian Library, Brussels	7	2673
— Royal Irish Academy	7	2672

	VOL.	PAGE
Manuscripts.		
— National Library of Paris	7	2673
— See Ancient Irish Illuminated MSS.		
Many years have burst upon	SAVAGE ...	8 3026
Maove, the Magic	7	2593
Map of Ireland, Historical	9	3708
— of to-day	10	4030
Marco, Polo, Irish version of the Travels of	7	2672
Marcus	5	1847
Marital relations	5 1923; 6	2204
Market Day (half-tone engraving)	8	2940
Marlow (character in 'She Stoops to Conquer')	4	1349
Marot, Clement, Father Prout on	6	2338
<i>Marriage</i>	SKRINE ...	8 3152
— between relations in ancient Greece	6	2332
— customs. See <i>Love Making in Ireland and Shane Fad's Wedding</i> .		
— Dean Swift on	8	3377
— law in Scotland	2	754
— of Florence MacCarthy More	SADLIER ...	8 3018
— Three Weeks After'	MURPHY ...	7 2564
Marriages in Ireland	6	2193
Marrying season in Ireland, The	6	2194
Marsh, Bishop, Library founded in Dublin by	5	1915
Marten Cats, Superstitions about	9	3680
Martin and 'Young Ireland'	9	xl
MARTIN ROSS (see also E. O. SOMERVILLE and VIOLET MARTIN)	8	3166
— VIOLET. See MARTIN ROSS.		
MARTLEY, JOHN	6	2382
MARTYN, EDWARD	6	2383
— The plays of	10	xiii
Martyrs, Fox's Book of	8	3060
— The Manchester	7 2608; 9 3323,	3339
'Mary Aikenhead, Her Life, Her Work and Her Friends'	ATKINSON ..	1 28
— and St. Joseph (folk song)	HYDE ...	10 3807
— D'Este, Queen of James II.	2	768
— <i>Maguire</i>	FURLONG ...	4 1246
— Neil'	8	3271
— of 'The Nation.' See	DOWNING.	
— Queen, and Ireland	9	1x
— Tudor'	DE VERE ...	3 851
<i>Marys, The Keening of the Three</i> (folk song)	HYDE ...	10 3789
Mary's Well (religious folk tale)	HYDE ...	10 3795
Maryboro'	5	1939
Masbrook, The woods of	6	2230
Masks, The, in Ireland	9	3498
Mason, Mr. Joseph Monck	7	2673

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Mass, Key-Shield of the.....	10	3965	Meave, the great queen,		
Massacre at Drogheda..BARRY	1	150	was pacing to		
MURPHY	7	2567	and fro.....YEATS	9	3697
of 1641, The	3	954	The Old Age of		
Massagetae, The	9	3549	Queen	YEATS	9 3697
Massarene, Lady, daughter			'Mecca, Personal Nar-		
of Harry Deane	7	2733	rative of Pilgrimage		
Grady	1	32	to'	BURTON	1 408
Massari, Dean of Fermo			Medge, Baron		1 142
Masters, Annals of the			'Medical Student, Mis-		
Four (see Four Mas-			adventures of a'	9	3607
ters, Annals).			Medieval Towns	4	1420
Matchmaker in Ireland,			Meehan, The Rev. C. P.	1	32
The	6	2194	Meenavalla; Grouse-		
Materialism, J. S. Mill			shooting in	6	2256
on	9	3464	Meeting of Anarchists,		
Tyndall on	9	3464	A	BARRY	1 156
Mathematics, Irish pro-			the Waters, The..MOORE	7	2532
ficiency in	4	1280	(color plate)	7	Front
MATHEW, FRANK	6	2391	Memoirs. See Char-		
THEOBALD	6	2396	acter Sketches,		
Matthew, Saint (color			etc.		
plate)	9	Front	of James II.		
Matterhorn, Thoughts			(cited)	8	3324
on the	TYNDALL...	9 3478	John Cartaret		
Maturin, C., M. F. Egan			Pilkington		
on	5	vil	(cited)	7	2693
Maureen, <i>acushla</i> , why..BOYLE	1	277	Richard Lovell		
Maur's Song	TRENCH	9 3433	Edgeworth,		
Mave's Repentance	GILBERT	4 1265	Esq.EDGEWORTH.	3	1073
Mawcorm, Mr. (charac-			the Count de		
ter in 'The Hypo-			Grammont' ..HAMILTON..	4	1542
crite')	BICKERSTAFF.	1 182	the Countess of		
Max Müller on Nursery			Blessington'. MADDEN ...	6	2286
Tales	3	xxiii	Memorial by Wolfe Tone		
MAXWELL, WILLIAM	6	2400	to French Govern-		
HAMILTON	6	2400	ment, Extract from a..TONE	9	3421
M. F. Egan on	5	xii	Memories	M'GEE	6 2224
May Love Song, A.MILLIGAN..	6	2438	Memory, A.MACALEESE.	6	2111
Mayflower	O'REILLY	7 2834	Men's Dress in Ireland.		9 3498
Maynooth	7	2485	Merchant marine of Ire-		
Maynooth College (color			land, The	9	3362
plate)	3	Front	Mermald, The	2	736
Mayo	6	2438; 7 2856	Memory of Earth, A ..RUSSELL ..	8	3003
Duelling in	1	145	the Dead, The ..INGRAM	5	1659
Famine and pesti-			Mend, son of Sword-		
lence in	4	1573	heel	4	1617
Lord, on the Irish			Merriment in Irish hu-		
Church	6	2155	mor	6	ix
government of			Merrion Square, O'Con-		
India by	3	941	nell's residence in.....	3 815; 8	3064
The County of	4	1224	Merrows, The	2 697; 3 xviii;	5 1873
From the IrishFOX			Mervin, Audley	7	ix
Viscounts, Ancest-			Messiah, Handels, first		
tor of the	7	2858	produced in Dublin	5	1918
Mazarin, Cardinal	4	1347	Meters in ancient Ire-		
Meade, L. T.See MRS. TOULMIN			land	2	xviii
SMITH.			Mère. See Maève,		
MEAGHER, THOMAS	6	2414	Meadhbh, Míche.		
FRANCIS	6	2414	and Oílioll	4	1613
and 'Young Ire-			The white Bull of	2	xviii
land'	9	xi	Meyer, Professor Kuno.		4 1608
In the civil war.....	6 2324; 7	2833	Work of, for Celtic		
J. F. Maguire on	6	2324	Literature	2	xviii
Meanings of Irish			Michael of Kildare, the		
names	9	3546	first Irish poet in		
Meath	7	2748, 2827, 2864	English	4	ix
King Ferghal and			Robartes Remem-		
the men of, at			bers Forgotten..YEATS	9	3708
Almhain	7	2709	Beauty	5	1714
(Míche). Origin			Michelstown		
of the name	7	2667	Míche (Meath). Origin		
of the Pastures'	2	613	of the name	7	2667
Parnell a member			Míche, the fairy chief	7	2668
for, in 1875	6	2177	Midnight Escapade, A.SMITH	8	3158
Meave, Queen, Descrip-			Funeral, A ..DEENY	3	845
tion of	7	2746			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe	10	4013	Modern Literature of the Irish Language..	HYDE	10 3711
— Mabel Kelly, From the Irish of O'CAROLAN	FERGUSON..	3 1187	— Medievalism	BARRETT	1 119
Miles O'Reilly, Private. See	HALPINE.	9 vii, 3549	— political feuds	3 967	
Milesians, The	2 444		— So ciety, The Church and'	IRELAND	5 1662
Milesius	6 2244		Moira, Lord	9 3521	
Milford	6 2403		— O'Neill	See SKRINE.	
Military life in Ireland	9 3464		Moirin	3 861	
Mill, J. S., on Material- ism	3 839		Molière	3 873	
Millbank Prison	6 2427		Molling, Bishop of Ferns.....	7 2706, 2709	
MILLIGAN, ALICE	10 xiii		MOLLOY, JAMES LYMAN.....	6 2457	
— The plays of	6 2439		Molly Athore	FERGUSON..	3 1182
MILLIKEN, RICHARD AL- FRED	6 2439		— Carew	LOVER	5 2076
— D. J. O'Donoghue on the wit of	6 xiv		— 'Muldoon'	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3300
Millmount, The	7 2568		MOLYNEUX, WILLIAM.....	6 2460	
Milton	7 2561		— Irish literature be- gins before	2 vii	
— Elijah-like	3 873		Moment, A	BROOKE	1 300
Miltown	7 2715		Monaghan, County	7 2696	
— 'Ministry of all the Talents, The'	1 119		Monallen	6 2279	
Minnowar, son of Ger- kin	7 2757		Monamolin	5 1804	
Minstrel, A Wandering..	LE FANU	5 1934	Monasterboice, Cross at (half-tone engraving).....	9 3486	
— 'Boy, The'	MOORE	7 2535	Monasteries, Irish Fran- ciscan	1 32	
— 'Minute Philosopher, Alciphron or the'	BERKELEY..	1 175	Monastic establish- ments	8 2882	
Miola (rivulet), The.....	6 2280		Monck, Lord	3 941	
Mirabeau	7 2660		Money, Large sums of, sent home by the Irish in foreign lands....	6 2197; 7 2618	
Miracles of Brigit	8 3246		Mongan and Colum Cille	4 1600	
Miraculous Creatures...YEATS	9 3678		— 'Love of Dubh- lacha for'	4 1608	
Miriam's Song' (Sound the Loud Timbrel)	MOORE	7 2537	Monks of the Screw...CURRAN	2 797	
— 'Mirror of Justice, The' The Wonderful	9 3374		— LEVER	5 1952	
— Chinese	4 1337		Monna Lisa, Leonardo's (half-tone engraving).....	3 877	
— 'Misadventures of a Medical Student'	9 3607		'Monomia'	MCCARTHY..	6 2172
Misconceptions of the Irish. See The Na- tive Irishman.			Monotony and the Lark..	RUSSELL	8 3005
— 'Miss Erin'	BLUNDELL..	1 225	Monroe Doctrine, The	2 464	
Mistake of a Night, The	GOLDSMITH.	4 1348	— Dorothy, the fa- mous beauty	4 1377	
Mr. Orator Puff had two tones	MOORE	7 2541	MONSELL, JAMES SAM- UEL BEWLEY	7 2465	
Misther Denis's Return..	BARLOW	1 114	Montana, Prospecting in	3 965	
MITCHEL, JOHN	6 2443		Montorio, Tombs in the Church of	O'DONNELL.	7 2684
— and E. Walsh	9 3502		Moon Behind the Hill, The	KENEALY	5 1788
— and 'Young Ire- land'	9 xi		'Moonachug and Meena- chug'	4 1650	
— cited by Meagher.....	6 2415		Mooney, Dr., of Trinity College	5 1986	
— News of sentence of	6 2185		MOORE, FRANK FRANK- FORT (portrait)	7 2468	
— on XIX. Century religion	6 2446, 2449		— GEORGE	7 2482	
— See By Memory In- spired	8 3274		— M. F. Egan on	5 xv	
— 'Mitchel's, John, Jail Journal'	MITCHEL	6 2444	— on 'The Heather Field'	6 2385	
Mizen Head, The	8 2852		— Plays of	10 xiii	
Mo Croobhin Cno	WALSH	9 3505	— Norman, on Sir S. Ferguson	3 1168	
Modern Algeria, A.....	CAMPBELL..	2 448	— The Burial of Sir John	WOLFE	9 3633
— Gaelic writers (see also Vol. 10)	2 xviii		— THOMAS (portrait).....	7 2505	
— Irish	10 4025		— (reference)	8 3071	
— Drama	10 xiii		— Anecdote of O'Curry	7 2663	
— Poetry, Yeats on.....	2 vii		— Holmes, O. W., on	7 2505	
— Stories	10 3875		— in college	9 3523	

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Moore, <i>Lines from the Centenary Ode to the Memory of</i>	6 2131	Mountmorris, Lord, duel with Francis	
Meagher on.....	6 2424	Hitchinson.....	1 143
on Christianity in Ireland.....	9 3400	Mourne.....	6 2354
on Conviviality.....	6 xi	<i>Mourning Bride, Extracts from the</i>	2 615
on Emmet's character.....	3 1087	Moville, Donegal.....	6 2248
on Sheridan.....	3 1197	Moyallo.....	5 1743, 1745
on the parting of Byron and the Blessingtons.....	6 2289	Moyle, The (river).....	6 2534
<i>Rogueries of</i> MAHONEY.....	6 2337	Moy-Mell, the plain of everlasting pleasure.....	5 1714, 1732
the Spanish type in Ireland.....	4 1589	'Moytura'.....	LARMINIE 5 1876
W. B. Yeats on.....	3 viii	Moyvore, The Rath of.....	4 1255
<i>Moral and Intellectual Differences between the Seas</i> , LECKY....	5 1920	Muckish mountain, The.....	6 2251
force and intellectual achievement.....	9 3468	Muckruss Abbey, Ruins of.....	8 3020
Morals, American.....	1 386	Mulredach.....	9 3487
of Irish people.....	1 34	Muirne.....	4 1447
Moran, Michael, the last Gleeman.....	9 3683	'Muirthemme, Cuchulain of'.....	GREGORY 4 1426
More, MacCarthy.....	4 1500; 9 ix	Mulberry Garden, The.....	1 166
<i>Morfydd, To</i> JOHNSON.....	5 1698	Mulholland, Rosa. See LADY GILBERT.	
MORGAN, LADY.....	7 2542	Mulla.....	6 2276
Description of.....	7 2543	Mullach-brack.....	6 2356
M. F. Egan on.....	5 vii, xv	Mullaghmast.....	5 1801
inherently Irish.....	1 xi	MULLANEY, PATRICK FRANCIS.....	7 2556
Dress of.....	9 3495	Mullen, <i>The Sorrowful Lamentation of Callaghan, Greally, and</i>	STREET BAL- LAD 9 3316
'Morgante the Lesser', MARTYN.....	6 2383	Mullinger.....	6 2438
Morley, Professor, on antiquity of Gaelic Literature.....	4 vii	MULVANY, CHARLES PELHAM.....	7 2562
on Steele and Addison.....	8 3198	<i>Munachar and Manachar</i>	HYDE 4 1647
Morna.....	7 2526	Municipal Corporation Bill, The Irish.....	6 2176
<i>Morning on the Irish Coast</i> (half-tone engraving).....	LOCKE 5 2003	Franchise Bill, The Irish.....	6 2176
Mornington, Lord, a Monk of the Screw.....	2 797	Privileges Bill, The Irish.....	6 2176
Musical academy presided over by.....	5 1919	Munrean.....	4 1616
Mortgage, Foreclosure.....	8 3230	Munster, Aldrid in.....	6 2376
Morty Oge.....	2 445	Bards, The.....	7 2615
Morris, William, on Art and Society.....	9 3662	<i>Cashel of</i>	FERGUSON 3 1181
Moses at the Fair.....	GOLDSMITH. 4 1305	'Facata Hibernia,' A record of.....	7 2740
(character in Sheridan's 'School for Scandal').....	8 3109	<i>Raleigh in</i>	DOWNNEY 3 909
<i>The Burial of</i>	ALEXANDER. 1 1	The Dean of Fermo on hospitality in.....	1 32
<i>Mother, Boy who was long on his</i>	HYDE 10 3765	The women of.....	1 30, 32
"is that the passing bell?".....	KEEGAN 5 1767	<i>War-Song, The</i>	WILLIAMS 9 3607
Mount Eccles.....	7 2701	William of.....	See KENEALY.
Gabriel.....	7 2851	Women, Dress of.....	1 33
Saint Jerome.....	6 2420	Murchad, son of the King of Leinster.....	7 2711
Mountain Cottage in Killarney (half-tone engraving).....	4 1484	<i>Murmurs of Love</i>	O'DOHERTY. 7 2676
<i>Fern, The</i>	GEOGHEGAN. 4 1255	MURPHY, ARTHUR.....	7 2564
<i>Theology</i>	GREGORY 4 1455	DENIS.....	7 2567
Mountains of the Setting Sun.....	2 417	Father. See Mac-kenna's Dream.....	7 2574
Mountjoy, Lord.....	7 2740	JAMES.....	1 103
The Wood of.....	1 3	<i>Murphys' Supper, The</i>	BARLOW 1 129
		Musgrave, Sir Richard.....	1 129
		Music has charms to soothe.....	CONGREVE 2 615
		<i>Music in Ireland.</i>	
		Irish Music.....	PETRIE 8 2885
		The Irish Intellect.....	GILES 4 1288
		An Irish Musical Genius.....	O'DONOGHUE 7 2690
		Lines Written to.....	WOLFE 9 3634
		National.....	BURKE 1 400
		The Last.....	JOHNSON 5 1700

	VOL.	PAGE	N.	VOL.	PAGE
Musical glasses, The.....	7	2690	Naas Jail	5	1887, 1894
— <i>Genius, An Irish</i> ...O'DONOGHUE	7	2690	<i>Naisi Receives his</i>		
Muskerry	1	353	— <i>Sword</i>JOYCE	5	1746
— Lady, a daughter			— <i>Nameless One, The</i>MANGAN	6	2365
of Harry Deane			— <i>Story, The</i>LARMINIE	5	1871
Grady	7	2733	Names of places, Mean-		
<i>Muster of the North</i>DUFFY	3	954	ing of	6	2228
Mutiny Act, The	4	1391	(Naais speaks) O to see		
<i>My Ambition</i>	6	2109	once more	9	3431
— beautiful, my beau-			<i>Napoleon</i>	8	2888
tiful!	7	2584	— <i>An Historical</i>		
— <i>Boyhood Days</i>EDGEWORTH	3	1073	Character of '.....PHILLIPS	8	2888
— 'Brown Girl Sweet'	8	3270	— and Baron Denon.....	1	214
— <i>Buried Rifle, To</i>MCCARTHY.	6	2172	Narraghmore	5	1888
— country, wounded, WILDE	9	3573	— Narrative of the War		
— 'dear Vic.' ses he.BARRY	1	151	with China'	9	3636
— eyes are filmed	6	2367	<i>Nathaniel P. Cramp</i>MCCARTHY.	6	2134
— <i>First Day in Trin-</i>			<i>Nation Once Again, A</i>DAVIS	3	827
ity	5	1986	— The, Founding of.....	3	950
— 'girl, I fear your			— Spirit of the.....	3	x
sense is not great			National Characteristics		
at all' (Irish			as Molding Pub-		
rann)	10	3835	lic Opinion	1	331
— Grand Recreation.....	10	4016	— Dramatic Society.....	10	xiii
— Grave	3	827	— genius	8	2990
— 'grief on the sea' HYDE	10	3763	— Independence, Plun-		
— heart is far from			ket on	8	2901
Lifey's tide	9	3505	— Land League	9	xi
— heart is heavy in			— League, The	9	xi
my breast.....FITZSIMON.	3	1206	— Library of Paris,		
— <i>Inver Bay</i>MACMANUS.	6	2264	Collection of		
— Land	3	831	Irish MSS. in the.....	7	2673
— <i>Last Night in Trin-</i>			— literature, A.....	1	x
ity	5	1990	— movement in Ire-		
— 'Life is like the			land, The	3	834
summer rose'.....WILDE	9	3597	— Music of Ireland.....BURKE	1	400
— little one's going			— Poet of Ireland,		
to sea.....MOLLOY	6	2459	The'.....See MOORE.		
— 'Lords of Strogue' WINGFIELD.	9	3620	— spirit in Irish lit-		
— love, still I think. REYNOLDS	8	2939	erature	2	xviii
— love to fight the			— literature now an		
Saxon goes.....O'DONNELL.	7	2686	accomplished fact.....	1	xiv
— <i>Mother Dear</i>LOVER	5	2087	— extinguished by		
— name is Hugh Rey-			Act of Union.....	1	xi
nolds	8	3292	— temperament in		
— Patrick Sheehan.KIRKHAM	5	1831	Irish literature.....	1	x
— it is Nell.....STREET BAL-			— movement, Effect		
LAD	9	3306	of, on literature.....	2	xiii
— <i>Old Home</i>O'LEARY	7	2797	— Poets. See Mod-		
— <i>Owen</i>DOWNING	3	916	ern Irish Poetry.		
— Bawn's hair is			Nationality	5	1661
of thread of			— and Imperialism.....RUSSELL	8	2969
gold spun.....FERGUSON	3	1179	— Irish, now recog-		
— 'prison chamber'.....ROSSA	8	2985	nized	1	xvii
— spirit's on the			<i>Nation's History, A</i>BURKE	1	398
mountains.....WOLFE	9	3635	— Right, A.....MOLYNEUX	6	2460
— thoughts, alas, are			<i>Native Irishman, The</i>STREET BAL-		
without strength.GREGORY	4	1460	LAD	9	3304
— time how happy			— Land of Liberty.....IRELAND	5	1662
once	1	186	— literature of Ire-		
Mystery, Celtic love of.....	8	2974	land original	2	vi
Mysticism in the new			Nativity, Chapel of the.....	9	3537
movement	5	vii	Natural scenery	2	439
Mythological Cycle, The.....	2	xi	— 'Theology' Paley's	5	1787
Mythology	4	1426	Naturalization Bill, The.....	4	1392
1431, 1445, 1447, 1455, 1459			Nature, Joy in	1	174
— of the Norsemen.....	8	3241	— Life. Art and.....WILDE	9	3578
Myths and Legends.			— in Myth	9	3657
See Legends, and Folk Lore.			— Myths. See The Celtic Ele-		
— Need for study	1	vii	ment in Literature.		
— Wakeman on.....	9	3482	— Love of, in Irish		
— in Nature	9	3657	sagas	2	xv
— Nature. See The Celtic Ele-			Nature (out-door life).		
ment in Literature.			— The Young Fisher.GWYNN	6	2454
			— Rhapsody on Riv-		
			ers, A.....MITCHEL	6	2454

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Nature.			Nile, The	7	2512
— <i>Vicar of Cape Clear</i> OTWAY	7	2848	Nine Hostages, Nial of		
— <i>Ennismowers</i> WINGFIELD.	9	3620	the	1	402; 2 444
Navan	5	1738	'Ninety-eight'	9	3688
Navigations	2	xlii	— Lord Camden and	8	2930
Navy, Irishmen in the			— The events of	6	2229
British	9	3422	'No doubt sure,' 'My		
Neagh, The	6	2112	<i>self believes,</i>		
— Lough	3 1180; 5 1753; 6 2276,	2280	<i>'Thinks I'</i>		
Near Castleblayney lived			— (Irish rann) ... HIDE	10	3835
Dan Delaney	8	3270	— popery cry, The	8	3059
Ned Geraghty's Luck ... BROUGHAM.	1	301	— rising column		
Needy Knife-grinder ... CANNING	2	467	marks this spot. EMMET	3	1094
'Neighbors'	CROTTY	2 758	— <i>Snakes in Ireland</i> O'KEEFFE	7	2771
Nell O'Carree	HYDE	4 1638	Noble Lord, A	MURPHY	7 2574
Neill, Meaning of name	9	3546	— <i>Extracts from a</i>		
Nell Flaherty's Drake ... STREET BAL-			<i>Letter to a</i> ... BURKE	1	379
LAD	9	3306	Nolle Prosequi, A	7	2793
— D. J. O'Donoghue			Nora Creina	MOORE	6 2340
on	6	xi		7	2523
Nemedians, The	2 xi; 9	vii	Norbury, Lord, and Cur-		
Nephin (mountain)	6 2229, 2231		ran	2	798
Nero	2 740, 746		— at the Trial of		
Netterville, Nicholas,			Robert Emmet	3	1093
Viscount	7	2728	— duel with Fitzger-		
— Father Robert,			ald	1	143
slain at Drogheda			Norman work in Round		
'Never Despair' (fac-			Towers	9	3492
simile of verses)	7	2623	Norman-Irish, The	9	3391
'New Antigone, The' ... BARRY	1	156	Norse Sagas and Gaelic		
'— Ireland,' by A. M.			Tales	8	2973
Sullivan	7	2619	— Invaders drown		
— Irish, The	9	3391	Irish books	2	viii
— <i>Misfortunes</i> ... GOLDSMITH.	4	1309	North, The Muster of		
— <i>Potatoes</i> ... LOVER	5	2071	the	DUFFY	3 954
— Town Glens	7	2551	Northern Blackwater ... KAVANAGH	5	1752
Newbery, John, Gold-			Northernmen in Ireland ... STOKES	8	3238
smith on	4	1299	NORTON, CAROLINE		
Newcastle, Duke of,			(LADY STIRLING-MAX-		
Sterne's reply to	8	3227	WELL)	7	2583
Newman, Cardinal	7	2556	Not a drum was heard,		
Newport	7	2857	not a funeral		
— <i>A Glimpse of his</i>			note	WOLFE	9 3633
<i>Country-House near</i> BERKELEY	1	175	— <i>a Star from the</i>		
Newry	3	954	<i>Flag Shall Fade</i> HALPIN	4	1539
— Election Speech at CURRAN	2	788	— far from old Kin-		
Newspaper, The first			vara	FAHY	3 1134
Irish (facsimile)	4	1258	— for the lucky war-		
Niagara	6	2132	riors	GWYNN	4 1529
" — Dr. Johnson the,			— hers your vast im-		
of the New			perial mart ... LAWLESS	5	1884
World"	7	2472	Nothing Venture, Noth-		
Nial of the Nine Hos-			ing Have	HAMILTON	4 1542
tages	1 402; 2 444; 9	3546	Novel in The Figaro,		
Niall	6 2356		The	O'MEARA	7 2803
Niam	CHESSON	2 593	Novels, Irish	EGAN	5 vii
— of the Golden			Burlesque	1 119, 123	
Hair	5	1715	'Novum Organum,' Ba-		
Nibelungen, Lied, The	4	1598	con's	6 2448, 2453	
and Ireland	4	viii	Now all away to Thr		
— Irish older than	2	vii	na n'Og	CHESSON	2 590
Nicknames and So-			— are you men	PARNELL	7 2871
briquets	9	3547	— in the lonely hour. JOYCE	5	1747
'Night before Larry was			let me alone,		
stretched, The' STREET BAL-			though I know		
LAD	9	3308	you won't	LOVER	5 2080
— D. J. O'Dono-			— Memory, false		
ghue on	6	xi	spendthrift		
— closed around	MOORE	7 2536	Memory	O'GRADY	7 2760
— in <i>Fortmanus Vil-</i>			— when the giant in		
<i>lage, A</i> ... SIGERSON	9	3145	us	RUSSELL	8 3000
— <i>Piece on Death,</i>			NUGENT, GERALD (bio-		
<i>From a</i> ... PARNELL	7	2874	raphy)	10	4016
Nigra, Constantine, on			— Translation from		
Celtic rhymes	2	xlix	the Irish of	3	930

	VOL.	PAGE
Nugent, Lord, Canning on	1	171
Nullum Tempus Bill	4	1395
Number of Irish ancient MSS. extant	2	xi
Numitorius	5	1848
Nursery Tales, Max Müller on	3	xxiii
— Sir W. Scott on	3	xxiii
— Charles Welsh on	3	xxiv

O.

O could I flow like thee. DENHAM ..	3	849
— did you not hear of Kate Kearney?	MORGAN	7 2555
— <i>Erin, my Queen</i>	PARNELL	7 2873
— gentle fair maiden. SIGERSON ..	8	3143
— God, may it come shortly	10	3929
— had you seen the Coolun	FERGUSON	2 1188
— heart full of song. O'SHAUGHNESSY ..	7	2843
— I'm not myself at all, Molly dear. LOVER	5	2083
— King of Heaven who did'st create	10	3911
— Mary dear, O Mary fair	FERGUSON	3 1182
— Meaning of the prefix	9	3547
— my daughter: lead me forth	ALEXANDER	1 3
— Peggy Brady, you are my darlin'	8	3268
— say can you see	9	3331
— <i>say, my brown Drimín</i>	CALLANAN	2 442
— Sigh of the Sea	SIGERSON	8 3138
— <i>s t r o n g</i> -winged birds	O'BRIEN	7 2591
— the brown banks of the river	JOYCE	5 1752
— the days are gone. MOORE	7	2521
— the days of the Kerry dancing	MOLLOY	6 2457
— <i>the sight entrancing</i>	MOORE	7 2530
— the sunshine of old Ireland	TODHUNTER	9 3408
— thou whom sacred duty calls	MACCARTHY	6 2128
— <i>were you on the mountain?</i>	HYDE	4 1656
— where, Kinkora, is Brian	MANGAN	6 2377
— Woman of the Piercing Wall	MANGAN	6 2352
— Woman of three Cows	10	3831
— Woman, shapely as the swan	GRAVES	4 1414
"Oaken-footed Elzevir," The	4	1259
<i>Oasis</i>	DOWDEN	3 876
<i>Oats, Binding the</i>	COLEMAN	2 610
Objective method of studying literature	3	868
Obeisk, The Boyne (half-tone engraving)	8	3271
O'Berne Crowe on ancient Irish MSS.	2	xi

	VOL.	PAGE
O'BRIEN, CHARLOTTE GRACE	7	2591
— FITZ JAMES	7	2594
— Manus, discovers Sarsfield's plow	9	3325
— Michael, executed at Manchester	7 2608; 9	3339
— R. BARRY	7	2604
— on keening	9	3643
— Smith	9 3414,	3550
— on Wolfe Tone	7	2604
— and Young Ireland	9	xi
— defended by J. Whiteside	9	3550
— on T. McNevin	6	2274
— WILLIAM	7	2614
— WILLIAM SMITH (portrait)	7	2619
— and the Killenaule affair	7	2798
— (reference)	10	3829
— D. J. O'Donoghue on art of	6	xxiii
O'Bryne. See <i>Mackenna's Dream</i>	9	3397
O'Byrnes of Wicklow	9	3397
O'Burke, Father, on Davis' poems	3	822
O'Callahy, M. (now Caldwell)	10	3807
O'CAROLAN, TURLOUGH (biography)	10	4017
— and fairy music	3	xviii
— Translations from the Irish of: Grace Nugent	3	1186
— <i>Mild Mabel Kelly</i>	3	1187
— <i>Bridget Cruise</i>	4	1244
— <i>Mary Maguire</i>	4	1246
— <i>Peggy Browne</i>	4	1252
— <i>Why, Liquor of Life</i>	3	805
Ocean, The, in Irish sagas	2	xvii
Och! a rare ould flag. HALPINE ..	4	1539
— girls dear, did you ever hear	DUFFERIN	3 935
— hone! and what will I do?	LOVER	5 2076
— when we lived in ould Glenann	SKRINE	8 3157
O'CLERY, M. (biography)	10	4018
— Louvain collection of manuscripts made by	7	2673
— See <i>A Plea for the Study of Irish</i> . See O'Donovan.		
O'Connell, Chancellor, duel with the Orange Chieftain	1	143
— DANIEL	7	2624
— (portrait)	7	2629
— and <i>Biddy Moriarty</i>	6	2281
— and Catholic Emancipation	9	x
— and the movement for Repeal	1	xi
— Anecdotes of	7	2651
— Ballads on	8	3268
— Bulwer on	7	xxv
— Dickens on	7	xxv

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
O'CONNELL, D., Erin's		O'DONOGHUE, D. J., on	
— Lament for	8 3269	— Carleton	2 472; 5 xvii
— defended by J.	9 3550	— A. B. Code	2 607
— Whiteside		— William Dren-	
— Genius of, de-	7 xxvi	— nan's verse	3 924
— scribed	7 xxvi	— Kirkham	5 xvii
— in prison	3 811; 6 2158	— William Kenealy	5 1788
— Liberation of	3 814	— Lover's humor	5 2008
— Monument, The		— Mrs. Power	7 2703
— (half-tone en-		— of the Glens	4 1590
— graving)	7 2645	O'DONOVAN, JOHN	7 2705
— on the corn laws	7 2633	— on T. C. Irwin	5 1668
— on death of Da-		— Work of, for Cel-	
— vis	2 823	— tic literature	2 xviii
— on home market	7 2647	— <i>The Dead Anti-</i>	
— on T. D'Arcy		— <i>quary</i>	6 2218
— M'Gee	6 2217	O'Driscoll drove with a	
— on C. Phillips	8 2888	— song	YEATS 3 3701
— on property tax	7 2632	O'Dugan, Maurice	3 1188
— <i>Origin of</i>	4 1588	O'Farrell	9 ix
— Sheil's Pen-and-		O'Duibhne, Diarmuid	2 629
— ink Sketch of	8 3064	O'FARRELLY, MISS AG-	
— talent of, for vi-		— NES	10 3967
— tuperative lan-		— (biography)	10 4026
— guage	6 2281	O'Flynn, Lawrence	10 3713
— John, in prison	3 812; 6 2128	— <i>Father</i>	4 1412
O'CONNOR, F.	10 3713	O'er the wild gannet's	
— Matthew, on		— bath	DARLEY 2 809
— Faulkner	4 1262	Of all trades that flour-	
— Rev. Charles, com-		— ished of old	LEVER 5 1958
— piler of the		— <i>Drinking</i>	FLECKNOE 3 1209
— Stowe Catalogue	7 2673	— old, when Scarron	
— Captain Telge	7 2570	— his companions	
— THOMAS POWER		— Invited	GOLDSMITH 4 1380
— (portrait)	7 2655	— priests we can offer	GRAVES 4 1412
O'Corra, <i>The Voyage of</i>		O'FLAHERTY, CHARLES	7 2713
— <i>the Sons of</i>	JOYCE 5 1724	— Prince of Conne-	
O'Cuisin, S., <i>Plays of</i>	10 xv	— mara	7 2857
O'CURNAIN, D. (biogra-		— RODERICK	7 2716
— phy)	10 4019	O'Flaherty's cabin in	
O'CURRY, EUGENE	7 2663	— Connemara	7 2615
— on ancient Irish		O'FLANAGAN, JAMES	7 2723
— MSS.	2 xi	Of have we trod the	
— extent of an-		— vales of Castaly, WILDE	9 3594
— cient MSS.	2 xiii	— <i>in the stilly night</i> , MOORE	7 2527
— Work of, for Celtic		Ogam stones (see also	
— literature	2 xviii	— Ogham)	4 3545; 7 2668
O'Daly, Aengus, satirist.	6 vii	O'Garas banished from	
<i>Ode on his Ship</i>	BROOKE 1 280	— Galway	8 2917
— <i>Written on Leav-</i>		Ogham explained and	
— <i>ing Ireland</i> . From		— illustrated	2 x
— the Irish	NUGENT 3 930	O'Gillarna, Martin Rua	10 3751
O'DOHERTY, MRS. KE-		OGLE, GEORGE	7 2734
— VIN IZOD (EVA		— a Monk of the	
— MARY KELLY)	7 2675	— Screw	2 797
— Sir Cahir	6 2430	— duel with Barney	
'O'Donnel, a National		— Coyle	1 143
— Tale'	MORGAN 7 2549	O'Gorman, Secretary,	
O'Donnell. See <i>A Song of Defeat</i>		— duel with Thomas	
— and <i>Tombs in the Church of</i>		— Wallace	1 143
— <i>Montorio</i>		O'Grady of Kilbally-	
— <i>Abao</i>	McCANN 6 2126	— owen	4 1590
— (reference)	8 3270	— STANDISH	7 2737
— <i>Capture of Hugh</i>		— on H. Grattan	4 1384
— <i>Roe</i>	CONNELLAN 2 632	— (portrait)	7 2737
— Hugh Ruadh. See		— Sir Horace Plun-	
— <i>Roisin Dubh</i>		— kett on	8 2911
— Red Hugh	9 ix	— STANDISH HAYES	7 2762
— in the West	7 2743	— Work of, for Cel-	
— JOHN FRANCIS	7 2678	— tic literature	2 xviii
— Manus, grandfa-		O'Grive, <i>Lament of</i>	CALLANAN 2 443
— ther of Hugh		'Ogygia'	O'FLAHERTY 7 2717
— <i>Roe</i>	2 635	— William O'Brien on	
O'Donnells banished		— <i>William O'Brien on</i>	7 2615
— from Galway, The	8 2917	Oh, dark, sweetest girl, FURLONG	4 1252
— <i>O'DONOGHUE, DAVID J.</i>	7 2690	— Dermot Astore!	
— on Banin's verse	1 45	— between waking. CRAWFORD	2 658

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Oh! drimín donn dílis!	WALSH	9 3511	O'Heffernan, the blind	7	vii
— fairer than the lily			O'Hussey's Ode to The		
— tall	FAHY	3 1133	Bard Maguire	MANGAN	6 2369
— farewell, Ireland, I			Ollíoll		4 1613
— am going	STREET BAL-		Oisín (see also Ossian,		
— God, it is a dread-	LAD	8 3287	Usheen)	2	xii
— ful night'	KEEGAN	5 1764	— and Finn	4	1455
— Green and fresh'	TYNAN-		— Cause of popular-		
	HINKSON.	9 3461	— ity of	9	3680
— if there be an Ely-			— in Tirnanog; or		
— sium on earth	MOORE	6 2342	— the Last of the		
— in the quiet haven,			Fena	JOYCE	5 1714
— safe for aye	ALEXANDER.	1 8	— Macpherson's		
— Larry M'Hale he			— poems of	7	2673
— had little to fear.	LOVER	5 2001	— See Niam and On		
— love is the soul	CODE	2 607	— the 'Colloquy of		
— lovely Mary Don-			— the Ancients'	8	2917
— nelly	ALLINGHAM.	1 12	O'Kane's banished from		
— many a day have			— Galway	8	2917
— I made	CALLANAN	2 441	O'Kearney	10	3789
— many and many a			O'KELLY, PATRICK	7	2779
— time	GRAVES	4 1415	O'KENNEDY, RICHARD.	7	2782
— my dark Rosaleen.	MANGAN	6 2363	O'KEEFE, JOHN	7	2770
— my fair Pastheen.	FERGUSON	3 1184	— and Sir Walter		
— my sweet little			— Scott	7	2691
— rose	FURLONG	4 1247	Old Age of Queen		
— Paddy dear, and			— Maeve, The	YEATS	9 3697
— did ye hear	STREET BAL-		— Books of Erin	7	2670
	LAD	9 3320	— Celtic Romances	JOYCE	5 1724, 1731
— Paudrig Crohoore			— Custom, An	GRIFFIN	4 1481
— was the broth of			— Lady Ann	CROKER	2 660
— a boy	LE FANU	5 1942	— of Thread-		
— rise up, Willy			— needle Street,		
— Reilly	STREET BAL-		— The"	8	3076
	LAD	9 3321	— Pedhar Carthy		
— that my love and I	FURLONG	4 1246	— from Clonmore.	MCCALL	6 2122
— the clang of the			— "White," an ec-		
— wooden shoon	MOLLOY	6 2458	— dotes of	8	xviii
— the fern, the fern.	GEOGHEGAN.	4 1255	O'LEARY, ARTHUR	7	2789
— the French are on			— Dr.	2	797
— the sea	STREET BAL-		— ELLEN	7	2796
	LAD	9 3313	— W. B. Yeats on	3	xi
— 'the marriage'	DAVIS	3 825	— JOHN	7	2798
— the rain, the			— on Kickham	5	1815
— weary	MANGAN	6 2373	— JOSEPH	7	2803
— then tell me,			— as a humorist.	6	xv
— Shawn O'Fer-			— PATRICK	10	3953
— rall'	CASEY	2 572	— (biography)	10	4028
— there was a poor			— FATHER PETER (bi-		
— man	STREET BAL-		— ography)	10	4028
	LAD	8 3281	— (reference)	10	3941
— thou Atlantic,			Olkyrn, Iris		
— dark and deep	CROLY	2 749	— See MILLIGAN.	2	xii
— 'tis little Mary			Ollamh, described	3	xli
— Cassidy's	FAHY	3 1135	Ollamhs, Costumes of	2	xxiv
— to have lived like			O'Longan on ancient		
— an Irish Chief	DUFFY	3 959	— Irish MSS.	2	xi
— turn thee to me	FURLONG	4 1244	— "Olwen" in The Mabi-		
— 'twas Dermot			— nogion	9	3656
— O'Nowlan McFigg.	O'FLAHERTY.	7 2713	O'Mahon, Counsellor,		
— What a Plague is			— duel with Henry		
— Love'	TYNAN-		— Deane Grady	1	143
	HINKSON.	9 3439	O'MAHONY or MAHONY,		
— what was love			— F. S. (FATHER PROUT)	6	2336
— made for	MOORE	3 1087	O'Maille, Breanhaun		
— who could desire			— Crone	7	2856
— to see better			O'Mealley, Grace	7	2856
— sporting			O'MEARA, KATHLEEN		
— who is that poor			— (GRACE RAMSAY)	7	2805
— foreigner	STREET BAL-		O'MEEHAN, FATHER.	10	3829
	LAD	8 3288	— Omniun, Jacob. See HIGGINS		
— yes, 'tis true, the			O'More, Roger	9	ix
— debt is due	HOGAN	4 1592	O'More's Fair Daughter.	FURLONG	4 1252
O'HAGAN, JOHN		7 2767	On Carrighdoun the		
O'Hara, Kane, D. J.			— heath	LANE	5 1865
— Donoghue on wit of		6 xlii	— Catholic Rights	O'CONNELL.	7 2629
			— Conciliation with		
			America	BURKE	1 376

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
On Euripides' plays we		O'Neill's banished from	
debated ARMSTRONG.	1 24	Galway	8 2917
— Great Sugarloaf . . . GREENE . . .	4 1424	Only Son of Aoife, The. GREGORY . .	4 1426
— Irishmen as Ru-		Oracles, Ancient Irish	7 2717
lers DUFFERIN . . .	3 938	Orange lilies, A story of	3 970
— Land Tenure BUTT	2 422	— The EGAN	3 1080
— Lough Neagh's		— Societies	9 3520
banks, as the		Orangeism	
fisherman strays	6 2277	— King William	3 967
— a Colleen Bawn . . . STREET BAL-		— Protestant Boys	9 3311
LAD	9 3310	— The Orange Lilies	3 1080
— 'the Colloquy of		— The Orangeman's	
the Ancients' ROLLESTON.	8 2968	Submission	9 3430
— Commercial		Willy Reilly	9 3321
Treaty with		Orangeman's Submis-	
France FLOOD	3 1219	sion, The TONNA	9 3430
— Death of Dr.		Orator, Canning as	1 170
Swift SWIFT	9 3380	— Dean Kirwan as	1 127
— deck of Patrick		— Dr. Alexander as	1 8
Lynch's boat. Fox	3 1224	— Father Keogh as	3 1202
— fourteenth day,		— Flood as	3 1210
being Tuesday	4 1484	— Flood the first	
— ocean that hol-		real	7 ix
lows GRIFFIN	4 1510	— Fox as	3 1191
— Old Sod (color		— Gladstone the	
plate)	1 xvi	greatest in the	
— Policy for Ire-		Commons	7 2657
land MEAGHER . . .	6 2415	— Grattan, hero and	4 1384
— Prospect of		— Isaac Butt as	2 421
Planting Arts		— Meagher as	6 2414
and Learning		— O'Connell as	7 2624
in America BERKELEY .	1 180	— Pitt as	3 1191
— Travel FLECKNOE .	3 1209	— Puff MOORE	7 2541
— Wind MARTYN . . .	6 2383	— Sheridan as FITZGERALD.	3 1190
ONAHAN, WILLIAM J.	7 2814	Orators, Great attribute	
Onciropolos See JOHNSTONE.		of	7 viii
One blessing on my na-		— in Irish Parlla-	
tive isle CURRAN . . .	2 767	ment (portraits)	7 viii
— day the Baron		Oratory	
Stiffenbach WILLIAMS .	9 3610	— Pulpit, Bar, and	
— Forgotten, The . . . SHORTER . .	8 3128	Parliamentary	
— Law for All	1 384	Eloquence BARRINGTON.	1 127
— morn a Perl at the		— Chatham and	
gate MOORE	7 2509	Townshend BURKE . . .	1 391
— morning by the		— Extracts from the	
streamlet O'BRIEN . .	7 2592	Impeachment of	
— ranging for rec-		Warren Hastings. BURKE . . .	1 383
reation	8 3269	— On American Tax-	
— walking out I		ation BURKE	1 873
o'ertook ALLINGHAM.	1 16	— On Conciliation	
— night of late I		with America BURKE . . .	1 376
chanced to stray. STREET BAL-		— Disarming of Ul-	
LAD	8 3296	ster CURRAN	2 780
— touch there is of		— Farewell to the	
magic white ALEXANDER.	1 9	Irish Parliament. CURRAN . . .	2 783
— winter's day, long,		— Liberty of the	
long ago KEEGAN . . .	5 1762	Press CURRAN	2 778
O'NEACHTAN, J. (biog-		— On Catholic Eman-	
raphy)	10 4019	cipation CURRAN	2 774
— John, Translations		— Speech at Newry	
from Irish of	2 768	Election CURRAN	2 788
— A Lament	4 1249	— Last Speech EMMET . . .	3 1087
— Maggy Ladr	9 3392	— Speech on Robert	
'O'Neill, A Life of Owen		Burns FERGUSON . .	3 1170
Roe' TAYLOR . . .	9 3390	— Defense of the Vol-	
— Hugh	8 3018	unteers FLOOD	3 1217
— and his men, A		— On a Commercial	
vision of	1 354	Treaty with	
— Flight of	6 2353	France FLOOD	3 1219
— The rebellion of	9 ix	— Reply to Grattan's	
— Submission of	9 3392	Invective FLOOD	3 1212
— of Ulster	10 3851	— Declaration of Irish	
— Moira See SKRINE.		Rights GRATTAN . .	4 1387
— Owen Roe	9 ix	— Of the Injustice of	
— Sir Phelim	9 ix	Disqualification	
— or O'Neill	3 928	of Catholics GRATTAN . .	4 1405

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Oratory.			ORR, JAMES	7	2839
— <i>Philippic against</i>			— <i>The Wake of Wil-</i>		
— <i>Flood</i>GRATTAN ..	4	1400	— <i>Ham</i>DRENNAN ..	3	925
— <i>Glory of Ireland.</i>MEAGHER ..	6	2420	Orrery, Lord, Swift and		
— <i>On the Policy for</i>			— <i>Faulkner</i>	4	1263
— <i>Ireland</i>MEAGHER ..	6	2415	O'Ryan was a man of		
— <i>Speech from the</i>			— <i>might</i>HALPINE ..	4	1540
— <i>Dock</i>MEAGHER ..	6	2424	Oshorne, Anecdote of		
— <i>Justice for Ireland.</i>O'CONNELL ..	7	2641	— <i>Sir William</i>	2	425
— <i>On Catholic Rights.</i>O'CONNELL ..	7	2629	Oscar, Keen, light-foot-		
— <i>Common Citizen</i>			— <i>ed</i>	7	2766
— <i>Soldier</i>O'REILLY ..	7	2825	— <i>Strength of</i>	5	1723
— <i>Address Before the</i>			— <i>with edged blade</i>		
— <i>House, Washing-</i>			— <i>fighting</i>	4	1525
— <i>ton</i>PARNELL ..	7	2861	Osgar (Ossur), grand-		
— <i>Ambition of the</i>			— <i>son of Ossia</i>	4	1455; 8
— <i>Irish Patriot.</i>PHILLIPS ..	8	2892	— <i>O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR.</i>	7	2842
— <i>Eulogy of Wash-</i>			O'SHEA, P. J.....	10	3843
— <i>ington</i>PHILLIPS ..	8	2891	— <i>(biography)</i>	10	4029
— <i>The Union</i>PLUNKET ..	8	2896	Ossian (see also Oisín).....	8	2990
— <i>First Step toward</i>			— <i>(biography)</i>	10	4020
— <i>Home Rule</i>REDMOND ..	8	2926	— <i>and Patrick, Lay</i>		
— <i>Ireland's Part in</i>			— <i>of</i>GWYNN ..	4	1523
— <i>English Achieve-</i>			— <i>and St. Patrick.</i>	2	xvi; 4
— <i>ment</i>SHEIL	8	3057	— <i>The Burthen of.</i>O'GRADY ..	7	2752
— <i>Speech in Opposi-</i>			— <i>See</i> MACALEUSE		
— <i>tion to Pitt's</i>			— <i>and The Celts.</i>		
— <i>First Income Tax</i>SHERIDAN ..	8	3072	Ossianic lays, The.....	4	1606
— <i>In Defense of</i>			— <i>manuscripts in the</i>		
— <i>Charles Gavan</i>			— <i>Trinity College</i>		
— <i>Duffy</i>WHITESIDE, 9	3550		— <i>collection</i>	7	2672
— <i>A century of. See The Irish</i>			— <i>or Finn Cycle</i>	2	629
— <i>School of Oratory.</i>			— <i>poems, The</i>	6	2231
— <i>In America, Bryce</i>			— <i>prose romances.</i>	8	2968
— <i>on</i>	1	337	Ossian's prose among		
— <i>Irish, pitched in a</i>			— <i>the Irish people.</i>	4	1609
— <i>high key</i>	7	vii	Ossin, Ossian, or Oisín.....	5	1705
— <i>Masters in</i>	7	xxviii	O'Sullivan Bear, Dirge		
— <i>The Irish School of</i>TAYLOR ..	7	vii	— <i>of</i>CALLANAN ..	2	445
O'Reilly. See Macken-			— <i>Gaelic</i>	3	vii
— <i>na's Dream</i>	8	3297	— <i>Red</i>	3	vii
— <i>(Father) on nam-</i>			— <i>Rev. S. on the</i>		
— <i>ing children</i>	4	1610	— <i>Burial of Sir</i>		
— <i>JOHN BOYLE (por-</i>			— <i>John Moore</i>	9	3632
— <i>trait)</i>	7	2825	— <i>Othello at Drill</i>LEVER	5	1979
— <i>His Life, Poems,</i>			O'Trigger, Sir Lucius		
— <i>and Speeches</i>	7	2825	— <i>(character in 'The</i>		
— <i>on Fanny Par-</i>			— <i>Rivals')</i>	8	3082, 3088
— <i>nell's Land</i>			O'Tundher.....	9	3515
— <i>League songs.</i>	7	2870	OTWAY, CÆSAR.....	7	2848
— <i>Private Miles. See HALPINE.</i>			'Ould Master, The'.....BARLOW ..	1	114
— <i>Myles, F. M. Egan</i>			— <i>Plaid Sharcl, The.</i>FAHY	3	1134
— <i>on</i>	5	viii	— <i>(color plate)</i>	10	Front
Orford, Lord, on an			Our Exiles.....SULLIVAN ..	9	3328
— <i>Irish bull</i>	3	1058	— <i>long dispute must</i>		
— <i>Oriel, Dubhdun, King of</i>			— <i>close</i>CROLY	2	1747
— <i>Oriental bull, An</i>	3	1056	— <i>Manifold Nature,</i>		
— <i>folk lore and Irish</i>			— <i>Stories from</i>		
— <i>life</i>	1	408	— <i>Life'</i>MACFALL ..	6	2206
— <i>Origin of Life, The.</i>KELVIN ..	5	1784	— <i>own Times, His-</i>		
— <i>O'Connell</i>HOEY	4	1588	— <i>tory of</i>MCCARTHY ..	6	2148
— <i>the Irish, The.</i>WARE	9	3547	— <i>Road</i>MACMANUS ..	6	2273
Originality of ancient			— <i>Thrones Decay</i>RUSSELL ..	8	3001
— <i>Irish literature.</i>			— <i>Ourselves Alone</i>O'HAGAN ..	7	2767
— <i>Irish Bulls Exam-</i>			— <i>Out of Order</i>	7	2793
— <i>ined, The</i>EDGEWORTH. 3	1055		— <i>upon the sand-</i>		
Ormond, M. F. Egan on.....	5	xi	— <i>dunes</i>		
Ormonde on the mass-			— <i>TYNAN-</i>		
— <i>acre at Drogheda</i>	7	2567, 2573	— <i>HINKSON.</i>	9	3460
Ormsby, Sir Charles; a			Outer, Lough.....	6	2277
— <i>story of the butcher.</i>			— <i>Outlaw of Loch Lene,</i>		
— <i>'Oro, O darling Fair!'</i>SIGERSON ..	8	3142	— <i>The</i>CALLANAN ..	2	441
O'Rourke, Daniel.....MAGINN ..	6	2313	— <i>'Outline of Irish His-</i>		
O'Rory Converses with			— <i>tory, An'</i>MCCARTHY ..	6	2174
— <i>the Quality</i>MORGAN ..	7	2549	— <i>2179</i>		
ORR, ANDREW.....	7	2837	Outside Car (half-tone		
			— <i>engraving)</i>	2	788

	VOL.	PAGE
Outworn heart, in a time outworn	YEATS	9 3705
Over here in England..	SKRINE	8 3154
—moving water and surges white ..	MILLIGAN	6 2435
—the carnage rose prophetic a Voice		7 2827
Oveton, Father Richard, slain at Drogheda		7 2573
<i>Owen Bawn</i>		3 1179
—King of Munster		2 444
—Mór, King of Fern- mag		4 1616
—Roe (see also <i>A Glance at Ire- land's History</i>		3 959
—O'Neill, Life of ..	TAYLOR	9 3390
Ow nabwee, The		5 1865
Ox Mountains, The		6 2229

P.

<i>Pacata Hibernia</i>	O'GRADY	7 2740
—Author of		7 2744
Paddy, agra, run down to the bog	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3285
—Blake and the echo		3 1056
—Corcoran's Wife ..	CARLETON	2 562
—Fret, the Priest's Boy	O'DONNELL	7 2678
—MacCarthy	HOGAN	4 1594
—the Piper	LOVER	5 2055
Pagan Irish, Esthetic sensitivity of the		2 xviii
Pain's 'Age of Reason' condemned		9 3521
Painting, Expression of female beauty by		5 1924
Pale, The		4 1255
—English of the		9 3391
—The English		10 3867
Paler and thinner the morning	M'GEE	6 2222
Palestine		7 2517
Paley's 'Natural Theol- ogy'		5 1787
Palliser, Archbishop		5 1915
Palmerston, Lord		3 941
Pamphlet, Power of the ..		7 ix
<i>Pamphleteer, Swift as a</i> ..	BOYLE	1 260
		9 3344
Pantheon, The early Irish		2 xi
<i>Paradise and the Peri</i> ..	MOORE	7 2509
Paralon, or Migdonia ..		4 1484
Parents and children, Affection between		6 2196
Parliament, Farewell to the Irish	CURRAN	2 783
—How Ireland Lost her	MCCARTHY	6 2161
—Irish Houses of (half-tone en- graving)		2 786
—of Ireland closed		6 2170
—The rights of		6 2464
'Parliamentary Reform, Speech on'		2 465
—speaking, Canning on		1 170
PARNELL, CHARLES STEWART (portrait)		7 2860

	VOL.	PAGE
PARNELL, C. S., Address of, before the House, Washing- ton, Feb. 2, 1879		7 2861
—and the Land Lea- gue		9 xi
—National League		9 xi
—J. H. McCarthy on		6 2177
—Life of Charles Stewart'	O'BRIEN	7 2607
		2611
—on the Manchester martyrs		7 2608
—Service of, to Eng- lish legislation		6 2178
—went into Politics, Why	O'BRIEN	7 2607
— <i>Epitaph on Doctor</i> ..	GOLDSMITH	4 1383
—FANNY		7 2870
—W. B. Yeats on		3 xii
—Sir John, and Ire- land's inde- pendence		6 2170
—Chancellor of the Exchequer		1 135
—THOMAS		7 2874
—English poet		6 2177
—W. B. Yeats on		3 vii
Parodist, Maginn the best		6 xiv
Parsons as a Monk of the Screw		5 1957
Parthalomans, The		9 vii
Partholan		2 xi
Parties in Ireland in 1798		9 3426
—The Chiefs of ..	MADDEN	6 2284
<i>Partners in Crime</i> ..	GRIFFIN	4 1494
'Party Fight and Fu- neral'	CARLETON	2 559
<i>Passing of the Gael, The</i> ..	MACMANUS	6 2267
Pasteur, Pouchet, and Bastian		5 1784
Pastha, The, described ..		3 xx
<i>Pastheen Fion</i> , From the Irish	FERGUSON	3 1184
Pat (comic paper)		6 x
Pater, Walter, on George Moore		7 2483
Pathos in Irish humor ..		6 viii
Patience of the Irish peasant		3 855
Patrician Bards, The ..		2 xviii
<i>Patrick, A Lay of Os- sian and</i>	GWYNN	4 1523
—and Ossian		7 2753
—See also <i>Saint Patrick</i> . —Sheehan	KICKHAM	5 1831
<i>Patriot, The Ambition of the Irish</i>	PHILLIPS	7 2892
Patriotic Songs, Songs of War, etc.		
—Siege of Derry ...	ALEXANDER	1 3
—"He said that he was not our brother"	BANIM	1 58
—The Sword	BARRY	1 149
—The Saxon Shilling ..	BUGGY	1 358
—Gougane Barra ...	CALLANAN	2 439
—"O say my brown drimin"	CALLANAN	2 442
—Rising of the Moon ..	CASEY	2 572
—Green little Sham- rock of Ireland ..	CHERRY	2 587

Patriotic and War
Songs.

— The Fighting Race.	CLARKE	2	598
— Wearing of the Green	CURRAN	2	767
— Fontenoy	DAVIS	3	823
— My Grave	DAVIS	3	827
— My Land	DAVIS	3	831
— A Nation once again	DAVIS	3	827
— The West's Asleep.	DAVIS	3	828
— A Cushla Gal mo	DOHENY	3	864
— Brigade at Fontenoy	DOWLING	3	878
— Erin	DRENNAN	3	924
— Wake of W. Orr.	DRENNAN	3	925
— Battle of Beal-An-Atha-Buidh	DRENNAN	3	928
— Ode on Leaving Ireland	DRUMMOND	3	930
— Innishowen	DUFFY	3	961
— Irish Chiefs	DUFFY	3	959
— Irish Rapparees	DUFFY	3	957
— Muster of the North	DUFFY	3	954
— Lincs on Arbor Hill	EMMET	3	1094
— Fair Hills of Ireland	FERGUSON	3	1185
— Song of the Irish Emigrant	FITZSIMON	3	1206
— County of Mayo.	FOX	3	1224
— Roisin Dubh	FURLONG	4	1247
— Sorrowsful Lament for Ireland	GREGORY	4	1459
— Ireland	GWYNN	4	1532
— Song of Defeat	GWYNN	4	1520
— "Not a star from the flag shall fade"	HALPINE	4	1539
— Sarsfield Testimonial	HOGAN	4	1592
— Memory of the Dead	INGRAM	5	1659
— Ways of War	JOHNSON	5	1699
— Blacksmith of Limerick	JOYCE	5	1741
— Crossing the Blackwater	JOYCE	5	1744
— Fineen, the Rover	JOYCE	5	1743
— Irish Reaper's Harvest Hymn	KEEGAN	5	1765
— Rory of the Hill	KICKHAM	5	1829
— Royal Love	LEAMY	5	1910
— Exiles Return	LOCKE	5	2003
— War-Ships of Peace	LOVER	6	2085
— The Croppy Boy	MCBURNERY	6	2115
— Good Ship Castle Down	MCBURNERY	6	2113
— O'Donnell Aboo	McCANN	6	2126
— Pillar Towers of Ireland	MACCARTHY	6	2130
— To my Buried Rifle	MACCARTHY	6	2172
— The fair hills of Erin	MCCONMARA	10	3937
— The Irish Exile	MACDERMOTT	6	2189
— Am I Remembered?	M'GEE	6	2225
— The Celts	M'GEE	6	2223
— Dead Antiquary, O'Donovan	M'GEE	6	2218
— Death of the Homeward Bound	M'GEE	6	2222

Patriotic and War
Songs.

— Salutation of the Celts	M'GEE	6	2226
— To Duffy in Prison	M'GEE	6	2220
— My Inver Bay	MACMANUS	6	2264
— Passing of the Gael	MACMANUS	6	2267
— Shiela-ni-Gara	MACMANUS	6	2271
— Dark Rosaleen	MANGAN	6	2363
— Fair Hills of Eiré	MANGAN	6	2378
— Kathaleen-Ny-Hou-lahan	MANGAN	6	2380
— Kinkora	MANGAN	6	2377
— Lament	MANGAN	6	2352
— Buried Forests of Erin	MILLIGAN	6	2437
— After the Battle	MOORE	7	2536
— 'Fairiest put on awhile'	MOORE	7	2529
— 'Go where glory waits thee'	MOORE	7	2530
— Irish Peasant to his Mistress	MOORE	7	2536
— Meeting of the Waters	MOORE	7	2532
— The Minstrel Boy	MOORE	7	2535
— 'O the sight entrancing'	MOORE	7	2531
— 'Rich and rare were the gems she wore'	MOORE	7	2532
— Song of Fionnuala	MOORE	7	2534
— The harp that once Moore	MOORE	7	2535
— 'When he who adores thee'	MOORE	7	2534
— Loch Ina	O'BRIEN	7	2602
— Tipperary	O'DOHERTY	7	2675
— Spinning Song	O'DONNELL	7	2686
— Tombs in the Church of Montorio	O'DONNELL	7	2684
— 'I give my heart to thee'	O'GRADY	7	2760
— Dear Land	O'HAGAN	7	2768
— Ourselves Alone	O'HAGAN	7	2767
— To God and Ireland True	O'LEARY	7	2796
— At Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862	O'REILLY	7	2831
— Ensign Epps, the Color-Bearer	O'REILLY	7	2830
— From 'Wendell Phillips'	O'REILLY	7	2836
— Mayflower	O'REILLY	7	2834
— In Exile: Australia	ORR	7	2837
— The Irishman	ORR	7	2839
— Song of an Exile	ORR	7	2840
— Erin, my Queen	PARNELL	7	2873
— Hold the Harvest	PARNELL	7	2871
— Post-Mortem	PARNELL	7	2870
— Fight of the Arm-strong Privateer	ROCHE	8	2961
— Edward Duffy	ROSSA	8	2983
— Shane's Head	SAVAGE	8	3024
— The Lost Tribune	SIGERSON	8	3135
— Corrymeela	SKRINE	8	3154
— Lament for King Ivor	STOKES	8	3260
— The Boyne Water	STREET BAL-LAD	8	3271
— MacKenna's Dream	STREET BAL-LAD	8	3296
— By Memory Inspired	STREET BAL-LAD	8	3274

Patriotic and War Songs.

	VOL.	PAGE
— <i>Protestant Boys</i> .. STREET BAL- LAD	9	3311
— <i>Shan Van Vocht</i> .. STREET BAL- LAD	9	3313
— <i>Wearin' o' the Green</i> .. STREET BAL- LAD	9	3320
— <i>Dear old Ireland</i> .. SULLIVAN ..	9	3341
— <i>God save Ireland</i> .. SULLIVAN ..	9	3339
— <i>Fairy Gold</i> .. TODHUNTER ..	9	3411
— <i>Longing</i> .. TODHUNTER ..	9	3408
— <i>The Maiden City</i> .. TONNA ..	9	3428
— <i>Orangeman's Sub- mission</i> .. TONNA ..	9	3430
— <i>'Oh, green and fresh'</i> .. TYNAN- HINKSON ..	9	3461
— <i>The Exodus</i> .. WILDE ..	9	3570
— <i>To Ireland</i> .. WILDE ..	9	3573
— <i>Farewell to Amer- ica</i> .. WILDE ..	9	3599
— <i>Munster War-Song</i> .. WILLIAMS ..	9	3607
Patriotism.		
— <i>Archbishop Ireland on</i> ..	5	1662
— <i>of the Irish</i> ..	2	442
— <i>See Nationality and Imperialism.</i>		
Patterson, Chief Justice C. P., duels with gen- tlemen ..	1	143
PAYNE, PERCY SOMERS ..	7	2878
Pearce, Sir Edward ..	5	1914
<i>Pearl of the White Breast</i> .. PETRIE ..	8	2886
'Peasant Lore from Gaelic Ireland' .. DEENY ..	3	845 846, 847
— <i>to his Mistress, The Irish</i> .. MOORE ..	7	2536
— <i>Superstitions of the Irish</i> ..	6	2149
— <i>English and Irish, compared</i> ..	5	1835
Peasantry and landlords ..	1	138
— <i>Character of the Irish</i> ..	1	138; 3 854; 6 2193
— <i>Conditions of the</i> ..	9	3426
— <i>Dress of the</i> ..	9	3495
Peck, H. T., on George Moore ..	7	2483
Pedersen, Dr., on the Irish vocabulary ..	4	1607
Peel, Sir R., Challenge of, to O'Connell ..	7	2625
— <i>on E. Burke</i> ..	1	x
'Peep O'Day, The' .. BANIM ..	1	46
Peggy Browne. From the Irish .. FURLONG ..	4	1252
Pelagic style of archi- tecture ..	8	2881
'Pen and Ink Sketch of Daniel O'Connell' .. SHEIL ..	8	3064
<i>Penal Days, Women in Ireland in</i> .. ATKINSON ..	1	28
— <i>Laws</i> .. MCCARTHY ..	6	2179
— (reference) ..	7	2615
— <i>Injustice of the</i> ..	5	1838
— <i>of 1695-97</i> ..	9	x
— <i>servitude, The hor- rors of</i> ..	3	839
'Penny numbers,' The evils of ..	2	640
Pensions for veterans of the civil war ..	7	2829
Pentonyville Prison ..	3	839

<i>People, Amusements of</i> .. O'BRIEN ...	7	2620
'Perhaps' .. WYNNE ..	9	3649
Persecution by Protest- ants and Roman Cath- olics alike ..	7	2790
'Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Mecca' .. BURTON ..	2	408
— <i>Sketches</i> .. BARRINGTON ..	1	127 129, 138, 141
Personification of Ire- land ..	1	viii
Pery, E. S., Speaker of Irish House of Par- liament ..	7	ix
Petre, Lord, and Father O'Leary ..	7	2793
PETRIE, GEORGE ..	8	2879
— <i>on the Round Tow- ers</i> ..	9	3489
Petrie's 'Christian De- scriptions' (cited) ..	9	3484
Petticoats, Ancient Irish ..	9	3495
<i>Phantom Ship, The</i> .. MILLIGAN ..	6	2435
<i>Phaudrig Crohoore</i> .. LE FANU ..	5	1942
<i>Philandering</i> .. BOYLE ..	1	277
<i>Philippic Against Flood</i> .. GRATTAN ..	4	1400
Phillips, Bishop, of Kil- lala ..	6	2232
PHILLIPS, CHARLES ..	8	2888
— <i>Sir Thomas, pri- vate collector of Irish MSS.</i> ..	7	2673
'Philo-Junius,' See Sir Philip Francis.		
Philology.		
— <i>Poetry of Words</i> .. TRENCH ..	9	3434
— <i>Language of the Ancient Irish</i> .. WARE ..	9	3544
— <i>Place names in Ireland</i> ..	6	2228
— <i>Surnames of the Ancient Irish</i> .. WARE ..	9	3546
Philosopher, Emerson, The ..	7	2556
'Philosophical Survey of the South of Ire- land, A' ..	7	2695
Philosophy.		
— <i>Extracts from 'The Querist'</i> .. BERKELEY ..	1	177
— <i>Glimpse of his Country House</i> .. BERKELEY ..	1	175
— <i>True Pleasures</i> .. BERKELEY ..	1	174
— <i>Thoughts on Vari- ous Subjects</i> .. SWIFT ..	9	3377
— <i>Twelve Articles</i> .. SWIFT ..	9	3388
Phoenix Park ..	1	146
Phooka's Tower, The ..	6	2313
Phosphor, The Planet Venus, Hesperus and Picture of Ulster .. CLARKE ..	2	601 6 2274
Pig Fair (half-tone en- graving) ..	7	2484
'Pilgrimage to El Me- dinah and Mecca, Per- sonal Narrative of a' .. BURTON ..	1	408
Pilgrimages in olden times ..	1	32
<i>Pilgrims</i> .. ARMSTRONG ..	1	26
Pilkington, John Cart- ret ..	7	2693
<i>Pillar Towers of Ire- land, The</i> .. MACCARTHY ..	6	2130
Pillars of Hercules ..	2	749
<i>Pinchbeck Heroes, The Worship of</i> .. GOLDSMITH ..	4	1338

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Plozzi, Signor	6	2471	Poets of Young Ire-	3	viii
Piper, A Blind Irish	5	1762	land, W. B. Yeats on		
(half-tone engraving)	9	3447	Pole, Wellesley, a	5	1957
Pitch-capping	6	2284	Monk of the Screw	8	3268
Pitt, William	3	1194	Polemical ballads, On		
— and Sheridan	7	xv	Policy for Ireland, On	6	2415
— on Grattan's ora-	8	3122	the	6	ix
tory			Political humor		
— Sheridan's retort			satire. See Rack-		
on			enters on the		
Pitt's First Income Tax			Stump.		
Bill, Speech in Oppo-	8	3072	Politics and Gov-		
sition to	9	3704	ernment.		
Pity of Love, The	8	2997	— Swift as a Pam-	1	260
Place of Rest, The	6	2228	phleteer		
— names in Ireland	5	1925	— England and Ire-	1	346
Placidia	1	58	land		
Plague in Ireland, The			— Chatham and	1	391
Famine and the			Townshend		
Planet Venus, Hesperus	2	601	— Extracts from a		
and Phosphor, The	2	603	Letter to a Noble		
Plato	2	749	Lord		
Plato's 'Timæus'			— Extracts from the		
Players in London dur-			Impeachment of		
ing the reign of			Warren Hastings		
Henry VII.	6	2347	— On American Tax-	1	383
Plea for Liberty of Con-			ation		
science	7	2789	— On Conciliation	1	373
— the Study of			with America		
Irish, A	7	2614	— On Land Tenure	1	376
'Pleasant Ned Lysaght'	6	2106	BUTT	2	422
Pleasing, The Art of	8	3206	— On the English		
Plebeian bards, The	3	xviii	Constitution	2	465
Pledge, Signing the	6	2898	— Disarming of Ul-		
Plow, The	2	612	ster	2	780
PLUNKET, WILLIAM			— Farewell to the		
CONYNGHAM	8	2894	Irish Parliament	2	783
— A master of ora-			— Liberty of the		
tory	7	xxviii	Press	2	778
— and the Irish na-			— On Catholic Emancipation	2	773
tional Parliam-			— Election	2	788
ent	6	2171	— How the Anglo-		
— as a Monk of the			Irish Problem		
Screw	5	1957	Could be Solved	3	832
— Bulwer on	7	xxv	— How to Govern		
— Oratory of, de-			Ireland	3	854
scribed	7	xxv	— On Irishmen as		
PLUNKETT, SIR HORACE			Rulers	3	938
(portrait)	8	2908	— On a Commercial		
Pocket boroughs, Irish			Treaty with		
Parliament elected by			France	3	1219
Pockrich, Richard, in-	6	2162	— Reply to Grattan's		
ventor of the musical			Invective	3	1212
glasses	7	2690	— To the Duke of		
'Poems'	9	3704	Grafton	3	1228
Poet and Publisher	5	1709	— Duty of Criticism		
— How to Become a FAHY	3	1124	in a Democracy	4	1290
Poetry. (All poems are indexed			— Liberty in Eng-		
under their titles and first			land	4	1331
lines.)			— Declaration of		
— Irish, E. Spenser	4	ix	Irish Rights	4	1388
— on			— Of the Injustice of		
— Modern Irish,	3	vii	Disqualification		
Yeats on	9	3434	of Catholics	4	1405
— of Words, The			— Philippic against		
Poet's Corner in West-	4	1319	Flood	4	1400
minster Abbey	4	1455	— Native Land of		
'Poets and Dreamers'	2	xviii	Liberty	5	1662
— in Ancient Ireland			— Politics at Dinner	5	1833
— of the Agrarian	3	xii	— Faith of a Felon	5	1855
movement			— Beginnings of		
— Fenian move-	3	xi	Home Rule	6	2174
ment			— How Ireland Lost		
— Nation. See			Her Parliament	6	2161
Modern Irish			— The Irish Church	6	2148
Literature.					

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Politics and Government.		Poynings Act passed in 1495	9 ix
— <i>Penal Laws, The.</i> MACCARTHY.	6 2179	— Law.	3 1210, 1213; 4 1395
— <i>On the Policy for Ireland</i>	MEAGHER .. 6 2415	— 1401, 1403; 6 2161;	9 3390
— <i>A Nation's Right.</i> MOLYNEUX.	6 2460	— Repealed	9 x
— <i>Colonial Slavery, 1831</i>	O'CONNELL.. 7 2650	<i>Practical Illustration,</i> A. SHAW	8 3035
— <i>Justice for Ireland</i>	O'CONNELL.. 7 2641	— joking	8 xvi
— <i>On Catholic Rights</i> O'CONNELL.	7 2629	Prejudices, Swift on	9 3377
— <i>Gladstone and the Great Home Rule Debate</i>	O'CONNOR .. 7 2656	— Racial	8 2995
— <i>Address Before the House, Washington</i>	PARNELL ... 7 2361	Premium, Mr. (character in 'School for Scandal')	8 3105
— <i>The Union</i>	PLUNKET .. 8 2806	PRENDERGAST, JOHN	8 2913
— <i>First Step toward Home Rule</i>	REDMOND.. 8 2926	Prentice boys, The.	9 3428
— <i>Nationality and Imperialism</i>	RUSSELL ... 8 2989	Preponderance of Protestant power	9 3423
— <i>Ireland's Part in English Achievement</i>	SHEIL 8 3057	Presentation at the Vice-regal court, Dublin.	1 246; 6 2203
— <i>Speech in Opposition to Pitt's First Income-Tax</i> SHERIDAN.	8 3072	<i>Press, Liberty of the.</i> DE VERE.	3 852
— <i>Our Exiles</i>	SULLIVAN.. 9 3328	— <i>The Liberty of the</i> CURRAN	2 778
— <i>Brass Half-pence.</i> SWIFT	9 3369	<i>Preternatural in Fiction.</i> BURTON	1 404
— <i>Short View of Ireland</i>	SWIFT 9 3362	Prevalence of Irish humor	6 x
— <i>Essay on the State of Ireland in 1720</i>	TONE 9 3415	Priest, Love of Irish for BANIM	1 56
— <i>State of Ireland in 1798, The</i>	TONE 9 3421	<i>Priest's Brother, The.</i> SHORTER	8 3130
— <i>Some College Recollections</i>	WALSH 9 3513	— <i>Soul, The</i>	4 3561
— <i>Politics at Dinner</i>	KING 5 1833	Priests at Drogheda, Murder of the	7 2572
— <i>Bryce on American</i>	1 338	Primitive Irish, Antiquity of the	2 viii
Pollruane	7 2763	<i>Prince of Dublin Printers, The</i>	4 1258
Pooka, The, described (see also Phooka)	3 xix	— <i>of Inismore, The.</i> MORGAN	7 2543
Pope, A., on Sir John Denham	3 840	<i>Princess Talleyrand as a Critic, The.</i>	1 212
— on the Earl of Roscommon	8 2981	'Principles of Government'	O'BRIEN ... 7 2620
Poppæa, The Empress.	2 740	<i>Printers, The Prince of Dublin</i>	GILBERT ... 4 1258
Popular Superstitions. See <i>The Celtic Element in Literature; Superstitions; Fairy and Folk tales, etc.</i>		Prison Code, The.	6 2178
Population of Ireland, Decrease in	9 3410	— <i>Diary, Leaves from a</i>	DAVITT. 3 832, 837
Portland, Duke of, on the Union	8 2897	— <i>To Duffy in</i>	M'GEE ... 6 2220
Portlaw to Paradise, From	DOWNEY ... 3 891	Private Miles O'Reilly. See HALPINE.	
Portmore	3 928	'Problems of Modern Democracy'	GODKIN ... 4 1290
Portsalon	6 2432	Procession of peers at Lord Santry's trial.	7 2725
Portstewart	4 1518	Proclamation, a, concerning Shane the Proud	10 3843
Position of Women in the United States.	BRICE 1 343	Procrastination, Evils of.	4 1535
Postiveness, Swift on	9 3377	Progress, Human	1 175
Posterity, Sir Boyle Roche on	7 135	Proleke Stone, The (half-tone engraving)	7 2666
Post-Mortem	PARNELL .. 7 2870	<i>Promised Wife, To my.</i> WALSH	9 3510
Pot of Broth, The.	10 xiv	Progresses (migrations).	2 xii
Post Office, The, in 1830 (half-tone engraving)	6 2107	Property tax, O'Connell on the	7 2633
Potato failure of 1846.	4 1572	Prophecy regarding Jacob's Stone, The.	7 2717
"Potatoes and point"	4 1504	Prosecutions, Evils of State	9 3552
'Potent Punch'	1 232	<i>Prospect, A</i>	6 2107
Poulannass	5 2052	Prospecting in Montana	3 965
Poul-a-Phooka (half-tone engraving).	5 1796	Protection to American Industry	4 1296
		<i>Protestant Boys</i>	STREET BAL-LAD ... 9 3311
		— <i>Garrison in Ireland, The</i>	6 2153, 2156
		— <i>power in Ireland.</i>	9 3423
		— <i>The great orators in Irish Parliaments were</i>	7 viii

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Proud of you, fond of you	DOWNING .. 3 916	Racing, Irish love of	8 xiii
Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding.	MCCANN .. 6 2126	Rackett Lady (character in 'Three Weeks After Marriage')	7 2564
PROUT, Father. See MAHONY.		— Sir Charles (character in 'Three Weeks After Marriage')	7 2564
— Famous Blarney-Stone stanza of, in <i>The Groves of Blarney</i>	6 2441	Rackrent, Castle	EDGEWORTH. 3 995
— on 'Lalla Rookh'	6 2342	— Family, Continuation of the Memoirs of the	EDGEWORTH. 3 1014
— Moore's 'National Melody'	6 2342, 2345	Rackrenters on the Stump	SULLIVAN .. 9 3333
— T. C. Croker	2 680	Rafferty, Anthony	10 3917, 3923
— Reliques of Father	MAHONY .. 6 2337	— (biography)	10 4022
Proverbs, Early Irish, joyous	6 vii	— and Mary Hynes	9 3667
— See Irish Ranns	10 3833	— and the Bush	9 3671
Prussia, The King of, cited on land tenure	7 2866	— How long has it been said	10 3917
Psalter of Rosbrine	7 2853	— The Cuis Da pié	10 3917
Psalters of Tara and Cashel, The	7 2664	Rafferty's poems among the people	4 1609
Psychological method of studying literature	3 868	— poetry	9 3671
Public opinion, Effect of French Revolution on	9 3424	— Repentance	HYDE .. 10 3911
Puca, The, becomes Puck in Shakespeare	4 ix	Raglan, Lord, at Balaklava	8 3012
Pue's Occurrences (a Dublin newspaper)	5 1919	Railroad Story, A. See <i>In the Engine-Shed</i> .	
Puff, Orator	MOORE .. 7 2541	Raise the Cromlech high	ROLLESTON. 8 2975
Pugin's 'Revival of Christian Architecture' (quoted)	8 3238	— 'Raising the Wind'	KENNEY .. 5 1805
Pulpit, Bar, and Parliamentary Eloquence	BARRINGTON. 1 127	Rakes of Mallow, The. STREET BALAD	9 3312
Purdon, Epitaph on Edward	GOLDSMITH. 4 1383	Raleigh in Munster	DOWNNEY .. 3 909
Put your head, darling. FERGUSON	3 1183	Rambling Reminiscences	MILLIGAN. 6 2427
Pyramids, The	WARBURTON. 9 3529	Ramelton	4 1512; 6 2252
Pythagoras	2 602	Ramillie cock-hat, The	9 3496
Q.		Ramsay, Grace. See O'MEARA.	
		Randle, Dr., Bishop of Derry, cited on Lord Santry's Trial	7 2726
Quare Gander, The	LE FANU... 5 1928	Ranelagh Gardens	1 165
Quand je suis mort, je veux qu'on m'enterre.	MAROT .. 6 2338	Ranns, Irish	10 3833
Quarrelsome Irishmen	O'KEEFE .. 7 2773	Raphoe, Donegal	6 2251
Quarterly Review, The, founded by John Wilson	CROKER .. 2 675	Rapparee, The, among the hill fern	3 1255
Quebec, Darby Doyle's Voyage to	ETTINGSALL. 3 1114	Rapparees, The Irish	DUFFY .. 3 957
Queen and Cromwell, The	WILLS .. 9 3612	Raps	9 3369
Queen's County Witch, A (fairy and folk tale)	ANONYMOUS. 3 1150	Rath Maolain (Rathmullen)	2 633
Queenstown (half-tone engraving)	2 427	— of Croghan, The	3 1162
Querist, Extracts from The	BERKELEY... 1 177	— Cruane	7 2752
Querns or hand-mills	5 1736	Rathdowney	3 1150
Quiet Irish Talk, A	KEELING .. 5 1769	Rathdrum, Beautiful scenery between Arklow and	7 2532
Quin, Matthew and Mary	8 2915	Rathmore	2 573
Quotation, A Pointed	7 2652	Rathmullen	6 2431
R.		— Hugh Roe at	2 633
		Ray, T. M., and Repeal	9 x
Rabelais	3 873	— in Prison	6 2128
Race prejudices	8 2995	Ray's 'Social Condition of Europe'	2 423
Racial favor in Irish literature	2 xviii	READ, CHARLES ANDERSON	8 2918
		— out the names	CLARKE .. 2 598
		Reaper's Harvest Hymn, The Irish	KEEGAN .. 5 1765
		Reason for Accepting the Doctrine of Purgatory (anecdote)	7 2793
		Rebel chaunt, A	6 2118
		Rebellion of 1798	9 x
		'Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism'	O'LEARY .. 7 2798

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Recollections of John O'Keeffe, The'	O'KEEFFE	7 2771	Repeal movement, The, effect of, on literature	1	xli
Recruiting Song, Tipperary	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3318	— of the Union	O'CONNELL	6 2644
Red Bog, Bog Cotton on the	O'BRIEN	7 2591	Repealers in Prison and Out	DAUNT	3 811
— the Branch Cycle, The	2 xi; 2	804	Remember, Denis, all I bade you say	FORRESTER	3 1222
— Knights, The	5 1741; 7	2593	Representative, The Duties of a	BURKE	1 391
— House of the	4 1430		Rest	PAYNE	7 2878
— Duck, The (folk song). { Gaelic by HYDE	10 3779		Retaliation, Extracts from	GOLDSMITH	4 1380
— { English by WELSH }	10 3749		Retentive Memory (anecdote of O'Connell)		7 2654
— Man's Wife, The (folk song)	HYDE	10 3749	'Revelations of Ireland in the Past Generation'	MADDEN	6 2281
— Pony, The	LARMINIE	5 1866	Revenue, Irish, decrease in		9 3416
REDMOND, JOHN EDWARD (portrait)		8 2926	Revolution of 1798. — Lynch Law on Vinegar Hill	BANIM	1 76
Reform and Emancipation		8 3058	— Rising of the Moon	CASEY	2 572
— Speech on Parliamentary'	CANNING	2 465	— Lines on the Burying Ground of Arbor Hill	EMMET	3 1094
Reformation, The	9 ix		— Memory of the Dead	INGRAM	5 1659
— Carlyle on the	3 951		— Scenes in the Insurrection of 1798. LEADBEATER		5 1886
Registration of Voters Bill, The Irish		6 2176	— Shamus O'Brien. LE FANU		5 1937
Rehan, Ada, as Lady Teazle (portrait)		8 3105	— How Ireland Lost her Parliament. MCCARTHY		6 2161
REID, MAYNE		7 2932	— The Irish Church. MCCARTHY		6 2148
Reign of Terror, The		2 678	— Noble Lord, A. MURPHY		7 2574
Related Souls	WILDE	9 3572	— Capture of Wolfe, Tone	O'BRIEN	7 2604
'Relation of Amboyna, The'		6 2573	— Story of Father Anthony O'Toole. TYNAN-HINKSON		9 3444
Relatives, Auctioning Off One's	SHERIDAN	8 3105	— The American		6 2153
Relics of Brigit		8 3260	— The French		1 136
Religion in America		1 336	Revolutionary Tribunal		2 678
— Swift on		9 3377	Revue Celtique		4 1459
Religious Belief in Ireland, Carlyle on Freedom of		3 952	Rewriting of destroyed MSS. begun		2 ix
— Legend. See The Story of the Little Bird.			REYNOLDS, GEORGE NUGENT		8 2939
— oppression, Father O'Leary on		7 2789	— Sir Joshua, and John O'Keeffe		7 2777
— sects in Ireland, proportions of the		9 3422	— Goldsmith on		4 1380, 1382
— Songs of Connacht. HYDE		10 3795	— Portrait of O. Goldsmith		4 1298
— 3813, 3823, 3829, 3917			— of Sheridan		8 3020
'Reliques of Father Prout'	MAHONY	7 2337	— of Sterne by		8 3210
'Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift'	BOYLE	1 260	— See A Goodly Company.		6 2454
Remedies, Vulgar		2 759	Rhapsody on Rivers, A. MITCHEL		6 2454
Reminiscences. See Character Sketches.			Rhetoric in Irish literature		2 xlii
Remnant? What is the MAGEE		6 2292	Rhyme, Celts taught Europe to		2 ix
Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow		4 1357	Rhymers' Club, The		5 1693; 9 3403
Renaissance in art and letters, The		9 xi	Rhine, The		7 2586
— M. F. Egan on the Irish		5 vii	RHYS, GRACE		8 2940
— The new Irish		2 xxi	Rich and rare were the gems she wore. MOORE		7 2532
Rent-Day (fairly and folk tales)	ANONYMOUS	3 1160	— (reference)		8 3270
Rents, Lallor on		6 ix	Richard II. in Ireland (color plate)		8 Front
Repatees of Curran		9 x	RIDDELL, MRS. J. H.		8 2949
Repeal, The agitation for		6 2416	Riddles by Dean Swift		9 3389
— Association, The		6 2416	Ridge, Counselor John		4 1380
— Dictionary, John O'Connell's		2 812	Ridgeway		See TAYLOR.

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Rifle, To My Buried</i> ... MCCARTHY ..	6	2172	Rón Cerr	4	1622
Rich Shemus he has			<i>Rope, Twisting of the</i> .. HYDE ..	10	3989
gone to France ... DUFFY	3	957	<i>Rory of the Hull</i> ... KICKHAM ..	5	1829
Right of Free Speech	9	3551	— (reference)	8	3270
'Rights of Man, The'	8	3269, 3270	— <i>O'More</i> ... LOVER ..	6	2084
— of Parliament, The	6	2464	— Dirge of ... DE VERE ..	3	859
<i>Ringleted Youth of my</i>			Rosbrine, The Psalter		
<i>Love</i> (folk song) ... HYDE	10	3735	of	7	2853
Rinuccini, Archbishop of			— place where insur-		
Fermo	1	32	rections were		
'Rise and Fall of the			planned	7	2852
Irish Franciscan			Roscommon	4	1607
Monasteries' ... MEEHAN ..	1	32	— EARL OF	8	2981
— up and come for			— W. B. Yeats on	3	vii
the dawn	10	3917	— Duelling in	1	145
<i>Rising of the Moon</i> ... CASEY ..	2	572	Rose o' the World, she		
<i>Rival Swains, The</i> ... BULLOCK ..	1	360	came	2	592
'Rivals, The'	4	1499	— of Ardee, The	8	3270
SHERIDAN ..	8	3078, 3088	— of the World, The ..	9	3706
River of billows, to ...			Ross, Martin. See MARTIN ROSS.		
— whose mighty ... DE VERE ..	3	852	— Red-Haired	4	1444
— Roe, The	8	3270	— The Siege of	6	2115
Roads in Ireland	5	1739	ROSSA, J. O'DONOVAN ..	8	2983
Robertson, Frederick			Rosstrevor	6	2454
— William ... BROOKE ..	1	291	Roubillac in Dublin ..	5	1919
— Life and Letters			<i>Round of Visits, A.</i> ... O'KENNEDY ..	7	2782
of ... BROOKE ..	1	291	— <i>Table of Stories</i> ... GILBERT ..	4	1265
Robespierre, Revolt			— 'Towers, The' ... PETRIE ..	8	2880
against	2	677	— described in de-		
'Robinson Crusoe';			tail	9	3491
Princess Talley-			— Petrie on	9	3489, 3490
rand's amusing			— of Ireland,		
blunder	1	213	Fort, Crosses		
— W., M. F. Egan			and ... WAKEMAN		
on	5	viii	and COOKE. ..	9	3482
Roche, Lady	7	2733	'Rover, The'	2	466
— Sir Boyle	1	134	Rowan, A. H.	2	778; 9
— JAMES JEFFREY			Curran's defense		3513
(portrait)	8	2959	of	7	xxiii
<i>Rocky Mountains, First</i>			Royal Fairy Tales, The ..	3	xx
<i>Sight of the</i> ... BUTLER ..	2	415	— Irish Academy,		
Rogers, Michael	10	3807	Collection of		
<i>Rogueries of Tom</i>			manuscripts in	7	2672
Moore, The ... MAHONY ..	6	2337	— Love, A. LEAMY ..	5	1910
Roe, Owen (see also A			'Ruadh,' See MACALEESE.		
<i>Glance at Ireland's</i>			Ruadhan of Lorrha	7	2763
<i>History</i>)	3	959	Rückert, <i>Gone in the</i>		
Roisin Dubh. From the			<i>Wind</i> not a transla-		
Irish	4	1247	tion from German	6	2359
Roland, Song of	9	3657	Ruff, The, worn in Ire-		
— the Brave, Irish			land	9	3498
version of the			<i>Ruined Chapel, The</i> ... ALLINGHAM ..	1	22
history of	7	2672	— <i>Race, A</i> ... SIGERSON ..	8	3145
Roll forth, my song, ... MANGAN ..	6	2365	Rules of S. Robert	4	1419
ROLLESTON, THOMAS W.			Rushes that grow by		
HAZEN (por-			the black water ... TRENCH ..	9	3433
trait)	8	2968	Russell, Baron	1	381
— and the Rhymers'			— GEORGE W. ('A		
Club	5	1693	E.') (portrait) ..	8	2986
— on George Darley	2	807	— Love Songs of ..	8	3659
— the poetry of			— 'A. E.' on the		
G. F. Savage-			poems of W.		
Armstrong	8	3027	Larmine	5	1866
'Rolliad, The'	3	1193	— S t a n d i s h		
Roman invasion had lit-			O'Grady	7	2787
tle effect on Ireland	9	viii	— W. B. Yeats'		
Romance. See Fic-			poetry	9	3651
tion; Myths and			— Plays of	10	xiii
Legends; Fairy and			— W. B. Yeats on	3	xiii
Folk Tales.			— Lord, and the		
'Romances, Old Cel-			movement to dis-		
tic'	JOYCE, 5	1724, 1731	establish the		
Romanesque, The Irish			Irish Church	6	2159
style	8	3238	— MATTHEW ..	8	3005
Rome, <i>The Firing of</i> ... CROLY	2	739	— SIR WILLIAM		
			HOWARD	8	3008

	VOL.	PAGE
Russian Air	7	2537
Rutland, The Duke of	1	133
Ryan, Crowe	1	145

S.

<i>Sack of the Summer Palace</i>	WOLSELEY...	9	3636
Sabbata Pango (inscription on an old bell)	6	2343	
Sacramento, The	6	2132	
Sacred subjects, Treatment of, by Irish wits	6	xv	
<i>Sacrifice</i>	RUSSELL	8	2998
SADLER, MRS. J.	8	3017	
<i>Saga, Literary Qualities of the</i>	HULL	4	1597
— literature, its extent	2	xlii	
— its style	2	xlii	
— MS. of a Lost	4	1608	
Sagas, Minute description in	2	xv	
— Norse and Gaelic tales in	8	2973	
— The Irish described	2	xi	
Sail bravely on, thou gallant bark	SULLIVAN...	9	3331
St. Aengus, the Culdee, Litany of	8	2884	
St. Augustine, Mother of	5	1925	
St. Basil, Mother of	5	1925	
St. Brendan, Church of	8	2881	
St. Buiithe, The Speckled Book of the Monastery of	7	2664	
St. Chrysostom, Mother of	5	1925	
St. Claran (see also St. Kieran)	4	1600	
St. Columba and Christianity	9	viii	
St. Columba and St. Patrick, Cross of, at Kells	9	3485	
St. Cornin, Fada (meaning of)	9	3546	
St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Landisfarne	8	2882	
St. Fechin, Church of	8	2881	
St. Finbar, Shrine of	4	1255	
<i>St. Francis and the Wolf</i>	TYNAN-HINKSON.	9	3451
St. Gall, Monastery of	4	viii	
St. Gregory, Mother of	5	1925	
St. Helena	5	1925	
St. Isadore, College of, Irish manuscript in the	7	2673	
St. James of Compostella	1	32	
St. John, Bayle on 'The Arabian Nights'	1	406	
St. John's Well	5	1766	
St. Kieran (see also Claran)	8	2979	
<i>St. Kevin, King O'Toole and</i>	LOVER	5	2046
'St. Lawrence, From the Land of'	EGAN	3	1080
— The (river)	7	2540	
'St. Mary of Egypt'	9	3684	

	VOL.	PAGE
St. Mathew (color plate)	9	Front
St. Molaga, The Black Book of	7	2664
St. Molaise's Church	8	2881
St. Moing, The Evangelistarium of	7	2671
St. Ninian, Life of (quoted)	8	2884
St. Patrick. See also <i>Irish Astronomy</i>	4	1541
— and Brigit	8	3249
— and Ossian	7	2753
— Apostle of Ireland. Todd	9	3400
— Cross of St. Columba and, at Kells	9	3485
— in the 'Colloquy of the Ancients'	8	2968
— Introduced Christianity	9	viii
— Ireland converted from idolatry by	7	2718
— Legend of	4	1457
— Pagan festivals adopted by	4	1600
— The Order of	3	797; 5
St. Patrick's Breastplate, The Hymn Called	STOKES	8 3244
— Day, 1866, Address delivered in the People's Theater, Virginia City, on	MEAGHER	6 2420
— Hymn before Tara, trans. by	MANGAN	6 2360
— Success	TODD	9 3400
— Ward, In	BLUNDELL	1 215
St. Peter (folk story)	HYDE	10 3813
St. Pulcheria	5	1925
St. Ricemarch, Saltair of	7	2671
'St. Ronan's Well,' John O'Keeffe mentioned by character in	7	2691
St. Ruth (see also <i>MacKenna's Dream</i>)	8	3297
St. Stephen's Green, Dublin	5	1914
Sainte-Beuve method inaugurated by Goethe	6	2296
Saints and Scholars, Ireland the	1	xvii
— The Isle of	9	viii
'Saints, Lives of the Mothers of the Irish'	1	32
<i>Saladin, The History of my Horse</i>	BROWNE	1 323
Salamanca, Irish soldiers at	8	3063
'Salathiel the Immortal'	CROLY	2 739
<i>Salley Gardens, Down by the</i>	YEATS	9 3705
'Sally Cavanaugh'	KICKHAM	5 1824
Salmon Fishing in Ireland	4	1519
Saltair of Cashel, The (Bodleian Library)	7	2673
— of St. Ricemarch	7	2671
— of Tara, The	4	1611
<i>Salutation to the Celts</i>	M'GEE	6 2226
Samhain	4	1611

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Samhain. Article c3			Sceoluing	2	629
— Irish Drama in	5	xxvi	Scheid, The	4	1357
— Time	4	1451	Schiehallion	9	3432
Sanders and the insur-			Schiller and Goethe at		
rection of Tyrone and			Welmer	6	2297
Desmond	7	2852	'School for Scandal,		
Sanson and Fouquier	2	677	The'	9	3099
Santry, Lord, Trial of	6	1917;	—	3	3105
Sarsfield, Patrick, Earl			— life in England	2	616
of Lucan	ONAHAN	7 2814	— in Ireland—		
— Patrick (Lord Lu-			English Acad-		
can)	3	957;	emy, The	1	60
— at Sedgmoor	8	2816	Schools, Irish in the	10	3713
— Death of	7	2824	Science. See Astronomy.		
— on the battle of			— Scientific Limit of		
the Boyne (cited)	7	2819	the Imagination, TYNDALL	9	3471
— Statue, The (half-			— The Claims of Sci-		
tone engraving)	4	1592	ence	9	3463
— Testimonial, The. HOGAN	4	1592	— The Origin of Life, KELVIN	5	1784
— See Blacksmith of			Scientific use of the im-		
Limerick, The	5	1742	agination, The	1	xvii
— See Mackenna's			Scotland, Marriage law		
Dream	8	3297	in	2	754
— See Song of De-			Scott, Burke on	1	397
feat, A	4	1530	— and Maria Edge-		
Sarsfield's Ride	9	3323	worth	3	994;
Satire. See also Humor.			— C. Johnstone	5	1709
— A Prospect	6	2107	— Sir Walter, on		
— Cease to do Evil			Faulkner	4	1260
— Learn to do			— on Hamilton's		
Well	MACCARTHY	6 2128	Memoirs of		
— On Wind	MARTYN	6 2383	Grammont	4	1542
— Sheelagh on her			— on nursery tales	3	xxiii
Proposals of			Scriblerus Club, The	7	2874
Marriage	PLUNKET	8 2906	Scully	2	445
— Rackrenters on the			Sculpture.		
Stump	SULLIVAN	9 3333	— Celt in	9	3487
— On the death of			— Expression of male		
D. Swift	9	3880	beauty by	5	1924
— on English insti-			Scythians, The	9	3549
tutions	9	3355	Sea, Burial at	1	10
Satirists, Early Irish	6	vii	'Seadhna'	10	3941
— Political	6	ix	Seadhna's Three Wishes, O'LEARY	10	3941
Savage, A	O'REILLY	7 2835	Seanchan the Bard and		
— JOHN	9	3024	the King of the Cats, WILDE	9	3566
— ARMSTRONG,			Seanchus Mor, The (an-		
GEORGE FRANCIS,	9	3027	cient laws of Ire-		
— F., on William			land)	7	2705
Wilkins	9	3600	Sear Dubh (the hound)	2	629
— Marmon, The art			Sedgmoor, Sarsfield at	7	2816
of	6	xv	Seed-Time	2	609
Saved by a Straw	7	2653	Seek not the tree of		
Saurin the Huguenot	1	128	silkiest bark	3	862
Saxon churches in Ire-			Seest thou how just the		
land	8	2880	hand	2	615
— Shilling, The	BUGGY	1 358	Self-government, Irish		
Scalp, The	SAVAGE-		capacity for	1	349
	ARMSTRONG	8 3030	— help	1	179
— Hunters, The'	REID	8 2932	— Denying Ordi-		
Scandal Class Meets,			nance, A	4	1549
The	SHERIDAN	8 3099	Selfish Giant, The	9	3584
— The School for'	SHERIDAN	8 3099	Senach, Bishop	7	2763
		3105	September, In	9	3406
Scandinavia, Ireland's			Set in the stormy		
association with	4	1599	Northern sea	9	3588
Scandinavian Vikings			Seven Baronets, The	1	129
in Ireland	8	3239	'Seventy Years of Irish		
Scathach	4	1426	Life'	5	1927
Scene from 'Catiline'	CROLY	2 747	—	1945	
Scene in the Famine, A. KEARY	5	1755	Sexton and the Land		
— in the Irish Fam-			League	9	xi
ine, A	HIGGINS	4 1573	Sgueluidhe Gaothlach.		
— in the South of			From the Irish of the HYDE	4	1625, 1631
Ireland, A	BUTT	2 427	— See selections from HYDE	10	3713
Scenery, Irish	9	3622		3737, 3751, 3765	
Scenes in the Insurrec-			Shadwell's Plays	5	1920
tion of 1798	LEADBEATER	5 1886	Shakespeare	9	3628

VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE	
'Shakespeare, A Critical Study'	DOWDEN ... 3 870	<i>Sheep and Lambs</i>	TYNAN-HINKSON. 9 3454
— and Burns' Kickham's favorite authors	7 2802	SHEIL, RICHARD LALOR	8 3055
— the musical glasses	7 2690	— and Lyndhurst on Irish 'Aliens'	7 xxvii
— Celtic influence on	9 3658	— Lord Beaconsfield on	7 xxvii
— Goldsmith's opinion of	7 2691	— Bulwer on	7 xxvi
— Irish influence on work of	4 vii	— Gladstone on	7 xxvii
Shakespeare's favorite characters	3 875	— Oratory of, described	7 xxvi
— <i>Portraiture of Women</i>	3 875	Sheoques, described	3 xviii
— <i>Youth, England in</i>	3 869	Shepherds, I have lost my love	7 2735
Shall and Will, Confusion of	7 1062	SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY (portrait)	8 3068
— mine eyes behold thy glory	7 2870	— A master of oratory	7 xxviii
— they bury me in the deep	3 827	— as a wit	6 viii
— we, the storm-tossed	8 2966	— as Orator	3 1190
Sham funeral, A.	3 1044	— <i>Bons mots of</i> family, Heredity in the	8 3068
'Shamrock'	See WILLIAMS.	— D. J. O'Donoghue on the wit of	6 xlii
— The	EGAN ... 3 1085	— Meagher on	6 2421
— of Ireland, The Green Little	2 587	— Irish literature begins before	2 vii
<i>Shamrocks</i>	GILBERT ... 3 1279	— Parliamentary eloquence of	1 129
— 'A Bunch of'	CASEY ... 2 565	— (reference)	5 1920
<i>Shamus O'Brien</i>	LE FANU ... 5 1937	— Speech on Hastings	1 129
<i>Shan Van Vocht, The</i>	STREET BAL-LAD ... 9 3313	— Thomas O'KEEFE	7 2774
— The	MILLIGAN ... 6 2427	'Sheridans, Lives of the'	FITZGERALD. 3 1190
— (reference)	8 2371; 10 xxi	'Shiela-ni-Gara'	MACMANUS. 6 2271
— The, a Story of 1798	MURPHY ... 7 2574	Shillelah, The	2 496
<i>Shandon, The Bells of</i>	MAHONY ... 6 2343	— The Sprig of	2 607
Shandon's Bells	5 2004	Shipping, Irish	9 3362
Shandy, Mr. and Mrs.	8 3210	Shoes, Gentlemen's	9 3298
<i>Shane Fadh's Wedding</i>	CARLETON ... 2 512	Short Story, M. F. Egan on the	5 11
— the Proud	O'SHEA ... 10 3843	— View of Ireland, 1727, A.	9 3362
<i>Shane's Head</i>	SAVAGE ... 8 3024	SHORTER, MRS. CLEMENT (DORA SIGERSON)	8 3126
<i>Shanganagh, The Valley of</i>	MARTLEY ... 6 2382	— W. B. Yeats on	3 xiii
<i>Shanty, Charles Dawson</i>	8 3032	Show me a right	4 1410
<i>Shannon, The</i>	DE VERE ... 3 852	Shrovetide the marrying season	6 2194
— Cradle of the	6 2275	<i>Shule Aroon</i>	STREET BAL-LAD ... 9 3315
— in Van Dieman's land	6 2454	—	MANGAN ... 6 2368
— Palace of Kin-Kora on the	6 2377	Siberia	
Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest-hunter	10 3795	Siddons, Mrs., Sheridan on	8 321
SHAW, GEORGE BERNARD	8 3035	<i>Sidhe, A Call of the</i>	RUSSELL ... 8 2996
— William	6 2177	— The Hosting of the Yeats	9 3707
She is a rich and rare land	3 831	<i>Siege of Derry, The</i>	ALEXANDER. 1 3
— far from the Land	7 2533	Sieges	2 xii
— 'my love'	GRAVES ... 4 1413	SIGERSON, DORA. See SHORTER.	8 3132; 10 3937
— 'Stoops to Conquer'	GOLDSMITH. 4 1348	— The Blackbird of Derry	2 xvi
— walks as she were moving	ROLLESTON. 9 2978	— on J. J. Callahan	2 439
Sheares, J. and H., and '98	9 x	— Gerald Griffin	4 1466
— The brothers	8 3275	— Ireland's Influence on European Literature	4 vii
SHEEHAN, P. A.	8 3044	— W. B. Yeats on	3 xiv
— M. F. Egan on	5 vii	— MRS. HESTER	8 3145
<i>Sheelagh on her Prosals of Marriage</i>	PLUNKET ... 8 2906		
Sheelin, Lough	6 2277		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Sign of the Cross For Ever, The</i> (folk song) HYDE	10	3829	Sneer (character in Sheridan's 'The Critic')	8	3114
Silent as thou, whose inner life	IRWIN	5 1673	Sneerwell Lady (character in 'The School for Scandal')	8	3099
— O Moyle, be the roar	MOORE	7 2534	So, my Kathleen, you're going	DUFFERIN	3 934
Silk of the Cows		2 442	Sobriquets or nicknames		9 3547
'Silva Gadhalica, The'	O'GRADY	7 2762	Sociability of Irish Celt.		2 vii
— (reference)		8 2968	Sociable Fairies, The		3 xviii
'Silver Cross, The'	KEIGHTLEY	5 1774	Social conditions in Ireland	2 426; 4 1417; 9 3367	
— Question, E. L. Godkin on the		4 1293	— Heredity	INGRAM	5 1060
Silvester		5 1725	— life, described in 'IRISH LITERATURE'		2 xix
'Since we should part'	GRAVES	4 1413	— in America		1 343
'Single Speech' Hamilton		7 ix	— Ancient Ireland		5 1735
<i>Sir Fretful Plagiary's Play</i>	SHERIDAN	8 3114	— Dublin		5 1918
— Roger and the Widow	STEELE	8 3198	— Ireland	1 32, 193, 246	
Sirius	See E. MARTYN.		3 995, 1165; 4 1557; 5 1735		
<i>Skeleton at the Feast</i>	ROCHE	8 2965	— See also <i>Keening and Wake</i>		9 3640
Skerret, Bishop, of Killa		6 2232	Society of United Irishmen		6 2162
Sketch of Mr. Gladstone	O'CONNOR	7 2656	— originally a peaceful, constitutional association		6 2164
'Sketches in Ireland'	OTWAY	7 2848	— The Church and Modern'	IRELAND	5 1662
— of the Irish Bar	SHEIL	8 3064	<i>Soggarth Aroon</i>	BANIM	1 56
SKRINE, MRS. W. (MOIRA O'NEILL)		8 3152	Soldiers, Irish, in the British Army		8 3062
— W. B. Yeats on		3 xiii	Solitary Fairies		3 xix
— M. F. Egan on		5 viii	Solomon! where is thy throne?	MANGAN	6 2359
Skull, The bay of		7 2852	<i>Some anecdotes of Father O'Leary</i>		7 2793
— To a	IRWIN	5 1673	— of O'Connell		7 2651
<i>Slane, The Star of</i>	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3317	— College Recollections	WALSH	9 3513
— Yellow Book of		8 2664	— Experiences of an Irish Resident Magistrate	SOMERVILLE and ROSS	8 3166 3182
Slaughters		2 xii	— laws there are too sacred	DE VERE	3 852
Slewamary		6 2376	— murmur	TRENCH	9 3438
Sliaabh, Breagh		2 638	— Wise and Witty Sayings of Burke		1 396
'Sliaabh Cuilinn' See also J. O'HAGAN		7 2767	SOMERVILLE, E. C., and VIOLET MARTIN	See MARTIN ROSS.	
— Dallain (mountain)		7 2668	<i>Song.</i>		
Slav, Ruadh		4 1242	— Had I a heart	SHERIDAN	8 3118
Slav-na-man		5 1329	— Has summer come without the Rose	O'SHAUGHNESSY	7 2844
Slieve Bladhma		4 1447	— How happy is the sailor's life	BICKERSTAFF	1 180
— Cullan (half-tone engraving)		7 2767	— I'm very happy where I am	BOUCICAULT	1 257
— Donnard		6 2275	— I made another garden	O'SHAUGHNESSY	7 2844
— Echtge		4 1456	— My time how happy. From 'Thomas and Sally'	BICKERSTAFF	1 186
— Bloom		7 2759	— O'er the wild gan-net's bath	DARLEY	2 809
Slievecarn		7 2766	— One morning by the streamlet	O'BRIEN	7 2592
Slievenamon		7 2752	— Seek Not the Tree	DE VERE	3 862
— An Adventure in	BANIM	1 46	— The Silent Bird	GILBERT	4 1279
— Kickham at		7 2800			
Slieve-nan-Or		4 1455			
Slieve Piol (Red Mountain)		2 636			
Sligo		6 2357			
— Dwelling in		1 145			
— in Election Time. See <i>An Irish Mistake</i>					
SLINGSBY, I. F. See J. F. WALLER.					
Slop ('Dr. Slop')		8 3210			
Slow cause of my fear		10 4020			
Smerwick Harbor, Ruins at		8 2883			
Smith, G. Barnett, on William Carleton		2 472			
SMITH, MRS. TOULMIN (L. T. MEADE)		8 3158			
— Sidney		6 2151			
'Snake's Pass, The'	STOKER	8 3228			
<i>Snakes in Ireland, No.</i>	O'KEEFE	7 2771			

Song.	VOL. PAGE	Speech in Opposition to Pitt's First Income Tax	VOL. PAGE
— There was a jolly miller	BICKERSTAFF 1 185	Speed on, speed on, good master!	SHERIDAN .. 8 3072
— When I was young	DE VERE .. 3 859	Spell-Struck, The	SHANLY ... 8 3032
— Whene'er with hag- gard eyes I view ..		Spencer, H., on Fairy Lore	ROLLESTON. 8 2978
— From 'The Rover'	CANNING .. 2 466	Spenser, Edmund, an enemy of Ireland	3 xliii
— Ireland the land of	8 3266	— in the palace of Desmond	6 2150
— of an Exile	ORR .. 7 2840	— on Irish scenery	6 2276
— Defeat, A	GWYNN .. 4 1529	— Ireland	1 ix
— Fionnuala, The	MOORE .. 7 2534	Spenser's 'View of the State of Ireland'	4 ix
— Glen Dun, The	SKRINE ... 8 3156	— (cited)	9 3397
— Glenann, A	SKRINE ... 8 3157	Speranza	4 1248
— Maelduin	ROLLESTON. 8 2980	— See WILDE.	
— the Irish Emi- grant in Amer- ica, The	FITZSIMON. 3 1206	Spes	See CAMPION.
— Tony Lumpkins'	GOLDSMITH. 4 1349	Spinner's Song	8 3143
— Songs of Con- nachts'	HYDE 10 3833	Spinning Song, A	O'DONNELL. 7 2685
— Love poem in	9 3658	'Splendide Mendax'	GWYNN ... 4 1512
— of Ireland	6 2231	Splendors of Tara, The	HYDE 4 1610
— Spurious Irish	6 xii	'Spirit of the Nation, The'	3 x
— Street, and Bal- lads, and Anony- mous Verse	HAND 8 3265	'Sports of the West, Wild'	MAXWELL .. 6 2411
Sonnet Written in Col- lege	WOLFE 9 3635	Spottiswood, Sir Henry	6 2276
'Soon and Forever'	MONSELL .. 7 2466	Sprig of Shillelagh, The	CODE 2 607
Sorrow	DE VERE .. 3 860	'Sprig of Shillelagh, The' (quoted)	6 2193
Sorrowful Lament for Ireland, A. From the Irish	GREGORY .. 4 1459	Spring Time	GREENE ... 4 1425
— Lamentation of Callaghan, The	STREET BAL- LAD 9 3316	Squirrels, Superstitions about	9 3680
Soul, Butterfly symbol of the	9 3565	Stafford, Thomas	7 2744
— Cages, The	CROKER .. 2 695	STANIHURST, RICHARD (biography)	10 4023
'Sound the loud tim- brel'	MOORE 7 2537	Stanley, Lord	6 2157
Sources of Grattan's allusions	7 xxi	— O'Connell on	7 2642
— Irish humor	6 ix	Stanley's amendment, Lord	6 2160
— wealth	1 178	'Star of Slane, The'	8 3270
South African Bill, The	6 2178	'Star of Slane, The'	STREET BAL- LAD 9 3317
— Sweet Singer of the	See WALSH.	'Star Spangled Banner, The'	9 3331
'Southern, The'	See DOWLING.	'Starry Heavens, The'	BALL 1 36,41
— Gall, The'	See LOCKE.	Stars, The Distances of the	BALL 1 36
Sower and his Seed, The	LECKY 5 1926	— What They are Made of	BALL 1 41
Sowth, The, described	3 xx	State Church in Ireland, The	6 2160
Spaeman, The	3 xxi	— of Ireland in 1720	TONE 9 3415
Spanish bull, A	3 1058	— Essay on the	TONE 9 3421
— type in Ireland	4 1589	— prosecutions, Evils of	9 3552
Spanker, Adolphus (character in 'London Assur- ance')	1 256	Statute of Kilkenny	9 3391
— Lady Gay (charac- ter in 'London Assurance')	1 252	Stearn, Bishop	5 1915
Spartan mothers	6 2333	STEELE, SIR RICHARD (portrait)	8 3196
Species, Evolution of	5 1786	— D. J. O'Donoghue on humor of	6 xlii
Spectroscope, The	1 42	— Thomas, in prison	6 2128
Spectrum analysis	1 41	— and Repeal	9 x
Special articles de- scribed	2 21	'Stella, The Journal to'	SWIFT ... 9 3379
Speckled Book of St. Bulthe's Monastery	7 2664	— To	SWIFT ... 9 3387
'Spectator, The'	8 3193	Stephen, Leslie, on 'Junius'	3 1226
	3204	Stephens' article on 'Felon-setting'	7 2799
Speech at Newry Elec- tion	CURRAN ... 2 788	Stern granite gate of Wicklow	SAVAGE-ARM- STRONG .. 8 3030
— from the Dock	MEAGHER .. 6 2424	Sterne, Lawrence (por- trait)	8 3210

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Sterne, Dowden on	3 873	'Stripes and Stars, The'	6 2115
— D. J. O'Donoghue	6 xlii	'Stroque, My Lords of' WINGFIELD.	9 3620
— on the humor of	8 3227	Strongbow's Monument	9 xlii
— <i>Some Bons Mots</i>	8 3227	(half-tone engraving)	9 3434
— of	9 3610	'Study of Words, The' TRENCH	9 3434
<i>Stiffenbach, The Legend</i>	9 3610	Style, Celtic, M. Arnold	2 xvi
— of	7 2733	— of 'IRISH LITERA-	2 xlii
Stillorgan, Harry Deane	7 2733	— TURE' logical	2 xlii
Grady's place near	9 3520	— Saga literature	9 3390
Stirling-Maxwell, Sir	9 3520	<i>Subjection, A Century</i>	3 827
William, on M. J.	6 2360	— of	9 3390
Higgins	8 3141	Sublimian Bridge, The	3 827
STOKER, BRAM	2 xviii	Suetonius, The Mod-	5 1886
STOKES, MARGARET	1 85	— ern'	See FITZPATRICK.
— on Round Towers	3 932	Suffolk Fencibles, The	5 1886
— DR. WHITLEY	2 468	<i>Sugach, Lament of the</i>	9 3508
— Note on	1 314	— <i>Mangaire, for the</i>	9 3508
— on The Calendar	4 1622	— <i>Irish</i>	9 3508
— of Aengus	9 3444	Sugar Loaf Mountain	3 2767
— Work of, for Celtic	5 1679	(half-tone en-	4 1424
literature	7 2856	graving)	2 633
<i>Stolen Sheep, The</i>	9 3323	— On Great. GREENE	6 2354, 2379
Stone, F., portrait of	8 3220	Sullidh (Lough Swilly)	6 2354, 2379
Lady Dufferin	4 1613	Suir, The	3 1165
Story, God bless you! I	2 734	Sullen, Mrs. (character	9 3323
have none to tell,	8 3213	— in 'The Beaux'	3 916
sir:	5 1738	Stratagem')	7 2675
— of <i>Childe Charity</i> BROWNE	3 xvii	SULLIVAN, ALEXANDER	7 2619
— Early Gaelic	7 2673	MARTIN	9 3323
Literature,	3 972	— on E. M. P. Down-	3 916
The'	3 847	— ing's verse	7 2675
— Father Anthony	6 2279	— Eva Mary Kelly	7 2675
O'Toole, The. TYNAN-	4 1568	— Smith O'Brien	7 2619
— HINKSON. 9 3444	3 1012	— The Dublin com-	7 2619
— <i>Genevieve, The</i> JAMESON	8 3265	— memorization of	7 2609
— <i>Grana Waile</i>	8 3270	the Manchester	9 3333
— Ireland, The' SULLIVAN	8 3270	martyrs	9 3333
— <i>Le Fevre, The</i> STERNE	2 767	— TIMOTHY DANIEL	9 3333
— <i>MacDáthó's Pig</i>	2 767	— and the Land	9 xi
— and Hound	8 3265	League	3 xli
— the Little Bird. CROKER	8 3270	— W. B. Yeats on	3 xli
— <i>Yorick, The</i>	6 2107	Summer, Ireland in	5 1703
tellers, Profes-	9 3299	(half-tone en-	5 1703
sional	8 3265	graving)	5 1703
— telling, Irish, de-	9 3299	— <i>Sweet</i>	9 3457
scribed	9 3299	— HINKSON. 9 3457	9 3457
— Irish gift of	9 3299	Sunburst, The Irish	3 858
— in Ireland a pro-	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
fession	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
— collection of Irish	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
manuscripts	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
Strabane	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
Strange Indeed	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
Stranmore	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
Street Arabs, Three	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
— Dublin	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
— ballad on Sir Kit	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
Rackrent	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
— Ballads (see also	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
Street Songs)	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
— change of taste	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
in	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
— See <i>Wearing of</i>	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
<i>the Green, The</i>	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
— Scene in Dublin	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
(half-tone en-	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
graving)	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
— Songs and Ballads,	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
and A n o n y	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
— <i>mous Verse</i>	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
— Article on	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
See Phaudrig	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
Crohoore and	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
S h a m u s	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
O'Brien	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
Strength in Elasticity,	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608
Irish	9 3299	Sunbust, The Irish	9 3608

Superstitions.

Superstitions.		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Confessions of Tom</i>			
<i>Bourke</i>	CROKER	2	681
<i>Fairies or No Fairies</i>	CROKER	2	720
<i>Flory Cantillon's Funeral</i>	CROKER	2	724
<i>The Haunted Cellar</i>	CROKER	2	707
<i>The Soul Cages</i>	CROKER	2	695
<i>Teigue of the Lee</i>	CROKER	2	714
<i>A Blast</i>	CROTTY	2	758
<i>Little Woman in Red</i>	DEENY	3	846
<i>A Midnight Funeral</i>	DEENY	3	845
<i>The Changeling</i>	LAWLESS	5	1877
<i>The Black Lamb</i>	WILDE	9	3569
<i>The Demon Cat</i>	WILDE	9	3557
<i>The Horned Women</i>	WILDE	9	3558
<i>The Priest's Soul</i>	WILDE	9	3561
<i>Celtic Element in Literature, The</i>	YEATS	9	3654
<i>The Devil</i>	YEATS	9	3673
<i>Village Sports</i>	YEATS	9	3673
<i>Superstitions of the</i>			
<i>Irish peasant</i>		6	2149
<i>Lady Wilde on</i>		3	xviii
<i>Supreme Summer</i>	O'SHAUGHNESSY	7	2843
<i>Sure, he's five months,</i>	SKRINE	8	3154
<i>this is blessed Erin</i>	SKRINE	8	3156
<i>Surely a Voice hath called her</i>	GREENE	4	1424
<i>Surface, Charles (character in 'The School for Scandal')</i>		8	3105
<i>Joseph (character in 'The School for Scandal')</i>		8	3099
<i>Sir Oliver (character in 'The School for Scandal')</i>		8	3105
<i>Surnames of the Ancient Irish</i>	WARE	9	3546
<i>Swarm of Bees in June is Worth a Silver Spoon, A</i>	HAMILTON	4	1549
<i>Swedenborg, The Irish, 'A. E.' so called</i>		8	2988
<i>Sweet Auburn! loveliest village</i>	GOLDSMITH	4	1367
<i>Chloe</i>	LYSAGHT	6	2109
<i>is a voice in the land of gold</i>	SIGERSON	8	3144
<i>Land of Song! thy harp doth hang</i>	LOVER	6	2086
<i>'Melodious Bard,' See Moore.</i>			
<i>'Singer of the South,' See</i>	WALSH		
<i>SWIFT, JONATHAN (portrait)</i>		9	3340
<i>and Faulkner</i>		9	3343
<i>as a Pamphleter.</i>	BOYLE	4	1258
<i>Dean, on Irish</i>		6	xii
<i>influence of, on Irish Parliament.</i>		7	ix
<i>Irish literature begins before</i>		2	vii
<i>on curates</i>		7	2638
<i>dress</i>		9	3497
<i>the Death of Dr. Swift</i>		9	3380
<i>the State of Ireland cited</i>		9	3415

	VOL.	PAGE
Swift, J., Popularity of.....	1	262
— W. B. Yeats on.....	3	vii
Swilly, Lough. 2 633; 4 1518; 6 2126, 2427		
— a leading Ulster lake.....	6	2277
Switzerland, described in Goldsmith's 'The Traveller'.....	4	1361
<i>Sword, The</i>	BARRY	1 149
— of <i>Thetys</i> , <i>The</i>	LARMINIE	5 1876
' <i>Sylvia</i> '.....	DARLEY	2 809
<i>Symbolism</i>	RUSSELL	8 3000
Synge, Mr. <i>The plays of</i>		10 xxv
Synonyms, Copiousness of, in Irish literature.....	2	xlii
Syria.....	8	2517

T.

Taaffe, Father Peter,		
Slain at Drogheda.....	7	2572
Taclmac, Trén.....	7	2753
'Tain Bo Cualigne, The'.....	2 629;	4 1600
Take a blessing from		
my heart.....	MANGAN	6 2378
my heart's blessing.....		10 3937
Talbot, Richard, later		
Duke of Tyrconnell.....	7	2573
'Tale of a Town, The,'		
Story of the play of.....	10	xviii
'Tales of Trinity Col-		
lege',.....	LEVER, 5 1986,	1990
Talk by the Blackwater	DOWNING	3 918
Tallaght.....	7	2673
Talleyrand.....	9	3420
as a Critic, The		
Princess.....	BLESSING-	
TON.....	1	212
Tamney.....	6	2244
Tandy, James Napper.....	1 143;	9 3513
Tanistry, The case of.....	9	3394
The laws of.....	7	2857
Tara, Antiquity of.....	6	2228
Conn made King		
at.....	5	1732
Desertion of.....	4	1613
Five great high-		
ways from.....	5	1739
Halls of.....	7	2535
Hill of.....	6	2354
Knights of.....	1	146
Seven Kings of.....	8	2979
The Cursing of.....	7	2762
The far shining.....	O'GRADY	7 2747
The Fes of.....	5	1738
The Splendors of, HYDE	4	1610
The tongue of.....	7	2617
The westward road		
from.....	7	2752
Tarah, St. Patrick's		
Hymn before.....	6	2360
"Tarry thou," till I		
come," till I See		
'Salathiel the		
Immortal'.....		
—yet, late lingerer	RUSSELL	8 2996
Tasmania.....	6	2454
Taxation in Galway.....	8	2914
Methods of.....	8	3092
—Speech on Ameri-		
can.....	BURKE	1 373
TAYLOR, JOHN F.....	9	3390
Te Martyrum Candi-		
datus.....	JOHNSON	5 1701
Teach Míodchuarta.....	4	1611
Teamair, Eochaidh at.....	7	2687

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Teamhair at Samhain		The dying tree no pang	
time	4 1451	sustains	DE VERE... 3 863
Teamor's Ancient Fame	1 281	'end of a ship is	
Tears, <i>The Fountain of</i> , O'SHAUGH-		drowning' (Irish	
NESSY	7 2845	rann)	HYDE10 3837
Teazle, Lady (character		fountains drink	
in 'The School		caves subterren	FLECKNOE . 3 1209
for Scandal')	8 3100	girl I love is	
Miss Farren as.	8 3122	comely	CALLANAN . 2 440
Sir Peter (charac-		gloom of the sea-	
ter in 'The		fronting cliffs	DOWDEN ... 3 876
School for Scan-		'Groves of Blar-	
dal')	8 3102	ney'	MILLIKEN . 6 2439
Technical Instruction,		'harp that once	
Department of	8 2908	through Tara's	
Teetotalism	6 2398	halls'	MOORE 7 2535
'Teigue of the Lee', CROKER	2 720	host is riding from	
Tell me, my friends,		Knocknarea	YEATS 9 3707
why are we met here?		kindly words that	
STREET BAL-		rise	O'REILLY .. 7 2833
LADS	9 3311	Little Black Rose	
Teltown (Tailltenn) on		shall be red	DE VERE .. 3 858
the Blackwater	5 1738	long, long wished	
Temora, The maids of	4 1591	for hour	DOHENY ... 3 864
Temperance.		'lord of Dunker-	
Apostle of Temper-		ron'	CROKER ... 2 736
ance in Dublin		'lying man has	
The	MATHEW . 6 2397	promised' (Irish	
'Irish Cry, The', WILSON	9 3617	rann)	HYDE10 3841
'Temperance, The		'man who only	
Apostle of" See MATHEW.		took' (Irish	
Templeoge, near Dublin	7 2728	rann)	HYDE10 3841
Tennyson, Lord, on Mrs.		Minstrel-Boy to the	
Alexander's verse	1 1	war has gone	MOORE 7 2535
on 'Joyce's Celtic		Muse, disgusted at	
Legends'	5 1713	an age	BERKELEY . 1 80
The Charge of the		old priest Peter	
Light Brigade	8 3014	Gilligan	YEATS 9 3702
Tenure, Isaac Butt on		pillar towers of	
fixity of	2 425	Ireland	8 2130
Lalor on fixity of	5 1860	'Pope he leads a	
of land, The	7 2862	happy life'	LEVER 5 2002
Parnell and fixity		'satisfied man for	
of	6 2179	the hungry one	
Terence's Farewell	DUFFERIN . 3 934	never feels'	
Tethra, The Sword of	LARMINIE . 5 1876	(Irish rann)	HYDE10 3837
Th' anam an Dha—But		savage loves his	
there it is	LOCKE 5 2003	native shore	ORR 7 2839
Thackeray, Irish char-		sea moans on the	
acters of, M. F.		strand	TODHUNTER. 9 3404
Egan on	5 viii	silent bird is hid	
on Goldsmith	4 1301	in the bough	GILBERT ... 4 1279
and G. P. O.	8 xvi	silent heart which	
J. Higgins	4 1572, 1573	grief	PARNELL .. 7 2876
in Ireland	8 xx	room, the heavy	
on Irish Chap-		creeping shade	WILDE 9 3593
books	3 xvi	Southern	See DOWLING.
Dean Swift	9 3343	Stars are watching	O'DOHERTY. 7 2676
Thankfulness of Der-		sun on Ivera	CALLANAN . 2 445
mot, The	O'LEARY . 10 3953	sunny South is	
Thanks, my lord, for		glowing	ORR 7 2837
vour venison	GOLDSMITH. 4 1374	tears are ever in	
"That Popular Poet of		my wasted eye	D'ALTON .. 2 803
Green Erin." See MOORE.		'time I've lost in	
That rake up near the		wooting'	MOORE 7 2522
rafters	KICKHAM .. 5 1829	ton o' the mornin'	COLEMAN ... 2 609
The actor's dead, and		tuneful tumult of	
memory alone	BUNNER on	that bird	2 xvi
	BROUGHAM. 1 301	wild bee reels from	
best of all ways	MOORE 6 2338	bough to bough	WILDE 9 3593
blue lake of Deven-		winter fleeteth like	
ish	MACMANUS.. 6 2269	a dream	GREENE ... 4 1425
braes they are		work that should	
afame	MACMANUS.. 6 2263	to-day	O'HAGAN .. 7 2767
brown wind of Con-		world is growing	
naught	MACMANUS.. 6 2272	darker	ROSSA 8 2983
desire of my hero		'young May moon'	MOORE 7 2526
who feared no foe	2 xv		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Theater in Blackfriars,			Thirty-six Command-		
The	6	2348	ments, The, of Duel-		
Whitefriars, The	6	2348, 2349	ing	1	148
The Irish Literary	10	xiii	This morning there were		
Irish Literary. See MILLIGAN.			dazzling drifts of		
The Irish National. See MARTYN.			daisies	WYNNE	9 3649
<i>Their Last Race</i>	MATHEW	6 2391	— wolf for many a		
Themes of Irish humor	6	x	day	TYNAN-	
Then Oberon spake	BARLOW	1 116	HINKSON.	9	3451
Theology, Irish devotion			'world is all a		
to	4	1281	fleeing show' ..	MOORE	7 2538
Mountain	GREGORY	4 1455	— tomb inscribed to		
Theology and Religion.			gentle	GOLDSMITH.	4 1383
Frederick William			Tholsel, The	4	1258; 5 1914
Robertson	BROOKE	1 291	Thomas and Sally, or		
True Friends of			The Sailor's Return	BICKERSTAFF	1 186
the Poor and the			Thomas Sheridan	O'KEEFE	7 2774
Afflicted	DOYLE	3 919	Thomond		4 1657
Dispute with Car-			'The Bard of' See HOGAN.		
lyle	DUFFY	3 951	THOMPSON, SIR WIL-		
The Irish Intellect	GILES	4 1281	LIAM	See KELVIN.	
Blessing of Afflic-			Those delicate wander-		
tion	KIRWAN	5 1844	ers	RUSSELL	8 2998
The Christian			— dressy and smooth-		
Mother	KIRWAN	5 1842	faced young		
The Irish Church	MACCARTHY.	6 2148	maidens	GRIFFIN	4 1482
Plea for Liberty of			'evening bells' ..	MOORE	7 2527
Conscience	O'LEARY	7 2789	'Thou art, O God!' ..	MOORE	7 2538
St. Patrick's Suc-			— golden sunshine in		
cess	TODD	9 3400	the peaceful day!	STOKES	8 3260
There are vells that lift	ROLLESTON.	8 2980	'Though the senseless		
— is a colleen fair as			and sensible' ..	HYDE	10 3837
May	PETRIE	8 2886	Thoughts on the Mat-		
'a green hill far			terhorn	TYNDALL	9 3478
away'	ALEXANDER.	1 3	Various Subjects	SWIFT	9 3377
a green island.	CALLANAN	2 439	Thracian Hebrus, The		6 2455
a way I am fain			Thrasna River		1 360
to go	MACMANUS.	6 2268	Three Counsellors, The	RUSSELL	8 3002
not in the wide			Dublin Street		
world	MOORE	7 2532	Arabs	HARTLEY	4 1568
many a man's dim			'F's, The'		6 2179
closing eye	JOYCE	5 1749	— Hundred Greeks at		
our murdered			Thermopylae, The		3 827
brother lies	DRENNAN	3 925	— Rock Mountain		6 2121
was a jolly miller			— Romans at the Sub-		
once	BICKERSTAFF	1 185	ilcan Bridge, The		3 827
a place in child-			— Shafts of Death,		
hood	LOVER	6 2087	The'		10 3968
were trees in Tir-			— Weeks After Mar-		
Conal	MILLIGAN	6 2437	riage'	MURPHY	7 2564
There's a dear little			Thrice at the huts of		
plant	CHERRY	2 587	Fontenoy	DAVIS	3 823
glade in Aghadoe	TODHUNTER.	9 3410	— in the night the		
wall from the			priest arose	SHORTER	8 3130
glen	WILSON	9 3617	Through air made heavy	WILKINS	9 3600
grey fog over			the Solitudes	SAVAGE-ARM-	
Dublin	CHESSON	2 591	STRONG	8	3028
Sally standing by			— untraced ways' ..	DENHAM	3 850
the river	TODHUNTER.	9 3406	Thrush and the Black-		
sweet sleep	MACMANUS.	6 2270	bird, The	KICKHAM	5 1824
Thermopylae		3 827	Thunder our thanks to		
These be God's fair high			her	O'REILLY	7 2834
palaces	FURLONG	3 1239	Thurlow, Burke on Lord		1 396
Theseum at Athens, The		6 2335	Thurot		6 2113
'Thespis'	KELLY	5 1782	Thus sang the sages of		
They are going, going ..	MACMANUS.	6 2267	the Gael	STOKES	8 3262
chained her fair			Tierney on Sheridan		3 1194
young body	ROCHE	8 2965	Tigernas, King		7 2718
knelt around the			Tim Hogan's Ghos't ..	COYNE	2 645
cross divine		1 150	the Smith	DOYLE	10 3837
'Third Blast of Retreat			Timber in Ulster		6 2279
from Plays and Play-			Time	SWIFT	9 3389
ers, The'		6 2348	'I've lost in woo-		
Thivishes, The, de-			ing, The'	MOORE	7 2522
scribed		3 xx	— of the Barmecides,		
			The	MANGAN	6 2367

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Timoleague, Lament over the Ruins of the Abbey of</i>	FERGUSON	3 1177	<i>To The Duke of Gratton</i>	FRANCIS	3 1228
<i>'Timeus,' Plato's</i>	2 749		<i>— the Leman Sidhe</i>	BOYD	1 258
<i>Tipperary</i>	O'DOHERTY	7 2673	<i>— Memory of Isaac Butt</i>	SIGERSON	8 3133
<i>— Duelling in</i>	1 145		<i>— sound of evening bells</i>	TRENCH	9 3437
<i>— The County of; Sir William Osborne's experiment</i>	2 425		<i>Tobarnavian, Origin of name</i>	6 2229	
<i>— Recruiting Song</i>	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3318	<i>'Toby of the Ship,' Grana Walle's son</i>	7 2858	
<i>— (reference)</i>	5 1831		<i>— Uncle</i>	8 3210, 3220	
<i>— See The Munster Bards.</i>			<i>To-day chance drove me</i>	BROOKE	1 300
<i>Tir-Conal. See The Buried Forests of Erin.</i>			<i>TODD, JAMES HEN-THORN</i>	9 3400	
<i>— Connell: O'Donnell Aboo</i>	6 2127		<i>TODHUNTER, JOHN (por-trait)</i>	9 3408	
<i>Tirconnell, Hugh Raudh O'Donnell of</i>	2 633; 4 1247		<i>— and The Rhymers' Club</i>	5 1693	
<i>— Lord of</i>	2 633		<i>Toler, John, A Monk of the Screw</i>	5 1957, 1958	
<i>— See Lament</i>	6 2353		<i>Tom Moody</i>	CHERRY	2 588
<i>Tir-na-nóg, Oisín and</i>	7 2755		<i>Tombs in the Church of Montorio, on the Janiculum</i>	O'DONNELL	7 2684
<i>Tirnanoge, Oisín in; or the last of the Fena</i>	JOYCE	5 1714	<i>TONE, THEOBALD WOLFE</i>	9 3413	
<i>— the Land of Youth</i>	5 1714, 1716		<i>— and '98</i>	9 x	
<i>Tir na n'óg, Tirnanoge</i>	2 590		<i>— and Froude</i>	6 2166	
<i>Tir-na-mbeo; the land of the ever-living</i>	5 1714		<i>— and Lough Scul-ly</i>	6 2434	
<i>Tir-na-Tonn; the land under the sea</i>	2 594		<i>— Death of</i>	7 2607	
<i>Tir-oén. See Owen Baen.</i>			<i>— founder of the So-ciety of United Irishmen</i>	6 2162	
<i>'Tis I go fiddling, fid-dling</i>	CHESSON	2 592	<i>— Fate of</i>	9 3507	
<i>— not for love of gold, I go</i>	BANIM	1 57	<i>— Kickham on</i>	5 1831	
<i>— War we Want to Wage. From the Irish</i>	HYDE	4 1657	<i>— Graham on</i>	4 1385	
<i>— now we want to be wary, boys</i>	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3318	<i>— The Autobiog-raphy of Theo-bald Wolfe</i>	TONE	7 2604
<i>— pretty to see</i>	DAVIS	3 823	<i>— The Capture of Wolfe</i>	O'BRIEN	7 2604
<i>— the last rose of summer</i>	MOORE	7 2528	<i>— Walsh's recollec-tions of</i>	9 3513	
<i>— what they say</i>	10 3749		<i>— with his mangled throat</i>	4 1531	
<i>Tithes, Sidney Smith on</i>	6 2151		<i>'Tone's Journal,' Ex-tract from</i>	TONE	9 3418
<i>"Tithes," The cow stamped with</i>	7 2653		<i>To-night as the tender glooming</i>	BLAKE	1 190
<i>To a Beautiful Milk-maid</i>	MOORE	6 2340	<i>TONNA, MRS. (CHAR-LOTTE ELIZABETH)</i>	9 3428	
<i>— wayward man thine advice to bring' (Irish rann)</i>	HYDE	10 3835	<i>Tony Lumpkins (char-acter in 'She Stoops to Conquer')</i>	4 1348	
<i>— Skull</i>	IRWIN	5 1673	<i>Too long have the churls</i>	10 4015	
<i>— drift with every passion till my soul</i>	WILDE	9 3595	<i>Toomevara, A Chronicle of</i>	ECCLES	3 967
<i>— drink a toast</i>	LEVER	5 1975	<i>Total abstinence</i>	6 2398	
<i>— Duffy in Prison</i>	MCGEE	6 2220	<i>Toulouse, Irish soldiers at</i>	8 3063	
<i>— God and Ireland True</i>	O'LEARY	7 2796	<i>Towers in Ireland</i>	8 3239	
<i>— Gold</i>	WILDE	9 3596	<i>— of Ireland, The Pillar</i>	MACCARTHY	6 2130
<i>— Ireland</i>	WILDE	9 3573	<i>— The Round</i>	PETRIE	8 2880
<i>— me by early morn</i>	CLARKE	2 596	<i>'Town Life in the Fifteenth Century'</i>	GREEN	4 1417
<i>— Meath of the Pas-tures</i>	COLUM	2 613	<i>Townshend, Chatham and</i>	BURKE	1 391
<i>— Morfydd</i>	JOHNSON	5 1698	<i>— Lord</i>	4 1377	
<i>— My Bicycle</i>	ROLLESTON	8 2976	<i>— Marquis of, a Monk of the Screw</i>	2 797	
<i>— Buried Rifle</i>	MCCARTHY	6 2172			
<i>— Promised Wife</i>	WALSH	9 3510			
<i>— Stella</i>	SWIFT	9 3387			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
'Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland'..	WOOD-MAR- TIN	9 3640	Tribunal, The Revolu- tionary	2	678
Trade and the Union.....	8	2902	<i>Tribune, The Lost</i>	SIGERSON	8 3133
— of Galway	8	2916	<i>Tried by his Peers</i>	O'FLANAGAN.	7 2723
'Traditions, Fairy Le- gends and'	CROKER.	2 695, 736	Trim, Corporal	8	3210
Tragical deaths	2	xii	Trinity College, Collec- tion of an- cient manu- scripts in	7	2671
Traigh-Baile Mic-Buain (ancient name of Dundalk)	2	639	— Attitude of, to- ward Irish	10	3713
Tralee	6	2198	— Dublin (color plate)	2	Front
Tramore	6	2223	— Story of a stu- dent in	6	2400
'Transcripts and Stud- ies'	DOWDEN.	3 866, 875	— English, not Irish	3	xiv
Transfusion of blood, Pockrich's plan for	7	2700	— Irish manu- scripts in, cat- alogued by John O'Dono- van	7	2705
Translation of Irish, Difficulties of	10	3711	— 'Tales of'	LEVER.	5 1986, 1990
Transportation in Ire- land	9	3362	Trinket's Colt	SOMERVILLE and ROSS.	8 3182
Transubstantiation is the faith we depend upon	8	3270	Tristan	9	3660
Travel, adventure, description.			— and Isolde, Irish scenes in	4	viii
— <i>History of My</i> <i>Horse, Saladin</i> ..	BROWNE	1 323	'Tristram Shandy' ..	STERNE	8 3211
— <i>Journey in Dis- guise</i>	BURTON	1 408	3213, 3220		
— <i>An African Queen</i> ..	BUTLER	2 418	Trout-fishing in Ireland	4	1517
— <i>Sight of the Rocky</i> <i>Mountains</i>	BUTLER	2 415	Truagh	3	957
— <i>City in the Great</i> <i>West</i>	DUNRAVEN.	3 963	<i>True Loveliness</i>	DARLEY	2 807
— <i>Ah Man</i>	MACFALL	6 2206	— <i>Pleasures</i>	BERKELEY	1 174
— <i>Byron and the</i> <i>Blessingtons at</i> <i>Genoa</i>	MADDEN	6 2286	'Trust to luck'	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3319
— <i>Acropolis of Ath-</i> <i>ens and the Rock</i> <i>of Cashel</i>	MAHAFFY	6 2334	Tuam-da-Gualann	5	1725, 1728
— <i>Rhapsody on Riv-</i> <i>ers</i>	MITCHELL	6 2454	Tuatha de Danann	2	xi
— <i>The Prince of In-</i> <i>ismore</i>	MORGAN	7 2543	— Tribes and build- ings of	8	2882
— <i>Dunluce Castle</i>	OTWAY	7 2853	Tuathal Teachtmair	7	2706
— <i>The Vicar of Cape</i> <i>Clear</i>	OTWAY	7 2848	'Tudor, Mary'	DE VERE	3 851
— <i>Capture of an In-</i> <i>dian Chief</i>	REID	8 2932	Tullerles, Garden of the	2	676
— <i>Bethlehem</i>	WARBURTON.	9 3535	Turlockmór, A folk tale of	4	1632
— <i>The Pyramids</i>	WARBURTON.	9 3529	Turloughmore, Faction fight at	9	3316
— <i>Sack of the Sum-</i> <i>mer Palace</i>	WOLSELEY.	9 3636	— St. Columcill's home	4	1455
<i>Travel, On</i>	FLECKNOE.	3 1209	'Twas beyond at Mac- reddin	6	2125
<i>Traveller, The</i>	GOLDSMITH.	4 1357	— but last night I traversed	6	2220
Travels of Marco Polo, Irish version of the (MS. in the Royal Irish Academy)		7 2672	Twelfth Century, Ire- land in the	10	3845
Treaty of Limerick, The	3 957; 9	x	<i>Twelve Articles</i>	SWIFT	9 3388
— <i>Stone, Limerick</i> <i>(half-tone en- graving)</i>	3	957	<i>Twenty Golden Years</i> Ago	MANGAN	6 2373
— <i>with France, On</i> <i>a Commercial</i> ..	FLOOD	3 1210	— Questions, Can- ning and the game of	1	167
<i>Trees, The</i>	FURLONG	3 1230	<i>Twisting of the Rope,</i> <i>The</i>	HYDE	10 3989
— <i>in the Irish sagas</i> ..	2	xvii	'Two Centuries of Irish History'	1	346
TRENCH, HERBERT	9	3431	— 'Essays on the Remnant'	6	2292
— W. B. Yeats on	3	xiii	— <i>Songs</i>	BICKERSTAFF	1 186
— ARCHBISHOP RICH- ARD CHENEVIX	9	3434	Tyledan. See <i>A Mem- ory</i>		
Triangulation	1	37	TYNAN-HINKSON, KATH- ARNE	9	3439
Tribulation, George Wither on	9	3436	— W. B. Yeats on	3	xiii
			— M. F. Egan on	5	vii
			TYNDALL, JOHN	9	3462
			— and imagination	1	xvii

		VOL. PAGE		W.		VOL. PAGE	
Verulam, Lord, and the		3	1056	Wages in Ireland		3	922
Very Far Away	ALEXANDER	1	9	Waistcoats, Styles of		9	3498
Viands, The Vision of				Waiters in Ireland		8	xx
From the Irish				Waiting	TODHUNTER	9	3408
Aniar MacConglinne	SIGERSON	8	3134	Wake of William Orr,			
The Cape Clear,				The	DRENNAN	3	925
of Wakefield, The	GOLDSMITH	4	1301	WAKEMAN, WILBUR F.,			
(cited)		6	2421	and JOHN COOKE		9	3481
Vicar's Home, The	GOLDSMITH	4	1301	Wake, Keening and	WOOD-MAR-		
Victoria, Queen, and				TIN		9	3640
Louis Philippe		1	151	Waking of Corpses.			
View from Honeyman's				Biddy Brady's Ban-			
Hill, The	BERKELEY	1	176	shee	BLACKBURNE	2	567
of London	DENHAM	3	850	Tim Hogan's Wake	COYNE	2	653
of the State of				Their Last Race	MATHEW	6	2394
Ireland		4	1248; 9	5397	Waldron, Bishop, of		
Vile and ingrate! too				WALKER, JOSEPH COO-		6	2232
late	CONGREVE	2	615	PER		9	3493
'Village Garland, The'	HALL	4	1534	of the Snow, The	SHANLY	8	3032
Ghosts	YEATS	9	3673	Wallace, Thomas, duel			
Life in Ireland.				with Secretary O'Gor-		1	143
See Honey				man		9	3500
Fair, The.				WALLER, JOHN FRANCIS			
See Night in				Walpole, Horace, cited			
Fortmanus Vil-				on Glück and the			
lage, A.				musical glasses		7	2692
Sovereign, A.	LYNCH	6	2088	WALSH, EDWARD		9	3502
Vimiera, Irish soldiers				W. B. Yeats on		3	x
at		8	3063	JOHN		9	3510
Vine culture possible				JOHN EDWARD		9	3513
in Ireland		7	3696	Michael, murdered			
Vinegar Hill		2	591, 599	by Viscount Net-		7	2728
Lynch Law on	BANIM	1	76	terville		7	2728
Violante, Madam, the				Wandering Minstrel, A. Le	FANU	5	1934
dancer		6	2473	War correspondent, An			
Virginia City, Nevada,				Irishman the			
Earl of Dunraven at		3	963	first		8	3006
The Death of	KNOWLES	5	1847	not all of History		4	xl
'Virginus'	KNOWLES	5	1847	The Irish in the	MAGUIRE	6	2321
Virtues of the Irish				Ways of	JOHNSON	4	1699
peasant		3	854	with China, Nar-			
Vis et Armis. See	LOCKE			rative of the	WOLSELEY	9	3636
Vision of McConglinne,				Ship of Peace, The	LOVER	5	2085
The		6	vii	Song, The Munster	WILLIAMS	9	3607
of Viands, The.				WARBURTON, ELLIOT		9	3529
From the Irish				Ward, Father Hugh,			
of Aniar Mac-				collector of Irish man-			
Conglinne	SIGERSON	8	3134	uscripts for Louvain		7	2673
Visions		2	xii	WARD, OWEN (biogra-		10	4024
'Visits and Sketches at				phy)			
Home and Abroad	JAMESON	5	1679	Poem by Mangan			
Vocabulary of the Irish				from the Irish of		6	2352
people		4	1607	WARE, SIR JAMES		9	3544
Vocal stones		7	2717	Irish literature be-			
Volcanic action, Inun-				gins before		2	vii
dation of country				Warren, Colonel, slain			
around Loughs Erne				at Drogheda		7	2568
and Foyle due to		6	2277	Was She Complainer?.	KEELING	5	1771
Voltaire, Dowden on		3	873	of			
Volunteer Movement,				Washingt., A Eulogy	PHILLIPS	8	2891
The		6	2106	Waste Not, Want Not.	EDGEWORTH	3	1068
Volunteer's Song, A.		6	2113	Water-eruptions		2	xii
Volunteers, A Defense				Fairies, The, de-			
of the	FLOOD	3	1217	scribed		3	xviii
Vowel-rhyming		10	3919	Sherie, The, de-		3	xx
Vowels, The	SWIFT	9	3389	Waterford election of			
'Voyage of Maelduin,				1826		1	349
The'		4	1601	King John at		3	900
of the Sons of				Waterloo, Irish soldiers			
O'Corra, The	JOYCE	5	1724	at		8	3062
royal, A.		6	2463	Wathers o' Moyle an			
The First	MOLLOY	6	2459	the white gulls flyin'	SKRINE	8	3155

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Watt, James, John		Wexford surrendered to	
Mitchell on	6 2449	the Insurgents of	
Waves' Legend on the		Vinegar Hill	1 76
Strand of Bala, The, TODHUNTER.	9 3404	Whang and his Dream	
Ways of War	5 1699	of Diamonds	GOLDSMITH. 4 1341
We are little airy crea-		'What are outward	
tures	SWIFT	forms?'	BICKERSTAFF 1 187
stood so steady	JOYCE	'hath Time Taken?' BROWNE ..	1 321
summoned not the		'is a gentleman?' O'DONOGHUE	7 2703
Silent Guest	ROCHE	'is the Remnant?' MAGEE	6 2292
who are old, old		rights the brave? BARRY	1 149
and gray	YEATS	shall I give thee? DE VERE ..	3 851
won't go home till		sowest thou,	
morning	3 1194	Orion'	TYNAN-
Wealth. Bishop Berkeley		HINKSON. 9 3456	
on sources of	1 178	shall we mourn? O'REILLY ..	7 2836
Wearin' o' the Green,		sorrow wings	DRUMMOND. 3 930
The	STREET BAL-	the Stars are Made	
LAD	9 3320	of	BALL
Wearing of the Green,		we say of a thing	1 41
The	CURRAN	which is just	
Wearing of the Green		come in fashion. GOLDSMITH.	4 1299
The	KING	'will you do, love? LOVER	6 2085
Weary men, what reap		Whately on Irish educa-	
ye?	WILDE	tion	4 1609
Weaver Poet, The. See ORR.		When all beside a vigil	
Wedding of the Clans,		keep	DAVIS
The	DE VERE	April rains make	3 828
Weddings in Ireland	6 2202	flowers bloom	EGAN
Wedding-feast, A	2 534	boyhood's fire was	3 1085
Weep no more about my		in my blood	DAVIS
bed	READ	comes the day	O'HAGAN
Weeping Irish, a term		Erin first rose	DRENNAN
for sorrow	9 3661	first I met meek	3 924
Welcome, The	DAVIS	Peggy	LOVER
We'll See About It	4 1534	I saw thee, Kate LANE	5 2079
Wellington, Duke of.		to this country	5 1863
See also 'He		a stranger I	
said that he was		came	8 3267
not our brother.'	1 58	unto this town I	
O'Connell on	7 2626	came	STREET BAL-
J. W. Doyle on	3 919	LAD	7 3280
on Irish soldiers	8 3062	'he who adores	
WELSH, CHARLES (por-		thee'	MOORE
trait)	9 vii	I was young	DE VERE
A Glance at Ire-		like the early rose. GRIFFIN ..	4 1509
land's History	9 vii	lovely woman	
on Oliver Gold-		stoops to folly	GOLDSMITH. 4 1315
smith	4 1298	my arms wrap you	
Foreword	1 xvii	round, I press	YEATS
on Fairy and Folk		my feet have wan-	9 3708
Tales	3 xvii	dered	MONSELL
Nursery Tales	3 xviii	on my sickly couch	7 2465
The Red Duck	10 3779	I lay	SWIFT
'Wendell Phillips,'		Pat came over the	9 3387
From	O'REILLY	hill	LOVER
Were you ever in sweet		round the festive	6 2081
Tipperary	O'DOHERTY. 7 2675	Christmas board. MAC DER-	
Wesley, John, on the		MOTT	6 2189
Irish character	8 xiv	St. Patrick our or-	
West, A City in the		der created	CURRAN
Great	DUNRAVEN. 3 963	this order	CURRAN
'Wild Sports of		the breath of twi-	2 797
the'	MAXWELL. 6 2411	light	RUSSELL
Westminster Abbey Cor-		eagle shall nest	8 3004
onation Chair,		in the hollow	
The (half-tone		glen' (Irish	
engraving)	7 1717	Rann)	HYDE
Goldsmith on	4 1317	the time comes	ROLLESTON. 8 2979
West's Asleep, The	DAVIS	'When you are old'	YEATS
Westward the course of		Whene'er I see soft	9 3704
empire takes its way. BERKELEY	1 181	hazel eyes	FERGUSON
	5 1664	with haggard eyes	3 1183
We've furled the banner TONNA	9 3430	I view	CANNING
Wexford, County, Noted		Where Foyle his swell-	2 466
members for	1 130	ing waters	TONNA
			9 3428

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Where is my chief, my master	MANGAN	6 2369	WILDE, LADY, A keen taken down by	9	3645
— Is thy lovely peril- ous abode	BOYD	1 258	— on Irish super- stitutions	3	23
— lurk the merry elves	TODHUNTER	9 3406	— OSCAR	9	3577
— Sugarloaf with bare	GREENE	4 1424	— RICHARD HENRY	9	3596
While going the road to sweet Athy	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3290	Wilderness, Irish who fell in the battle of the	6	2423
Whisky, Address of a Drunkard to a Bottle of	LE FANU	5 1946	Wilkes among the emi- nent actors of the eighteenth century	5	1919
— Illicit distilling of		2 541	WILKINS, WILLIAM	9	3600
— 'drink divine?'	O'LEARY	7 2803	Wilkinson, Sir Gardner, On the building of the Pyramids	9	3533
Whisper	WYNNE	9 3648	Will and shall, Con- fusion of	3	1062
Whistling Thief, The	LOVER	6 2081	— O' the Wisp (fairly and folk lore)	ANONYMOUS	3 1136
White Cockade, The	CALLANAN	2 442	William, King	9	3324
— Mr. Luke: Assoc- iation to raise the price of meat formed by		7 2633	— of Munster. See KENEALY.		
Whitefriars, The theater in		6 2348	— of Orange and Sarsfield	7	2816
WHITESIDE, JAMES		9 3550	WILLIAMS, RICHARD DALTON	9	3607
Whitman, Walt, on art		9 3664	Willis, N. P., Descrip- tion of Lady Blessing- ton by	1	173
Whitworth, Lord, The administration of		7 2637	WILLIS, WILLIAM GOR- MAN	9	3612
Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?	YEATS	9 3706	Willy Reilly	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3321
— fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?	INGRAM	5 1659	WILSON, ROBERT A.	9	3617
Whoever the youth		3 1187	Winckelmann on Greek Art	5	1923
'Whole Works of Sir James Ware Concern- ing Ireland, The'	WARE	9 3544 3546, 3547	'Wind Among the Reeds, The'	YEATS	9 3705
'Why are you wander- ing here?'	KENNEY	5 1807	— On	MARTYN	6 2383
— 'Liquor of Life'	D'ALTON	2 805	— on the Hills, The. SHORTER	8	3127
— Lord Leitrim Slammed the Door		1 241	— that Shakes the Barley, The	JOYCE	5 1746
— T'oma's Dubh Walked	MACMANUS	6 2254	Window Song, A	IRWIN	5 1676
— Parnell Went into Politics	O'BRIEN	7 2607	WINGFIELD, LEWIS	9	3620
Wicklow. See Art's Lough and The Scalp			Winter Evening	TYNAN- HINKSON	9 3459
— County. Beautiful scenery of		7 2532	WISEMAN, CARDINAL	9	3625
— Hugh Roe in		2 636	Wit. See Humor.		
— Hills, Beauty of the		4 1424	— and humor, Irish, D. J. O'Dono- ghue on	6	vit
— Pock-rich raising geese near		7 2697	— of Canning	1	170
'Widow Ma' tree'	LOVER	6 2078	Witch, A Queen's County	3	1150
— Malone, The	LEVER	5 1999	Witchcraft and Wonders. See Folk Lore.		
— Wadman's Eye	STERNE	8 3211	Witches' Excursion, The KENNEDY	5	1799
Widow's Message to Her Son, The	FORRESTER	3 1222	With deep affection	MAHONY	6 2343
Wies worn in Ireland		9 3498	— heaving breast the fair-haired Ellen sang	ARMSTRONG	1 25
Wilberforce on Canning		1 171	— the Wilde Geese	LAWLESS	5 1884
— on Grattan		4 1387	Wither, George, on trib- ulation		9 3436
Wild blows the tempest on their brows	ARMSTRONG	1 26	Within a budding grove ALLINGHAM	1	15
— Geese, The'	CASEY	2 573	— the window of this white	IRWIN	5 1676
— (reference)		4 1530	'Wits and Worthies, Irish'	FITZPATRICK	3 1199
— With the Wild	LAWLESS	5 1884	Witticisms, Curran's	2	798
— Irish Girl, The'	MORGAN	7 2543	Witty Sayings of Burke, Some Wise and	1	396
— Sports of the West'	MAXWELL	6 2411	Woffington, Peg	5	1919, 2473
WILDE, LADY (SPER- ANZA)		9 3556	WOLFE, CHARLES	9	3632
			WOLSELEY, VISCOUNT	9	3636
			Woman of Three Cows, The	10	3831



